

LAWRENCE BROS.

TRADE MARK

PUBLIC LIBRARY,

29, High Street, Weston-super-Mare

SUPPLIED BY MUDIE.

BOOKS NOT TRANSFERABLE

My copy is of the



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823

L999pe

v. 3

3rd. 6/-

5 H.

from the M^{rs} H. H. H.

CENTRAL CIRCULATION BOOKSTACKS

The person charging this material is responsible for its renewal or its return to the library from which it was borrowed on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below. **The Minimum Fee for each Lost Book is \$50.00.**

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

TO RENEW CALL TELEPHONE CENTER, 333-8400

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

AUG 10 3 1995

When renewing by phone, write new due date below
previous due date.

L162

THE
PEER'S DAUGHTERS.

A NOVEL

BY

LADY BULWER LYTTON,

AUTHOR OF CHEVELÉY, &c.

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet fooled by hope, men favour the deceit,
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falser than the former day,
Lies worse, and whilst it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.
Strange cozenage, none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure from what yet remain,
And from the dregs of life hope to receive
What its first sprightly running could not give."—DRYDEN.

"Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted
nor to find talk and discourse: but to weigh and consider."—LORD BACON.

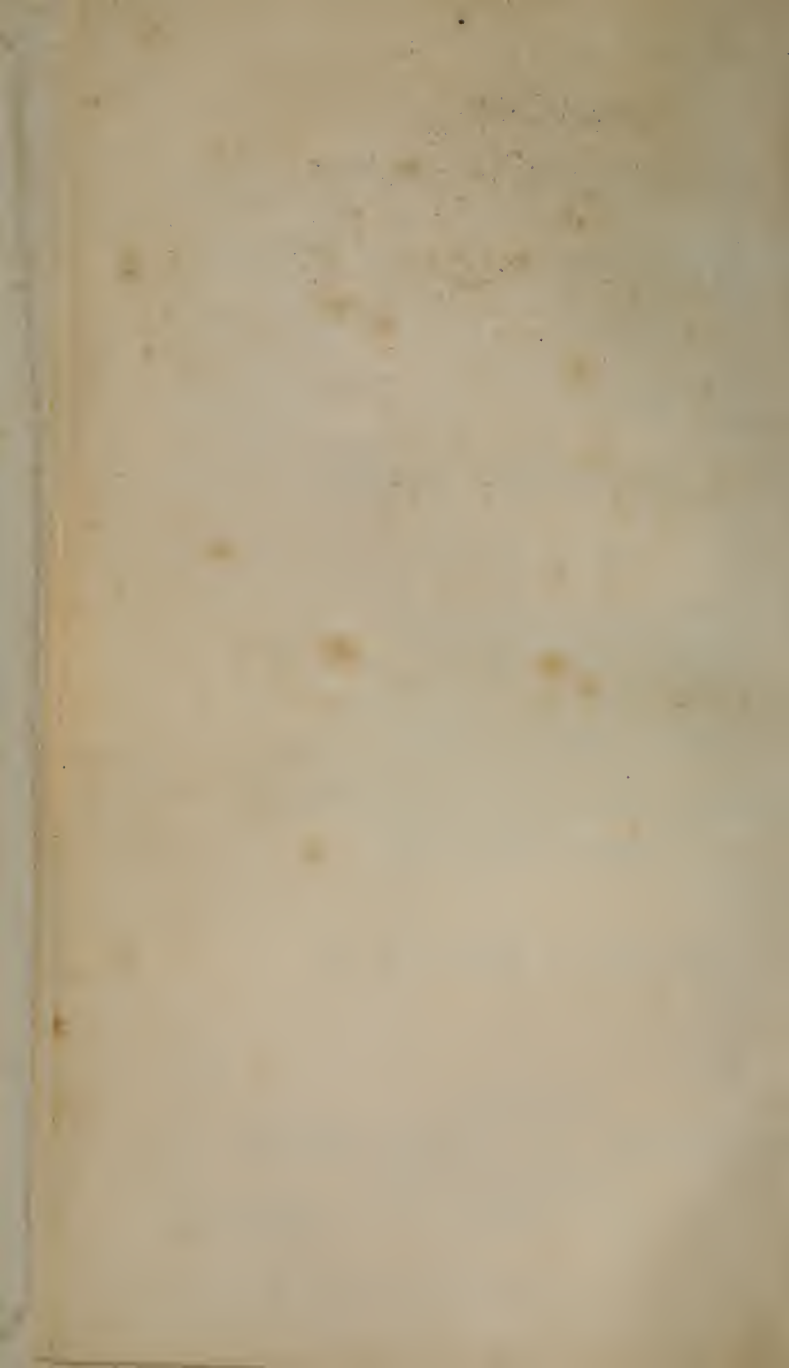
"Time writes no wrinkles on *his* brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld, we see, it *now*."

IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. III.

LONDON:

T. C. NEWBY, 30, WELBECK STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1849.



823

L999 pe

v. 3

THE PEER'S DAUGHTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"Go, bid the needle his dear north forsake,
To which with trembling reverence it doth cling ;
Go, bid the stones a journey upwards take,
Go, bid th' ambitious flames no more ascend,
And when these false to their own motions prove,
Then shall I cease—thee, thee, alone to love !"—COWLEY.

"Observe her ;—stand close."—MACBETH.

"Here will be an old abusing of God's patience
And the king's English."—SHAKESPEARE.

"A *fool*-bred jest,"—IBID.

FROM the remotest times, men have sought similes whereby to express the nothingness of human life. Homer calls it a leaf, the smallest, weakest piece of a short-lived unsteady plant. Ctesiphon goes still further, and likens it to the mere fibre of a leaf ; Pindar calls it the shadow of a dream ; Mycithus the dream of a shadow ; St. James compares it to a vapour, drawn from the earth by a celestial influence, made of smoke or the lighter parts of water, tossed with every wind, moved by the motion of a

superior power, without virtue in itself, lifted up on high, or left below, according as it pleases the sun—its foster-father; while Jeremy Taylor adds:—“ *But it is lighter yet, it is but APPEARING; a fantastic vapour, an apparition, nothing real: it is not so much as a mist, not the matter of a shower, nor substantial enough to make a cloud; but is like Cassiopeia’s chair, or Pelop’s shoulder, or the circles of heaven φαινόμενα, for which you cannot have a word that can signify a verier nothing.*” And yet, from the remotest times, and in all ages, as far as our limited and apocryphal knowledge of the world’s history goes, it has been for this exhaled vapour, this dream of a shadow, this fibre of a tempest-tossed leaf, this legend of a mythological fable, that men have not only lost sight of the *real* and the *eternal*, but have continued to jeopard its glorious immunities, by acting as if *this leaf were to be for ever green*, and this *dream to know no waking*; and in the insanity of their selfish security, have puffed away *their own vapour*, in rendering that of their fellow-creatures, as dark, as dense, and as oppressive as possible. Four years had past over the two gentle sisters, years of that deep, internal, concentrated suffering, which fate, in one of its most vindictive moments, seems to have invented and reserved exclusively for women, denying *them* sorrow’s great safety valves, the aim and action of the exterior world; and so condemning their mis-called weaker hearts to an eternal state of blockade,

throughout the desperate and unequal battle of life ! In these four years many events had happened. Valasquez, with all his adoration for Maud, had, to the letter, proved the truth of La Bruyère's assertion, that, when a man cannot make all the happiness of the woman he loves, he will, at least, try and make all her misery. The sacrifice Maud had made to duty, was, in itself, sufficiently arduous and depressing, in its daily, hourly, nay, momentarily trials, to carry out ; but Raphaël, in the all-absorbing egotism which he called his love for her, was eternally crossing her path, and, instead of leaving her unmolestedly in possession of the only earthly recompence she could derive from her conduct—the calm, and self-esteem arising out of it, he was for ever troubling this pure source, with his ineffectual efforts to turn its current in his favour. She had, in vain, flattered herself, that leading a life of such absolute seclusion, and avoiding all places of public amusement, she was in no danger of having her resolution shaken, or her struggles augmented by the presence and entreaties of her lover ; but, with the mysterious power he possessed, this was not the case. Whether in the throng of a crowded church, or during a lonely stroll in the woods, at Athenreagh, or in the hushed solitude of the still midnight, when the whole household slept but her, and she remained by the dying embers of the library, or drawing-room fire, reluctant to seek a pillow that afforded

her so little repose ; then would Raphaël appear before her, and like a living volcano, pour forth the burning floods of passion and persuasion, till this hot simoon of love and sophistry, passing from his heart over hers, left her harassed spirit, faint, gasping, and trembling, on the parched desert of her barren life. But no sooner did Valasquez, mistaking physical weakness for moral yielding, attempt to urge her father's helpless state, the utter impossibility of his ever being aware, whether she had disobeyed him or not, than her sense of right, with all its refreshing verdure, sprung up in the midst of that wide waste of thorny impediments ; and on this *one* oasis, her weary spirit sought and found its rest ; and hope, the solitary star of life's wilderness, beamed down upon her from that heaven, by which, and in which, its promises can alone be fulfilled.

Never had Valasquez made a greater mistake than in alluding to Lord Athenreagh's helpless state ; for to a generous and straightforward nature, no stronger appeal can be made to its loyalty and integrity, than that of reminding it of the defenceless and powerless state of those who are at its mercy. This plea, which Raphaël had been the first to suggest, (with a very different intention) never after failed in being present to Maud's imagination, and riveted her firm resolve. But although Valasquez was a sufficiently good tactician, to prevent his frequent and sudden apparitions before her having about them any traces

of the supernatural, beyond the extraordinarily dexterous manner in which he always gained admission into the house, whether in London or in the country, and the opportune moments at which he timed his advent,—still the cruel and useless excitement into which they threw her, always left her weak and dispirited to pursue the rugged and steep path of duty ; from which not even the siren eloquence of love, nor Raphaël's unremitting watchfulness of all her movements, (flattering as it was to both her affection and her vanity) could for more than a few brief moments lure her. And yet, stolen, and consequently hurried, as these meetings were, they had contrived, on more than one occasion, to have one of those downright sharp, bitter, almost conjugal quarrels, which are the charter, as it were, by which love holds the feudal fief of his tyrannic sway. The fact is, that the moon, like other ancient and vestal ladies, has a sad habit of interfering in all *quarters*, and making light of every one's loves and hates but her own ; so one night that Raphaël was kneeling before Maud, under the umbrageous tapestry of one of those *Charmilles*, or galleries of cypress, still to be found in many continental gardens, — a prying, meddling moonbeam must needs darn itself athwart this sombre drapery, and discover, with its obtrusive light, the small Venetian chain round Raphaël's neck, and the diamond flashes of the glittering scales of the OPHIDION attached to it. Now as Maud knew that

he neither possessed her picture, nor even a lock of her hair, she also thought that he had no right to wear small fairy-like chains (or indeed any chains but hers) round his neck, with sparkling baubles attached to them; which bauble had *evidently* (or at least most *suspiciously*—and in jealousy's glossary that is synonymous) the appearance of having belonged to some woman.

“Ha! the pretty trinket, do give it me?” said Maud, making an effort to seize it.

“Alas! dearest, I cannot,” replied Raphaël, hastily concealing it within his bosom.

“The lady who gave it to you would be charmed at the value you entertain for it; but you cannot expect me to feel equally grateful,” said Maud, haughtily, as she hastily withdrew her hand from his.

“Lady! Maud, for shame! you *know* there is no lady in the case! such suspicions are unworthy of you.”

“Well, then, dispel them, by giving me that bauble.”

“Alas! I cannot; *do not ask me*, my own Maud.”

“I ask nothing, sir,” retorted she, with increasing asperity, “but to be spared the insult of your pursuit, the perjury of your professions.”

“Maud! Maud!” cried he, attempting, but in vain, to seize her hand; “ask me to outstrip the rushing wind, and bring it captive to your feet,—to chain a shadow when the substance has past on,—or

pluck yon glorious star from out the skies, and lay it like a gem upon your breast,—at all events, I'll *try* and do your bidding ; but do not ask me to give you the trinket attached to that chain, *for I cannot.*”

“Heaven forbid, sir, that I should pry into your secrets,—I—I—have no right to do so ; and here, *for the last time*, I beg you most explicitly to understand that I never *wish* to have the right to do so.”

“Maud ! Maud ! is this just ? is this generous ?”

“Most *unjust* and *ungenerous* ! you have put my opinion of your conduct into the most apposite words, sir,” retorted Maud, tearing the delicate Mecklin lace of her pocket-handkerchief to shreds as she spoke.

“Oh ! Maud, have some pity on my love, some faith in my honour.”

“Love ! honour ! beautiful chimeras ! those are precisely the two anchors Mr. Howard bade Evelyn lean on ; ha ! ha ! ha ! and to this day he talks big about his claims to the latter.”

“Maud ! Maud ! how can you so wantonly, so remorselessly wound a heart, whose every throb is but a thought of you.”

“Except when it's thinking of the owner of the diamond serpent ; who of course can, or ought to, heal any wounds my indiscreet curiosity may have chanced to make.”

“Serpent indeed !” muttered Raphaël, grinding his teeth, and clutching the unconscious talisman,

"if it poisons you against me in this way. Listen to me, Maud," added he aloud, again flinging himself at her feet, "one day you shall know all; and then you will see how groundless and unmerited have been your suspicions, and how *impossible* it would have been for me to comply with your request."

"No, I shall never see *that*," replied Maud, with the subtle logic of jealousy, "for *if* it be *not* a love-gift, there *can* be nothing to warrant your keeping it's history concealed from me; and if *it is*, why *then*, on the other hand, *nothing* can excuse your base falsehood and treachery, not *to me only*, but also to another."

"I solemnly *swear* to you, Maud, by the heaven above, and the earth beneath us,—by the intense, boundless, and unalterable love I feel for you,—and by what, alas! is infinitely less than any of these, and yet to *me* ten thousand times more precious and dearer than them all—the *love you once owned for me!* that it is *no love-gift*."

"Ah! men's oaths and lovers' vows must have been the void out of which the Creator made the world," said Maud, incredulously shaking her head.

"Alas! alas! what then can I say? I see," replied Raphaël, mournfully, "that the villainy of that wretch, Howard, has tainted all mankind in your opinion."

"Perhaps."

"Good Heavens, Maud! you who are the milk

of human kindness to everything animate and inanimate—for even the grass and heather that others trample upon, *your* little feet seem to caress—have a little mercy upon, a little justice for me. If I were deceiving you, or trying to deceive you, I should have instantly invented some tale that would have satisfied your doubts, and silenced your suspicions at once,—for falsehood's first move is ever *plausibility*."

"Well, it may be so," she replied, somewhat softened ; "but yet I don't understand it ; and to tell you the truth, I cannot help placing less confidence in the heart that gives me for a rival an unrevealed mystery."

Here Evelyn's voice, calling her sister through the grounds (for this meeting had taken place at Athenreagh), caused Raphaël hastily to conceal himself, and Maud as hastily to leave the arbour. But this was only one, of many similar scenes, the result of which was, that the Ophidion became a sort of piscatory Mordecai sitting at the gate of Maud's heart, and displacing love and faith by jealousy and distrust ; while Valasquez, fettered by the fatal mystery attached to it, a thousand times a day wished it at the bottom of the sea, with its less sparkling but also less onerous prototypes.

If Maud suffered, she did not do so alone ; for Evelyn's burden was even heavier than hers, the trials of injustice, hatred, and persecution being

always harder to bear than those of love, however ill-fated that love may be ; for the latter purifies and exalts our natures ; whereas the former infallibly degrades and deteriorates us, were it only from the infectious taint it gives to our feelings, and the mildew of suspicion and incertitude with which it blights, to our fears, even the most generous and disinterested acts of others towards us, and in this we only pay the world back with interest the bitter lesson it has taught us. Rochefaucauld likens our actions to *bouts rymés*, which every one makes correspond with what they please ; but the fact is, our actions are like mathematical problems, the motive of which is the base, and the world, seldom or ever being able to discover this base, the actions themselves, in every part of their superstructure, appear to it dubious and untrue. It is thus that the bad triumph, and the good so often suffer in public estimation ; *not* from the said public being either naturally ill-natured or unjust, but from their being profoundly ignorant of the *motives* or *necessities* of those actions upon which they sit in judgment. The vista of Doctors' Commons, which Mr. Howard had held out to his wife, and which he then only intended as an intimidating threat, afterwards inspired him with what he conceived to be a brilliant idea. He was perfectly aware, that even if Evelyn had been a Lady Bath, or a Lady Glensborough, his own conduct was so glaringly infamous, so atrociously abandoned,

that he would have little chance of *legally* obtaining a divorce ; still, there was no knowing what influence Sir Robert Walpole's *own* maxim, *of every man having his price*, well carried out might have upon Sir Robert himself and upon his vassals in both houses, towards getting this iniquitous measure carried ; and one more, in addition to so many, could not *greatly weigh* upon the vacuum left by the absence of that minister's conscience, or much encumber the same vacuum in the breasts of his myrmidons. In the event of his being able to carry out this charming little conspiracy against his wife, Mr. Howard, having ascertained beyond a doubt Zamora's insanity, and Zillah's *dot* of one million sterling being secured to her, he had resolved never to rest till he had discovered her hiding-place, and then pass for a mirror of chivalry by marrying her, never for a moment doubting her eager and *grateful* acceptance of such an honour. Sir Horace Belarmin he had soon traced, and had fought a duel with him at six paces, at the back of the Mulberry Garden, in which poor Sir Horace had received Mr. Howard's ball in his sword arm. But this duel had not been fought on account of Sir Horace's being the captor of Zillah, as his frantic despair at her loss soon convinced Vernon Howard that he was as ignorant of her retreat as he himself was ; but Sir Horace had taken that opportunity of telling his antagonist a few truths, which the latter found too unpalatable to swallow ; for Mr. Howard

belonged to that class of *gentlemen* who, though they recoil from the perpetration of no act, however villainous, from no line of conduct, however mean and dishonourable, yet have so nice a sense of honour *in their ears*, that they allow no one with impunity to couple with any action or acts of *THEIRS* the opprobrious epithets of "*mean*," "*villanous*," "*dishonourable*," or "*ungentleman-like*;" and it was the free and unrestrained application of these terms to his whole character and conduct, on the part of Sir Horace Belarmin, that had occasioned this duel at the back of the Mulberry Garden. But even if this great and noble scheme failed, Mr. Howard had another string to his bow; he thought that from her very sense of innocence, and consequently strong indignation, he might be able to extort a large sum from Evelyn, whom he conjectured would make any sacrifice rather than go through so degrading an ordeal. But he forgot, (as it is luckily the vulnerable part of the undauntedly wicked to do, after their hardening plunge into the Stygian lake of vice,) that though alone, persecuted and unprotected on *earth*, Evelyn trusted in *ONE* above who could disperse into nothing, like a morning vapour, both him and his plans, clever and powerful as he deemed them. In these abstruse calculations and machinations, Mr. Howard's greatest stumbling-block consisted in his having forestalled the want of a great poet who flourished in the succeeding century, as *he also wanted*

a hero! for though sprites, and even gnomes, had been all the fashion ever since the appearance of the "Rape of the Lock," yet neither the one nor the other were quite sufficient for his purpose, yet what will not perseverance (even without patience) accomplish, especially in *a good cause!* So by dint of this virtue, coupled with the zealous and ferret-like exertions of Mr. Richard Dowling, (whose diplomatic talents, had he but graduated in Downing Street, instead of at the Seven Dials, would have made him one of the most finished *cabinet pictures* of the day), Mr. Howard at length succeeded at the end of three years in discovering that one night his wife's coach had been upset coming from Ranelagh, and that the gentleman who had come to her assistance was a Frenchman, a Comte de St. Maur, then making a great sensation in London, from the splendour of his dress and equipages, and his having announced himself as the heir to an English earldom, with his intention of shortly bringing his claims before parliament. And soon after this adventure of the breakdown (which unfortunately Mr. Dowling had not been an eye witness to, but had only gleaned from one of the footmen during the *abandon* of a convivial meeting, in which Mr. Dowling had unexpectedly found himself in company with that gentleman,) he one evening, as he occupied his favourite windsor chair in the tap-room of "Jenny's Whim" opposite its pretty garden that sloped down to the river, saw

a lady come in and go up stairs ; she was not even masked, but contented herself with holding her handkerchief to her face. Now, though "Jenny's Whim" was far from having the same vogue and high standing as its Parisian *pendant* Ramponneau's, yet was it often honoured by the brief visits of fine ladies* in their goings and comings to and from Ranelagh, more especially since it had passed into the hands of a French landlady, whom, if report did not greatly bely, had as good an assortment of laces and brocades as she had of brandy and *liqueurs*. But never, within the memory of man,—nay, more,—of Dowling or of Dodsley, who, in his "*New Collection*," took cognizance of all such matters, had *any lady* stayed like the lady in question two mortal hours in "*the room above*," according to the unimpeachable affidavit of one of Mr. Tompion's mahogany chroniclers, the oracle of the tap-room at "Jenny's Whim," and looked up to and consulted

* See Horace Walpole's account in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, of his going to Ranelagh with Lady Caroline Petersham and Miss Ashe, and Lady Caroline's mincing the seven chickens (the only thing, by the bye, they seemed to have *minced* on the occasion,) with the pats of butter, which *the fruit girl from Rogers's* had brought with other culinary utensils, and their embarking in the barge with French horns, and picking up Lord Granby, who was very drunk, having supped at "JENNY'S WHIM" with "*Lady Fanny*," eight other women and four other men playing at brag, instead of going to old Stafford's catacombs and making honourable love ; and his (Walpole's) fears that the china dish, with the minced chickens, which Lady Caroline held over the lamp, would fly into a thousand pieces.

as such, perhaps, from the extraordinary and almost incredible fact, that although he *alone* had unlimited *tick*, he nevertheless *struck* a balance every hour. Six o'clock had this *chargé d'affaires* Tompion proclaimed from his brazen lungs and face, (and though *few have had a less*, yet never was *chargé d'affaires* blessed with a more brazen face.) Six o'clock we say, was striking, and the sun, like a good little boy, was declining (as he often does in England) the verb "to shine," and going down all over Europe, and yet eight in number were the strokes struck by Tompion's hands as *the same lady* descended the creaking stairs, and hurrying down the bowling-green of the pretty garden, took water at Chelsea Ferry. To button the two first buttons of his coat, to give one slap to the crown of his hat, as if he had been stamping a *die* of it into his head, to fling his nearly "*used up*" pipe from him into the grate, as Jupiter from out *his* clouds might hurl a thunderbolt down to earth, and to rush through the garden walk as swiftly, if not as sweetly, as the wind, jump into a wherry, and give chase to the lady, was but the affair of one moment with Mr. Dowling. The boatmen were his personal friends; and if the classical allusion to *bearing Cæsar and his fortunes* did not suggest itself to their minds, (owing, probably, to the circumstance of their never having heard it,) yet they derived, perhaps, quite as great a stimulus to their exertions, from bearing Dowling and his oaths,

which he bestowed upon them with a prodigality that caused them sincerely to regret that they had not been shillings; but luckily the *river* was not dammed, though the boatmen *were*; and so they arrived at Westminster stairs just one minute after the lady, who got into a private chair with coronets all round it; and, thanks to the light that the torches of two running footmen threw upon the matter, Mr. Dowling discovered that the lady was very pretty, and that the chairmen's coats were white, with scarlet capes and facings, the small-clothes red plush, gold garters, and white gold clocked stockings, and the footmen's livery the same. This chair Mr. Dowling followed at a respectful distance till it arrived at the Mall in St. James's Park, when it stopped, and he found it was Lord Athenreagh's house it belonged to, of which he instantly informed Mr. Howard.

The visit to Jenny's Whim, and above all, the remaining there two hours, was certainly a great and unexpected waif upon the hitherto barren domain of Mr. Howard's plot; but still the hero of it was un-found. Mr. Dowling suggested that *he* must have made his *entrée* by the chimney, as he, Richard—the fourth, had been smoking in the tap-room the whole of the forenoon, and would take his oath no one else had come in either at the back or front of the house during the whole of the day, but those who like himself had come into, and were *habitués* of the tap-room; and the worst of it was, that not being able

to be in two places at once, he could not be running after the lady, and staying to watch the departure of the person she had come to meet also. No, Mr. Howard, annoyed as he was at this untoward hiatus, could not deny the truth of the proposition. But fortune, who proverbially favours the brave, came to the assistance of these two worthies; for the very next night after the evening upon which Evelyn had been to Jenny's Whim, it so happened, that during a dreadful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, the horses of a carriage, containing three gentlemen going to a ball at Cheney House, were so frightened that there was no possibility of getting them on; so that the contents of the carriage, (which were Lord Glensborough, Taaff, and the very identical Comte de St. Maur, of whom Mr. Howard was in such hot pursuit) were compelled to alight, and seek a temporary shelter at Jenny's Whim. Taaff was the first to enter the kitchen of the public-house, as Lord Glensborough was deep in a conversation of apparently much interest with Monsieur de St. Maur.

"*Bong jour*, Madam Caremadiel," said he, addressing the hostess, and flipping off the few drops of rain that had fallen upon his peach-blossom embroidered coat in getting out of the carriage.

"Ah! *sare*, your *servante*," replied Madame Caremadiel, curtsying down to the ground, so as to swell the dimensions of her snuff-coloured lustering tabby sacque over her enormous hoop, till it looked like a

balloon just ready to ascend. "I *spak* de English ver vell now, I tank you, you shall have a vere bad night, sare."

"Thank you, Madam Caremadiel, but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather have a glass of very hot negus;" and then turning to Mr. Richard Dowling, who had even removed his pipe from his mouth, and his hat from his head, at the entry of a *gentleman*, he added,

"I say, my man, if you have a mind to earn half a guinea honestly, I'll put you in the way of it."

"Lor love ee! sir, the times *be* so bad," responded that gentleman, smoothing the difficulties of his three-cornered hat with his right elbow as he spoke, and heaving a profound sigh in corroboration of his assertion, "that one can't choose, so I don't much care if *I* *does*."

"Well then, take this card, upon which I will write an order to my servant, to come back with you to Cheney House, and bring me my snuff-box, which I've forgotten; but *remember*, the box is only pinch-back, and so you'll lose your time if you attempt to filch it; whereas, as soon as it is sent up to me at Lady Bridget Cheney's, I'll send you down the half-guinea,—there, off with you, 54, Pall Mall, and run like a lamp-lighter," said Taaff, pushing Mr. Dowling through the garden door, that he might not interrupt Lord Glensborough, who was still busy with Monsieur de St. Maur's coat button in the passage.

“ I say, Madam Caremadiel,” cried Taaff, as he received a glass of white-wine negus from the hands of the fair—no, the *brown* hostess, for such she was, both in skin and costume;—“ I say, what’s all this row I heard of once, about a horse of yours breaking into Magner’s nursery garden, rooting up all the shrubs, and then scampering down Cheney Walk, and thrusting his head through one of the parlour windows of Dean Swift’s lodgings, and the Dean’s exorcising, or rather *exhorseising* him, by flinging a boat of melted butter in his face. I didn’t know you kept horses.”

“ No, no, I no keep horse neider—dat is, for mine cabaret, as de entertainments for de man and de beasts, dat is on de sign of most of de tavern, he is all *in one here* ; but I shall tell you,—ven I vos last to de fair of de *Smitsfield*, I buy von littel *orse*, (for myself to go to de market,) *vell*, it vos *vone* littel *voman* orse, and she vos *fool*, *ne voila til pas qu’au bout de quatre mois* ; she make von little *fool*, and he *ron* all *overe* de place. But he is four years ago now ; de *fos* time I come a to dis a *taverne*, and de last times de *Doyen Suif* he vos in *Englan*. He in von *Maison de Santé* now, vere he should have be den he treat a de *beau sexe* like a de beast.”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! ” laughed Taaff, with plenty of others to keep him in countenance.

“ But he vos too bad,” resumed Madame Care-

madiel, "of dat great *ogely Doyen Suif*,* dat *eis* as black as *hees* name, to go and *trow hees* great fat *dinaire* in my poor leetel *fool's* face; how *vood* he like to have a great fat *dinaire* trow in *hees* own face? *pour tous les vitres qu'ila cassé?*"

"Ha! ha! ha! why very well, my dear Madame Caremadiel; for I never heard of a Dean who objected to a *fat living*, however much they may (as your foal did) dislike having them *thrown in their teeth*!"

"*Ah! par exemple pour les finesses de la langue je n'y suis pas: ainsi, contez moi ce que vous venez de dirè là, en Français?*" said Madame Caremadiel.

"Oh! I can't," said Taaff, going off into another laugh; "for neither my French nor your English have sufficient resources of their own to marry; or, egad! they'd make the best assorted coul'ple I know."

Here Lord Glensborough and the Comte de St. Maur made their appearance from the passage; the former still retaining under his vigilant custody the button of the latter, as he said, in conclusion of some fore-gone argument,

"Well, my dear Comte, of course every one knows their own affairs best; but I'm sorry you will not tell me the title of the English peerage you are about to lay claim to, as I might be of considerable use to you in the lords."

* *Soot*, in French.

“You are very obliging,” replied the Count, in very good English, but with a strong foreign accent; “but till I have all the necessary documents, I still think it better to keep the matter as quiet as possible; and when once you *are* made acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, I think you will also be of this opinion.”

Lord Glensborough, too well bred to press the matter further, merely bowed, and offered St. Maur his snuff-box, while he said to Taaff,—

“What’s the joke, Taaff? for I heard you laughing as loud as a Pigwiggin just now.”

Taaff repeated the story of Madame Caremadiel’s foal dropping in like an *umbra* upon Swift, during one of the Dean’s solitary repasts, (so often cited in his journal to Stella, with the *obligato* accompaniment of his loss of appetite,) and the uncourteous reception the poor foal had met with; upon which Lord Glensborough and St. Maur joined in the laugh.

“By Jove! what a pity,” said Lord Glensborough, pointing to a large china bowl broken exactly in two on a shelf within the bar; “was that your foal’s handy—or rather *hoofy*—work too, Madame Caremadiel?”

“Non, non, he no my fool do dat; he de *fool* of de quality dat do dat; it *vos* de odere night dere was such *vacarme* as never vos know,—Lady Fanny Fermor, Lady Mary Pelham, Lady Galway, and four more of de fine lady, dey invite my Lord Granby to

suppere here, and four or five more of de fine gentlemen ; *vell*, *aftere suppere*, *çe pauvre petit Granby*, being *ver gris*, he tak de *courage* to try and kiss *çe vieille Misse Lum—Lom—Lum* of de ly,* doe she be as *ole* as von hill, and as *ogely* as von ape ; *an* I suppose it being de *fos* (first) time such ting arrive to her, she kick and scream like von devil. As you may suppose, Lord Granby he no break his heart, but *ma foi !* vot is *vorse*, (for me) between dem dey crack all so many of my fine Venice glass, and break toⁿpiece my fine egg-shell china *Ponche-bol*. *Ah ! que le beau sexe—a du malheur dans çe monde !* dey break me more ting in von *veek* dan chez *Monsieur Romponneau* in de year."

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! well, Madame Caremadiel," rejoined Lord Glensborough, laughing quite as much at that good lady's English as at Lord Granby's misadventure with Lucy Lumly ; "well, and how did Granby's defeat with the fair Lucy end ?"

"Ah, he end as he *always* end *vis* de man's, ven dey no succeed in deir attempts upon *nous autres femmes*, in *brag, brag, brag* ; for he play de *brag evère* so late in de night, till mi ladi Caroline Peter-sham send Polly Bloomfield *la petite Fruitière* here from *Rogère*, for ask for *buttère*, and plate, and dish, and I don't know what, pour *faire la cuisine* ; and den *mi lor* Granby, he fling a de card in *Misse Lum* of de lie's face, and say Polly Bloomfield should tak him

* Lucy Lumly.

too to mi ladi Caroline, *wis de reste of de batterie de cuisine, certainement mi lor ; lui dis, je, comme cruche!*"

"Ha! ha! ha! By the bye, Taaff, till the storm is over, I don't think we can do better than follow Granby's example, and have a game of brag, unless you prefer ombre, quadrille, or lansquinet; or we can throw a main for a hundred or so, if you like that better," said Lord Glensborough, drawing, at one and the same time, a pack of cards and a dice-box from his pocket.*

"No thank you, my lord, I'd rather not," said Taaff, "after Jemmy Lumly's misfortunes yesterday. Egad! I don't think I shall ever see a card, without feeling the reversionary touch of a horse-whip."

"I don't know what you allude to; has Jemmy been cheating then?" asked Lord Glensborough.

"Quite the contrary, poor fellow!" replied Taaff.

"I'm still in the dark, so *make me sensible*, as

* I must again refer the reader to Horace Walpole's account of the card-playing and gambling mania of that day, which, among the *elite* of English society, male and female, *then* was carried to quite as great an extent as playing at *mora* is among the Italian beggars of our own time;—witness his anecdote of Lord Sandwich, who once or twice a week went to hunt with the Duke of Cumberland, and as the latter had taken to gambling, the former, in order to make his court and fortune, carried a dice-box always in his pocket, and so, whenever the hounds were at fault, they threw a main upon every green hill, and under every green tree. The story Taaff relates about Jemmy Lumley's losses at whist, and his subsequent horse-whipping at the hands of Mrs. Mackenzy, is also Horace Walpole's.

Lady Coventry says, when she grows patriotic and talks Irish."

"An impossibility ! as far as poor Lady Coventry is concerned, and a work of supererogation, in *your* case, my lord," rejoined Taaff; "but here is the history of poor Jemmy Lumly's misfortunes ; you must know, that last week, he had a whist party at his own house ; the combatants were Lucy Southwell, that Walpole says curtsies like a bear, Mrs. Prigean, that Selwyn, (heaven forgive him !) says *hugs* like one, and Mrs. Mackenzy : they played from six in the evening till twelve o'clock the next day ; Jemmy never winning as much as a solitary rubber ; and, rising a loser of £2,000, he fancied himself cheated. However, *neither of the bears* incurred any part of his evil surmises. On the contrary, a day or two after (which was yesterday) he promised a dinner at Hampstead, to Lucy and her virtuous sister. As he went to this *rendezvous*, his chaise was stopped by somebody, who advised him not to proceed. Yet, not a whit daunted, he advanced. In the garden he found the gentle conqueress Mrs. Mackenzy, who accosted him in the most friendly manner, and asked him if he did not intend to pay her ? ' No, indeed, I sha'n't ! I sha'n't ! your servant ! your servant !' cried Jemmy, in a voice like a peacock on a wall. ' Sha'n't you ?' said the fair virago, and taking a horsewhip from beneath her hoop, she fell upon him with as much vehemence as the empress queen

would on the King of Prussia, if she could catch him alone in the garden at Hampstead, or even at Potsdam."

"Ha! ha! ha! poor Jemmy!" laughed Lord Glensborough, holding his sides. "Oh! insatiate, and remorseless Mrs. Mackenzy! not to think such a beating at whist enough for him!"

"And so, no doubt, she would," said Taaff, "if he had paid it; but, as he did not, she was determined to make him *pay for it*."

In similar edifying anecdotes, as creditable to the ladies as to the gentlemen of the day, did the trio wile away the remaining quarter of an hour, till, the storm abating, enabled them to proceed, to Lady Bridget Cheney's ball. In an age when it was the custom for *ladies* to horsewhip men, for the non-payment of their gambling debts, and to invite *them* to sup at taverns, and there gamble till two or three in the morning, crack bottles, and break glasses, it may be a matter of surprise that Evelyn's sober and solitary visit to "Jenny's Whim," should have been looked upon in so compromising and heinous a light even by her husband; but it must be remembered, that it is exactly in proportion, as such husbands as Mr. Howard are reckless and prodigal of honour in their own personal conduct, even to leaving themselves without the remotest vestige of it; that they are tenacious, exacting, and fastidious, respecting that portion of it, that becomes vested in their wives

as soon as the latter assume *their name*. But as *this* name is often the *only* thing they *do* leave them, no doubt it is upon the principle of having nothing to divide their attention, that they exact such deferential respect for, and scrupulous care of, this badge of their servitude; and, though other times have brought other manners, yet there is nothing lost by the change. We have still our Lady Fannys, and Lady Carolines, who may do anything and everything with impunity, and our Lady Evelyns who can do *nothing*, not even GOOD, without paying the usual tax of calumny and persecution, upon that great rarity! How Mr. Howard succeeded, will be seen in another chapter. These last four years, among their many other events great and small, had witnessed the marriage of the Comte de Saint Germain with a beautiful orphan, who had never before dawned upon the Parisien world, but did so then, in all the splendour of youth, beauty, wealth, and rank. This lovely vision, now Comtesse de Saint Germain, had been a Mademoiselle Rosède de Pagesse, immured, till her marriage, in a convent in Normandy. Louis Quinze had presented the lovely bride with an *ecrin* of diamonds, and some brilliant shoe-buckles, within which, were exquisite little miniatures of his Majesty; he declaring, with perfect truth, that he would far rather see the original at her feet; and the Vicomte de Nesmond, who, as *Gentilhomme de la chambre du Roi*, had been present at the marriage in

the chapel royal, proclaimed himself already *fou de la belle jeune Comtesse!* and even consulted the Maréchal de Richelieu, if, in his long experience, he could give him any precedent, for calling a man out the day of his marriage, on account of having irreparably injured the challenger, by marrying a woman that *he* would have married himself, had he known of her in time.

“*Non, non, Mon cher, il n’ya point d’exemple,*” said the old Maréchal, gravely pulling his under lip, as he turned over the voluminous archives of his memory. “*Seulement,*” added he, “*on attend!*”

While these events were passing in France, the world was turning upon its axis much as usual in England. Father Time, like a good parent as he is, though alas! we seldom feel it till we’ve lost him! was going his ordinary rounds, putting out the lights of some of his children, and giving new toys to others. POPE WAS DEAD! and *Horace Walpole* had taken possession of *Strawberry Hill*.

CHAPTER II.

— “Think ye see

The very persons of our noble story
As they were living. Think ye see them great,
And followed by the general throng, and set
Of thousand friends ;—then in a moment see
How soon their mightiness meets misery.”

As we venture to hope that the reader takes a sufficient interest in Evelyn, to wish to know what took her to “*Jenny’s whim*,” and also that he entertains too good, that is, too just, an opinion of her to believe that she went there, from any bad motive, or to follow the habits of vulgar and infeminine dissipation, so much a matter of course among the women of that day ; after briefly stating, that she had been for many months in the habit of going there, and remaining sometimes for hours closeted in “*the room above*,” before the memorable evening, upon which Mr. Dowling had been so surprised, delighted ! yet, with an innate delicacy, not common to his sex or station, so scandalized ! by her ascension of the back staircase in that bewitching little elysium of “beer and backey,” pipes and peeresses, “bloods,” and brandy, broiled bones and brag ; we will explain how she first came to go there. One morning, about four months

before Mr. Dowling had made his grand discovery, and four years after the morning upon which we had left Maud, *playing* at playing chess, for the amusement of her father. The sisters were again sitting together after breakfast in the same little cosey octagon room, with its apricot damask hangings, its Japan cabinets, and its Japan china; only this time, it was bright summer; the windows were open, the room redolent of flowers, and vocal with birds, and the sun was filtering his golden floods through the fresh green leaves of the patriarchal trees, which spread their foliage like a blessing across the Mall—where were

“Seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers made.”

Lord Athenreagh was out, taking his morning's drive, in which he never would allow either of his daughters to accompany him, thinking,—with the unselfish consideration which had been the habit of his life, and had, therefore, become mechanical with him, now that more active and positive feeling was at an end—that they required this brief relaxation from their unremitting labour of love. Maud was painting, she had begun a copy of a scene in Venice, that Lady Mary Wortley Montague had lent her, a lover in a gondola under a balcony, serenading the owner of a small white hand, who was dropping a letter and a flower into the boat beneath; all of which, meant to be strictly private proceedings, were

fully revealed by the moon's casting her broad silver shadow along the heaving bosom of the Adriatic. But by some unaccountable process, the secret of which has not descended to posterity, Maud, though rather a distinguished artist, especially for an amateur of the eighteenth century, had converted the gondola into a bower of cypress, its occupant into an admirable likeness of Valasquez, and most wonderful of all, the guitar, or rather somewhat drop-sical-looking mandolin, into a small serpent-like fish ; while, instead of the small hand that was dropping the lily and the letter, in the original, there appeared, in the copy, a pair of very handsome but indignant eyes, above the balcony, flinging down looks of unutterable scorn upon the ill-fated hero of the gondola. Into these eyes, Maud was just darting the last flash of indignation, when Evelyn, who had been working at her embroidery-frame, by the side of the open window, rose up, saying as she walked toward Maud's table,—

“ Let me see how she is getting on ! ”

“ Oh ! horridly ! I can do nothing this morning,” said Maud, splashing a large brush full of green paint, over the poor gentleman in the gondola, and thereby causing him to look, like what would have been a striking likeness, for a first sitting, of the portrait of a dish of spinach.

“ No wonder,” cried Evelyn, laughing, as she now looked over her shoulder, “ that the poor lady

in the balcony, looks so irrate ; you *might* have made her enamorado wear the willow, without swamping him in duck weed, as you have done !”

“ I tell you,” rejoined Maud, trying to laugh, but growing as red, as if she had really been detected in pushing a fellow creature into a river, “ I can do nothing, this morning.”

“ So I perceive, my dear,” said Evelyn, quietly reseating herself at her embroidery. For several minutes a dead silence prevailed—Evelyn assiduously plying her needle ; and Maud, with the aid of several paint brushes, and the glass of water beside her, *improvisé-ing* “ with a difference,” a sort of miniature *charade en action* of the incantation in “ Macbeth,” *blue* spirits and *green*, “ *black* spirits and grey, mingle, mingle, mingle, ye that mingle may !” and if they did *not* mingle, it was no fault of Maud’s, who dabbled them about most indefatigably, as if the fate of Europe, at least, had depended upon the persevering energy of her movements.

“ That’s it !” exclaimed Evelyn, suddenly, in a *Eureka* tone, leaning back in her chair, taking off her thimble, and twirling that small golden cupola round on the points of her scissors, “ I have found it at last !”

“ What ?” asked Maud, abstractedly.

“ Why, you remember my telling you, Maud, that that Comte de St. Maur, who came to our assistance, the night we were upset coming from

Ranelagh, and who called here the next day, to see if we had been *put together again* ! was so very like some body that I knew ; but, I could not remember who ? Well, *now* I remember, and really its quite a relief to me ; for there is nothing so worrying, as to be haunted by a likeness, and yet not be able to put a name to it—but now I know—it is that good old Quatremaine Zamora's clerk, who sent me my ring."

"Oh, indeed ! I never saw him," said Maud ; and, the subject having no great interest for either, they both again relapsed into silence, Evelyn resuming her work, and giving a softer tint to a rose bud, that had been gradually expanding under her skill, and Maud putting back her drawings into their portfolio, and crumpling the silver paper over many of them, with the "*circonstance atténuante*" of not really knowing what she was about. During this pause, the doors were thrown open, and "Lady Mary Wortley Montague" was announced. A soft, white, Indian muslin dress, with loads of little frillings *plissées à la vieille*, open down the front, over a sky blue lutestring petticoat, looped up behind, where the boddice also terminated in a point, as well as before—a mode cloak of Flanders, or as we should call it, Brussels lace,—also lined with blue taffata, the long ends crossed round her waist, and tied behind like a sash, a large, round straw hat, with a flat crown, and blue ribbons plaited round it ;

her hair powdered, and hanging through a gold slide, in a *Chignon* on her neck; cream coloured kid mittens, meeting the ruffles at the elbow; blue, and white striped damask, high heeled shoes, with gold buckles, and a very large, green fan; constituted Lady Mary's *toilette* on the present occasion; and though now eight and forty, there was that delicacy of feature and complexion about her, with those sort of meteoric eyes, which play at hide and seek with Time; and *that* so effectually, that *he* can never overtake them—this, added to her slight and *elancée* figure, when she walked abroad, still gave the *un-fair* sex (as she herself happily called them,) the trouble of looking round after her, as a very pretty woman. The sisters rose with unfeigned pleasure to receive her, and their mutual greetings over, and Lady Mary seated in a *Bergère*, the latter said, first addressing Evelyn—

“Bless me, child! what is the matter? you look as sombre as my hopeful son, when he (to make up for my want of conjugal devotion, I suppose,) first turned *suttee*, or in plain English, ran away to be a chimney sweep; and *you*, Maud, seem to be labouring under the same internal convulsions that he did, when, in trying to discover the cause of earthquakes, he gave us practical illustrations of them, by *boulversé-ing* the whole house!”

“The fact is, dear Lady Mary, we are growing old,” said Evelyn, smiling.

“Nonsense! my dear! sensible people never grow old—not that it is by way of *looking* youthful, that I, at my respectable time of life, wear white, muslin, but because the weather being oppressively hot, it is cool, and I have the sense not to mind being laughed at, as long as I can, in any way, contribute to my own comfort; besides, *foi d'honnette femme*, 'tis a maxim with me to be young as long as one can; there is nothing can pay one for that invaluable ignorance which is the companion of youth, those sanguine, groundless hopes, and that lively vanity which make all the happiness of life.”*

“*Mais que aire?* if one never had them?’ rejoined Evelyn, shrugging her shoulders.

“Poor old lady! the very fact, if it is a fact) that you have them no longer, only goes to prove that you must once have possessed them, or you could not have lost them; you know, child,” continued Lady Mary, “I am thought very pedantic in England, though in every other part of the world, I am merely considered as an agreeable, conversable sort of a body enough; so, I shall work out my proposition of *illusions* being the great preservatives of youth, by a learned comparison; don’t be frightened! it won’t be very long, but the Rabbi Neconia ben Hakkana, who flourished thirty years before the birth of our Saviour, says, speaking of the Hebrew

* Her own words.

points—" *the letters, I compare to a body, and the vowel points to a soul, for the points move the letters in the same manner that the soul moveth the body ; but when the points come, the body is constituted in its station ;*" and Simeon ben Jochai, who lived before the Talmud, was also of opinion with Hakkana, that all the harmonious inflections, and symbolic meanings of the Hebrew language, were given to it by its points. Now, what I mean to assert, my dear child, is this ; that our illusions are physiological points, and give an harmonious inflection, and symbolic meaning to our whole existence, which would be insufferably harsh, and flat without them—and so in support of my theory, you see *me*, on the very brink of fifty ! in white muslin ! Though I ought to be in sables, as poor Pope has only been dead six weeks, and it would have been but decent of me to have put on mourning, for the nearest relation (in the shape of a quarrel !) that I ever had."

"Ah ! it was really cruel of you, dear Lady Mary," rejoined Evelyn, "not to go and see poor Pope before he died."

"No, no, child," said Lady Mary, in a more melancholy tone than she usually spoke, "there was no use in Pericles sending to Anaxagoras dying ; if he meant to keep the lamp lighting, he should have sent the oil before. But I did not come here to talk sentiment or compose elegies upon one who could compose them so much better ; but I came to carry you

both off, *vi et armis*, this lovely day, to dine with me at Lady Bridget Cheney's, who has promised to take me in her barge down the river to Richmond in the cool of the evening, and we can drop *you* at Westminster stairs; and a little fresh air, poor caged doves that you are, will do you all the good in the world."

"Thank you, dear Lady Mary," said Maud; "but you know we cannot both leave my father; but *do* make Evelyn go, it will do her good, for she has been complaining of a head-ache all the morning."

"What, and leave you all alone, my poor little galley-slave?" cried Evelyn; "no, no,—I'm sure Lady Mary would never be accessory to such a piece of cruelty."

"Yes, but Lady Mary would, though; for, anticipating some such contingency, I told my sister Mar to look in by and bye, and offer herself for dinner to whichever of you remained with Lord Athenreagh, as I knew, like good creatures as you are, that you would not both leave him; so now, Evelyn, don't be so vain as to suppose that my sister cannot supply your place for a few hours."

"However great my vanity may be," replied Evelyn, laughing, "it never can equal your ladyship's modesty, which prevents your perceiving what an unfair arrangement this is to poor Maud; for though Lady Mar may have the goodness to stay with her, and therefore more than supply my place, *still I*

have the lion's share in carrying off Lady Mary Wortley Montague."

"Ha! pretty flatterer!" said Lady Mary, patting Evelyn's cheek with her fan; "you will make me as vain as if I had been fed on *consommé* of peacocks all my life; so, to counteract so dire an evil, go and put on your most becoming *mantelet à la Diane*, and most murderous chapeau à la *Est ce ma faute, Monsieur?* so that I may sink back into my original state of foil as soon as possible."

Maud's entreaties backing Lady Mary's request, Evelyn made no more objections, but went to put on her things.

"Oh! by the bye," said Lady Mary, as soon as Evelyn had closed the door, "I had a letter from the old Duchesse de La Tremouille this morning, who tells me that never was there any thing to equal the beauty of the Comtesse de St. Germain; but the *mauvaise langues* have already given her to the Viscomte de Nesmond, while the same *high authorities* declare that Monsieur de St. Germain is in the toils of the Guimard."

"How very shocking! I know some one who will be so sorry,—a friend of Monsieur de St. Germain's," added Maud, colouring and stammering; "and only two years married!" added she, with a sigh.

"For my own part, I don't believe a word of it," resumed Lady Mary; "for every one said that Ma-

dame de Saint Germain was ten times more in love with her husband than he was with her. I make no doubt of the truth of de Nesmond's being in love with her, for you know he was always engaged in a *chasse à courre* after every pair of handsome eyes in Paris; but if the Comte de St. Germain is one of Mademoiselle Guimard's satellites,—which nothing but proof strong as Holy Writ would convince me of,—it would terribly *undeify* that extraordinary being in my estimation; for, next to the impossible beatitude of being *born a widow*! I used to fancy that being *his* wife must be an almost perfectly happy lot, there was such a halo of pure, high, and intense GOODNESS about the man,—and then he was so brilliantly agreeable, and so gloriously handsome, *et cela ne gâte rien.*”

“Only its possessor, sometimes, especially when it happens to be a man,” said Maud, smiling.

“No, it is not the beauty that spoils them, but *we* who spoil them on account of it,” said Lady Mary; “and yet I confess I think ugliness an unpardonable vice, though, like all other vices, it is more tolerated in men than in our sex.”

“And that is the reason,” laughed Maud, “that you have put in your caveat against it by inoculation?” *

“To be sure; for heaven knows that ever since

* It was Lady Mary Wortley Montague who introduced the practice of inoculation into England.

the world began, men have been *pitted* against us in every possible way, without this unequal odds appearing such an ugly business on the face of it."

"And yet who on earth," said Evelyn, who had re-entered the room ready equipped for her drive, at the conclusion of Maud's speech, "would ever suspect *you*, my dear Lady Mary, of disseminating a discovery by which they might all become more *smooth-faced* villains?"

"Ha! ha! ha! no one certainly, even poor Pope would hardly accuse me of *that*," said Lady Mary, rising to ring the bell for her carriage. "Ah!" added she, smiling, and looking at Evelyn's pretty change of dress, which was also a snow-white Indian muslin over a pink lutestring petticoat, shot with white; the dress open in front, but the hoop somewhat smaller than Lady Mary's, with a fawn-coloured silk *mantelet*, and hat of the same, surrounded by a pale pink feather—"now we shall make a charming bouquet; for you play blush rose to my blue-bell, except that I never heard of any flower called old woman, though there *is* a ragged-looking piece of verdure in every garden called old man."

"Your ladyship's coach is quite ready," said Tarlton, in the low bland voice of a well-bred servant, approaching Lady Mary with his best bow.

"Thank you; have the goodness, will you, Mr. Tarlton," said Lady Mary, "to ask Mrs. Pomfret if

those very fine nectarines we had here the other day after dinner were got at Rogers's ? and if so, to tell my people."

"No, dear Lady Mary," said Evelyn ; "they came from Athenreagh ; and delighted am I that you like them, for it will be a charity to take some of them off of our hands, or rather, our walls, which are over stocked."

"Well, my dear child, as charity covers a multitude of sins, I hope it will cover that of covetousness, as I gratefully accept your offer ; all, in drawing a comparison (greatly to your advantage) between you and old Sarah, whom I humbly asked only for a few melon *seeds* the other day, and was refused *point blank*, she saying that M'Pherson, her gardener, wanted them *all*."

"Oh, yes," rejoined Evelyn, laughing ; "but you know we are not obliged, like the poor Duchess of Marlborough, to sell our gooseberries in order to pay our current expenses."

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! very true, my dear," said Lady Mary, with her joyous laugh : "Oh ! while I think of it, I must tell you a most delicious story about her and the Bishop of Salisbury. You know how absent *he* is : well, the other day at Lord Chesterfield's levee, old Sarah was sitting upon a sofa in one of the anterooms, waiting for her chair, which the servants, who all hate her, were making it a point *not* to announce ; just as the bishop was meditating

his escape, she pounced upon him with her usual Jeremiad, that she would not have been left to wait three quarters of an hour for her chair or for anything else in the *duke's time*; the poor bishop, feeling it to be the duty of a christian prelate to console sinners and lead them, if possible, to repentance through tribulation, concealed his own as he best could, and resigning himself to his fate, sat down beside her. As you know, she never let the poor duke rest while living, and habit being strong, it is just the same now he's dead; so upon the duke's wars, transcendant talents, and services she began; the bishop warming in his turn (as he is a great admirer of his grace's military career), commenced drawing a parallel between him and Prince Eugene, all to the advantage of the former. 'Ah! my lord,' cried Sarah, seizing both his hands in her ecstasy, 'I am delighted to hear *you* say so; but was it not a disgrace to the government, and, still more, to the nation, that *such* a man was not done more justice to?'

"My good lady," exclaimed the bishop, returning her cordial hand-shaking with interest, but *totally forgetting*, in his usual way, *to whom he was speaking*! 'My good lady, we must make allowances, and you quite forget what a *d—d infernal* —— of a wife he had!'

"After this," concluded Lady Mary, joining in

Maud and Evelyn's laugh, "you may suppose that though '*stricken in year, Sarah conceived*' a mortal hatred for the poor bishop, and *bear* him a grudge for the rest of her natural, or rather, her unnatural life ! There's a model widow for you ! at the end of twenty years, to way-lay bishops, to sing her husband's praises to them ; getting hold of such a linguist, too, as the Bishop of Salisbury, she might have made up her mind to have been tanned with a little Greek bedewed with Hebrew, splashed with Polish, choked with German, or sneezed at with Russian ; *mais elle ne se seroit pas doutée qu'un évêque aura eu l'idée belliqueuse DE BATTRE LA GENERALE, comme il a fait !*"

"Which I am very certain," rejoined Evelyn, laughing, "the poor duke himself, all hero as he was, never dared do."

"Bless me !" cried Lady Mary, looking at the time-piece, "we shall be late, for it only wants a quarter to three now ; so good bye, Maud, and be a good child till Evelyn comes back, and mind I put my veto upon your running away in the interim,—unless indeed it was with Taaff ; and *then* I give my full consent."

"Ah !" said Maud, smiling, "I am afraid I have no chance there !"

"Why to be sure," said Lady Mary, as she closed the door, "*Suprêmes de Poulets* are the only ones he

has hitherto dealt in, and up to the present time turtle soup has had more attractions for him than all the turtle doves that ever coo'd ; but who knows ? but *Jener il pie in pin staffe !*"

CHAPTER III.

——— “That gentler portion of the human race, who have ever been the pitiers of all sorrow, the almsgivers of society,* the binders up, in short, as far as their limited sphere might reach, of every wound which the rougher hands and more impetuous passions of man have inflicted.”—MRS. LOUDON’S *Philanthropic Economy, or The Philosophy of Happiness*. Churton, 1835.

“Our path wound by the river side,
The voice of mirth had ceased to sound ;
The sunbeam in its vesper pride,
Shewed naught but solitude around.”

“A THOUSAND pardons, my dear Lady Bridget,” said Lady Mary, on entering the former lady’s drawing-room at Chelsea, which opened on a beautiful and spacious lawn at the back, while the front looked to the river, through what is now a part of Cheney walk, but what was at that time separated from it by an enclosed terrace, gradually sloping down to the water ; “a thousand pardons for being so late, but I bring my excuse in my hand,” added she, presenting Evelyn, “and you will allow I could not have a fairer one ?”

“Most certainly not,” replied Lady Bridget, holding out a hand to each of them ; “but you are in very good time, for I could not dine till four to-day,

* The title of Lady in old Saxon means “*Bread giver*.”

having had a most busy morning, as I am under the care of Sir Hans Sloane ; and, being as good-natured as he is agreeable, he kindly sat with me during my last sitting to Gainsborough."

"Fie! child, why sit to Gainsborough? all his animation is thrown into his most charming landscapes; while, *en revanche*, he infuses all *their* still life into his portraits; he'd do much better to stick to *Bark*,* like Sir Hans Sloane," said Lady Mary; "but pray let us see it."

"Well," said Lady Bridget, laughing, as she opened the door of an inner room, which had been converted into a temporary *studio*, where, upon a large easel, the portrait in question still stood: "you must only fancy me a tree, and *then* you'll think Gainsborough has accomplished another *chef-d'œuvre*!"

"No, my dear, never; for portrait-painting is a *branch* of the art that he'll never master; come though, after all, *that* is not so bad," continued Lady Mary, standing before the easel.

"No, I think it beautifully painted," replied Lady Bridget; "only I am much too *petite* for a full-length portrait."

"*Petite si vous voulez?*" cried Evelyn; "but I know no one to whom the motto the Duchesse de Maine adopted for the order of the 'Fly,' that she

* Sir Hans Sloane was the first physician who introduced Bark into general use in England.

instituted for her literary clique, is more applicable :
‘ *Piccola si, fa ma pur gravi le ferite.*’ ”*

“ My dear Bridget,” said Lady Mary, “ Evelyn is the most awful little flatterer ! it is her only safety-valve ; otherwise the high pressure of all the compliments she herself receives would infallibly cause her to explode.”

“ The *retort* is hardly just,” said Evelyn, laughing, “ to one like me, who pique themselves on their sincerity.”

“ *Elle pique, mais elle attache,*” rejoined Lady Mary, putting one arm through Lady Bridget’s, and the other round Evelyn’s waist, as they all three returned to the drawing-room. “ What have you got here ?” continued she, taking a book off the table, as she seated herself before it, “ *fie donc !* one of *Aphra Behn*’s † novels.”

“ Yes, is it not horrid ? Mrs. Halyburton left it here the other day, and I took it up ; and yet really I don’t think it much worse than Sterne’s trash, that is so much cried up.”

“ There I quite agree with you,” said Lady Mary, “ for as to ‘ *Tristram Shandy*,’ it always gave me the idea of being written by Rabelais, in the *ague*.”

“ Well, I don’t think you’ll like this new one much better,” said Lady Bridget, taking up a small

* I am small, it is true ; but I make deep wounds.

† A very witty but licentious authoress of the time of Charles the First,—more appreciated in the time of Charles the Second.

volume ; “ for though by way of being much more refined, as its name, ‘ *The Sentimental Journey*,’ imports, I think it quite as bad, if not worse, than the other,”

“ Indeed ! then,” said Lady Mary, “ I can only say as Fontenelle did, when the French public found Racine’s ‘ *Athalie* ’ worse than his ‘ *Esther*,’—

‘ *Pour avoir fait pis qu, Esther !*

Comment diable a-t-il pu faire ? ”

‘ And Sterne, for to write anything worse than was Tristram Shandy, Must have steeped his brains and his pen in mud mix’d with brandy ! ’

“ But to tell you the truth,” continued she, “ I hate your sentiment-mongers by profession ; as, instead of squaring their actions according to any received principles of morality, they generally adopt a code of lax sophistry, for the convenience and palliation of their disgraceful conduct ; and admire virtue so intensely and *spiritually*, that they never are sufficiently material to *approach* her in *reality* ! To illustrate this ‘ wise saw,’ I need only give you two ‘ modern instances,’ in our own times,—J. J. Rousseau and Laurence Sterne ; the former steals a ribbon from his benefactress to give to a girl whom he is trying to seduce, and then *nobly* allows the poor wretched girl to be accused of, *and sent to prison for the theft* ! while the latter neglects and brutalizes his wife and daughter in every possible way ;—and yet, it would be difficult to find a more *wholesale dealer* in SENTI-

MENT! than Rousseau, or a more indefatigable retailer of it than Sterne."

"It is very disheartening, though," said Evelyn, "that it should be so."

"Why I don't know," rejoined Lady Mary; "I'm not sure that it is not a good and salutary lesson for us; for, depend upon it, virtue is not wider apart and more distinct from hypocrisy than is the virgin ore of real feeling from the tinsel lacker of sentiment."

"That I believe; but what then becomes of your favourite theory of illusions? your physiological Hebrew points, if you destroy sentiment, which is the very magic mirror of illusions?" said Evelyn.

"But I don't destroy it, I only distinguish, when that said magic mirror *reflects real* objects, or merely conjures up the unsubstantial *semblance* of them, by wreathing the vapours of imagination askance its wizard surface; but alas! my dear Evelyn, despite all the *theories* in the world, *facts* are stubborn things, and at my age years *will* tell; and with all our romance, we find our reason every day becoming richer with the spoils of our heart, or, in other words, our illusions. I grant the exchange is a poor one; that leaves us only that cold wisdom which enables us to ascertain, *that all is not gold that glitters!* This wisdom has also another drawback; for *doubt* is the shadow of experience, and, like all other shadows,

it lengthens and darkens towards the close of our days."

"True," said Evelyn with a sigh; "but this is not confined to age; for sorrow is a sort of moral blight, that, even in our earliest spring, often anticipates the rough winds and frosts of winter, and quite as effectually sears the verdure, and dries up the sap of our lives."

"My dear Evelyn!" cried Lady Bridget; "you are growing and looking as lachrymose as a Sternhold and Hopkins edition of King David. So, to annihilate your theoretical miseries, with a real one, I must announce to you the *heart-rending* intelligence, that we three disconsolate dames dine alone, for, Mr. Chaney being in Yorkshire, and I, having a little matter of business to discuss with Lady Mary, resisted even the temptation of asking George Selwyn, (who called just before you came,) to stay dinner."

"You could not announce to me a pleasanter piece of news," replied Evelyn, laughing; "for, like Hamlet, 'man delighteth me not,' though unlike him I cannot add, '*nor woman either.*'"

"No, my dear," laughed Lady Bridget, "*under existing circumstances, that would not be exactly civil; but Selwyn is so agreeable! surely you make a little clause in your misanthropy in his favour?*"

"I'm not sure that I do; a garden may have too many roses, a pudding too many plums, and a birth-

night suit too many diamonds ; and, on the same principle, a man *may* utter too many *bon mots* ; and that's precisely Selwyn's case."

"My dear," said Lady Mary, "you should forgive him for the rarity of the thing, and for the *wish* which he certainly possesses, to make himself agreeable, whereas, in English society generally, people seem to try and make themselves as disagreeable as possible ; and to do them justice, they succeed to a miracle."

"Oh ! no one enjoys George Selwyn's *mots* more than I do, when they are retailed to me," replied Evelyn ; "for there is a sub-stratum of deep and subtile philosophy in most of them, that is beyond wit, as it has not only the brilliancy of the diamond, but like it, has also the keenness to cut through the brittle surface of folly, and the dense substance of vice, when nothing else could. All I mean to say is, that he fatigues me when I am with him ; as being dieted entirely upon pearls and diamonds, *is rather indigestible*."

"Your case, my dear Evelyn," said Lady Mary, laughing, "is a chemical one ; for, if by means of a counterpoise, any body containing at the same time magnetic and diamagnetic substances, (as, for instance, mercury in a brass vessel, and, surely, any one in our dull sphere having wit, and at the same time the *courage* to utter it, may fairly be compared to a *brass vessel containing mercury*,) the former,

namely, the brass vessel, being magnetic, is held in equilibrium; this body is repelled by the magnet when brought near it, and *attracted* when it is removed; and so it is with you and George Selwyn."

Here dinner was announced, and the three ladies proceeded to the dining-room.

"I think," said Lady Mary, "as there is no male animal to cause any *division* amongst us, we had better walk three a-breast, as the Mohocks used to do; it will look more formidable. Do you know," continued she, as she seated herself, "if I could have managed it, I should have liked to remain in town to-night, and have gone to Covent Garden to have seen Mrs. Centlivre's 'Double Gallant?'"

"By the bye," said Lady Bridget, "that reminds me of George Selwyn's only two pieces of news, which were, that Peg Woffington died yesterday, and it seems that Sir Horace Belarmin went there like a madman this morning, and bribed her maid, a woman of the name of Flipps, to let him look over Mrs. Woffington's papers; and yet they say, all this phrenzy was by no means the result of grief at her death, so no one can make out what it all means."

"So much the better," said Lady Mary, "it will give the town something to talk about, and to invent perchance to calumniate; and that is a pleasure for which they ought at least to be grateful."

"It appears," replied Lady Bridget, "that they have already began, for Sir William Burdett, of all

people in the world, has set it about that poor Sir Horace must have been guilty of some crime, in which Mrs. Woffington was his accomplice ; and that he was anxious to repossess himself of any proofs of it that might exist amongst her papers, and, although every one knows, or ought to know, what a good creature poor Sir Horace is, yet it's astonishing, Selwyn says, the avidity with which this evil report of him is swallowed."

"Ah ! my dear," rejoined Lady Mary, "it is now nearly two thousand years since Horace so truly said, that those things which are *subjecta oculis*, strike the vulgar infinitely less forcibly, than those which are *demissa per aurem* ; and it is for this reason, that our *best friends*, though for a long life they may have *seen* nothing but what was right in us, still, modestly doubting the correctness of their eyes, with undue partiality, give *implicit credence to their ears*, upon the very first bit of evil that is in circulation about us. But it is quite natural that Sir William Burdett should try and defame poor Sir Horace Belarmin ; for, ever since last year, that the bets ran so high, and were entered on the books at White's, that he (Sir William) would be the first baronet that was hanged ! he naturally does his best or his worst, to convince the world that he and his order ought to *hang together*."

"Or, perhaps," said Evelyn, with a smile, "as '*pour qui jouit seul le plaisir boîte,*' he thinks that

hanging like any other of our national sports, would be incomplete without a companion."

"Very likely," said Lady Bridget; "as even the most terrible state of *sus-pence* becomes more tolerable, if we have some one to share it with us."

In the cool of the evening the three ladies strolled out about the grounds; but as Evelyn perceived that her two companions appeared to have some subject of conversation, of a private and particular interest, she said she would go and explore by the river side, and would be back again before tea.

"Oh! very well," said Lady Bridget; "I have not ordered the barge till half-past nine, as the evening will be really cool, and the moon in all its splendour by that time; only don't lose yourself, Evelyn, and the prettiest walk is straight on, to your right, by the ferry."

"No,—no," said Evelyn, waving her hand as an adieu. "I'll be a good child, and do exactly as you tell me, so *au revoir*."

The moon was up, though day-light with many a crimson flush still lingered in the sky; and the horizon was suffused with that vague, vapoury tenderness of hue, with which it always seems to mourn the sun's departure, in whose glory it has hitherto basked. The broad river's silvery sheen lay unrolled beneath it; its rippling tide, as it flowed calmly on, now catching a golden ray from the moon, now a rosy blush from the clouds, and again a sap-

phire tint from the twilight, all of which flitted about on the surface of the waters, as if the æthereal thread of some fairy's necklace had given way, and all its many coloured gems had rolled beneath her dancing feet, here, there, and everywhere.

Those myriad echos of a thousand sounds, which generally float through a summer's evening, were gone to some other bank of the river, for they were not there; even the very air was hushed, as if it feared to wake the perfumes that slept heavily in tree and flower, whose balmy breath just came gently and dreamily through the atmosphere, without conspiring with the heat to overpower those who inhaled it.

The fact was, there was a regatta down the river, so, luckily for Evelyn, Chelsea and its environs were deserted: she strolled on, till she came to a tuft of greener grass than the rest, by the margin of the river, which tuft owed its verdure to the protecting shade of two large beech trees. Upon this little knoll grew innumerable daisies, and that little golden balled nameless flower, which, from its balmy perfume, between that of the heart's-ease and the bee orchus, would seem, among wild flowers, to be the favourite child of the sun and the shower. The daisies had folded up their delicate finery of white enamel leaves for the night, and nothing but their rose-tipped edges, gathered to a ruby point, were to be seen peeping from out their green calyx. Yet nevertheless a little child, as Evelyn at first thought,

was busily employed gathering these sleeping flowers and their golden companions, and making them up into a nosegay.

“Here, my little fellow,” said she, stooping down and plucking some of the finest, “here are some nice fresh ones to add to your stock.”

But the little creature before her, which she now discovered to be a dwarf and not a child, instead of taking the proffered flowers, leant both the palms of his hands flat on the grass, and looking up at her for about three minutes intently with his large lack-lustre eyes, as if learning her face by heart, said, hastily collecting all the flowers he had plucked, and suddenly springing to his feet, as he held out his hand to her, which she took,

“*Oui, oui, vous êtes belle ; et vous avez l'air bonne : venez donc avec moi ? car elle souffre beaucoup elle est bien bien malade.*”

“Poor little creature,” rejoined Evelyn in French, “who is ill? your mother? your sister? and you strangers in the land too, that makes it worse.”

“Mother — sister — what’s that?” repeated the dwarf, mechanically; “I tell you *she* is ill—come, make haste.”

“I will come,” said Evelyn; “but I hope it is not far? as it is already late.”

“Far! no, this is not Paris—there is nothing here but the large window looking upon the river, and the river that won’t stay to be looked at, but goes

on, on, on, for ever ! as I want to do, and this green carpet, where the fairies dance every night when the moon's up, till I frighten them away ; for *I* am a giant to *them*, ha ! ha ! ha ! and then, as they scamper off, they drop their cups and platters, which, as you see, I pick up and take home to her."

Evelyn, perceiving that it would be impossible to get a collected answer from her companion, thought it best to follow him without asking any more questions, merely saying, "then *she* is very fond of wild flowers?"

"Oh yes, of these fairy cups and plates ; she kisses them and holds them to her hot forehead, and says they are kind messages from the earth, air, and sky to her, now that she can see them no longer."

"Poor thing!" murmured Evelyn, "I know that feeling ; the gentle promises of health and hope that flowers, especially those of the fresh green woods and dells, beam through each tint, and whisper in every breath to the feverish eye and ear of pain ; they seem like nature's letters, consoling us for her absence, and reminding us how much cause we have to love her."

In about five minutes they came to a garden paling, which sloped down to the water-side. In the upper end of this garden rose a pretty picturesque-looking Elizabethan cottage, its gable ends and lattice windows being almost entirely covered with ivy and other creepers ; the front of this edifice looked

to the road, and from the centre window of its only storey, above the porch, (which was a perfect bower of roses and clematis) hung a sign, of a young girl in a boat, with a three-cornered hat put on on one side, and a sailor's jacket over her full, red petticoat, and at the corner of her mouth, instead of a pipe, she held a carnation; her little feet, in their blue stockings, high-heeled shoes, and large silver buckles, were manfully pressed against the board under the opposite seat at the bottom of the boat, while she leant back almost horizontally, plying two oars, in her passage across Chelsea Ferry, which had been most faithfully represented by the artist. Under this *tableau* was written, in large, gold letters,

“JENNY’S WHIM.”

This sign was repeated at the back of the house, only on a larger scale, so as that it might be seen from the river. The garden itself, which, as we have before stated, rejoiced in a bowling-green, was now redolent of summer roses, and gorgeous with the pomp of peoneys and holyhocks. Opening a little wicket quite on the beach, Xintro led Evelyn up the little garden; which, with the taproom, upon the evening in question, was, (wonderful to relate) owing to the regatta, quite deserted; even Madame Caremadiel, who suffered greatly from the worst symptoms of French *mal du pays*, which attacks her compatriots in England, namely—the want of *fêtes* and *spectacles*, had eagerly seized upon this opportunity

of affording herself what she termed *le simulacre d'une distraction* !

Evelyn knew the place well by name, although she had never been there ; and now entered it more in fear of meeting any one than of being met ; for as she meant no wrong, she felt no shame, but it would have annoyed her to have been interrupted in, or detained from, the purpose for which she had come ; however, she might have spared herself this fear, for, excepting Mr. Giles Jobblin, (the ganymede of the establishment, who circulated ale and porter among the lares and penates of Chelsea, who never quitted their household niches to come in quest of this national nectar ;) excepting this gentleman, we say, there was absolutely no one in the tap-room,—unless, indeed, upon the present occasion he might have counted for two, from the fact of his being beside himself, from the cruelty he had ten minutes before experienced at the hands of Polly Bloomfield, the fruit-girl from Rogers's, who, coming in with a basket of peaches, all of which were so many pre-destined, horticultural Dukes of Clarence, doomed to be drowned, not exactly in a butt of malmsey, but in a jar of Madame Caremadiel's best brandy,—Mr. Jobblin, after having, with a poetical *originality* of ideas that could not have failed to convince Solomon what an erroneous conclusion he had come to, when he hastily asserted that there was nothing new under the sun, had Solomon been there to be convinced—Mr. Jobblin, we

say, having broached the very original simile of Miss Bloomfield's cheeks being like the peaches in her basket, only much the fresher and sweeter of the two, had then boldly asserted that there was but one thing about her which he did *not* like, and that was her name; but that if she would but change it for that of Jobblin, it would be a greater *cordial* to his heart than any of the numerous ones by which he was then surrounded; the mention of cordials, combined no doubt with the long habit of helping himself, caused him to conclude this request with an attempt to snatch a kiss. Miss Bloomfield's reproof was a striking one, as it consisted of a smart and loudly sounding slap in the face, while, swift as Atalanta, she ran laughing down the garden, and was across the ferry before he had recovered from this (most vigorous) blow to all his hopes; indeed, he had *not* recovered when Evelyn and Xintro arrived; and so absorbed was he in his own misfortunes, that he did not even hear them ascending the old creaking, worm-eaten oak staircase. No,—

The ticking of the clock,
The purring of the cat,
And the throbbing of his own cheek,
Were the only sounds *he* heard!

The first door that Xintro opened, facing the top of the stairs, was a small bed-room, of worm-eaten oak wainscoting, with not an atom of polish on it. At the upper end of this room, opposite the latticed

windows, (which were on the left hand side on entering the room,) were two small tester beds, with faded grass-green damask hangings; these beds were only separated by a large old *marquetric* chest of drawers, with a grey marble slab on the top of them, upon which were two basons and ewers, and a small serpent in a large glass jar of spirits of wine. From a very diminutive suit of clothes that were lying upon one of these beds, it was evident *it* belonged to the dwarf; and on the floor by the chimney-piece was a child's go-cart, filled with grass, faded flowers, and broken toys. All this Evelyn took in at a glance, for the dwarf, quickly passing through this room, opened another door, which led into a large and almost elegantly furnished drawing-room; this room was also panneled, but, instead of the bare wood, these pannels were painted a pea-green, the beading round them being picked out with white and gold, and several admirably painted portraits and landscapes let into them; there was both a haspsichord and a harp in this room, also a tambour frame, and all those thousand pretty useless toys (not useless either, since they embellish and consequently please) and those graceful nothings, which seem to spring up in woman's path, and leave traces of her passage, as violets were fabled to do at the birth and under the footsteps of Io. This room was lighted by a large mullion window, the curtains of which were of white damask, with large bunches of poppy-coloured

carnations upon it, tied together with green and silver true lover's knots ; several high-backed, carved, oak chairs, and quaint-looking old sofas, all covered with the same damask as the curtains, completed the furniture of this room ; into which, athwart the small panes of the deep, large window, day and night were now sending their first and last look, which caused fantastic shadows to glide mysteriously about.

"At all events," thought Evelyn, "poverty is not the plague spot *here*; but I cannot understand the air of refinement that there is about this room; any where else there would be nothing surprising in the matter, but in a little road-side inn, and, moreover, such a one as '*Jenny's Whim*,' it puzzles me."

But Xintro opening another door which led into a smaller room, but one that was evidently used as a dining-room, from the sort of *buffet* or side-board that was at one end of it, over which was a small marble fountain, she had no further time for conjecture, as the dwarf, walking to this buffet, took off of it a large old embossed two-handled silver-gilt Flemish drinking-cup, and filling it with water from the fountain, plunged the daisies and golden balls into it, after which he opened another door, which was that of a tolerably-sized bed-room, covered with a sort of large patterned Indian paper, of difficult fruits and impossible birds, and green skies, *fraternising* with blue duck-ponds. A tester bed, with

hangings of cream-coloured Indian silk chintz, with fruit and flowers all over it, occupied one end of this room, but a low Indian screen partitioned it off from the other end of the apartment, which had also a mullion window, in the deep recess of which was a quadrille table, with a brass gallery round it, to prevent the cards slipping off, something like a modern *bouillotte* table. On this table were scattered a quantity of dominos, which the last rays of the setting sun, now darting in one powerful focus through the window, seemed to turn to gold, and elicited a cry of delight from two beings who were seated one at each side of the table; one was a man that from the deadly palour of his cheeks, his snow-white hair and beard, which descended below his waist, and his large dark fearfully glassy eyes, from which every ray of intelligence had departed, might have been a hundred; the other was a blooming child of about three years old, the very incarnation of a cherub, such as poets dream them, and Guido painted them. Just as Evelyn and Xintro entered, the golden light, as we have said, had turned the heap of dominos into temporary ingots, and hence the cry of admiration from these strangely ill-assorted gamblers; while the child was still clapping its little dimpled hands in ecstasy at the glittering pile before him, the old man made a snatch at several of them, and secreted them up his sleeve.

“*Ah! qui t'avise vieux gueux?*” cried the dwarf,

springing forward like a wild cat, and seizing a leather thong (apparently for the horrible purpose) that was lying on a chair, with which jumping up behind the old man's chair, he smote him sharply across the head. Whether the latter felt it or not, or whether fear was stronger than pain, he uttered no cry, but crouched down like an animal, and, with a trembling hand, made restitution of the stolen dominoes to the dwarf; but the child, upon seeing the latter strike him, had got down from his seat, and ran round to beat the dwarf in his little impotent fury, for striking "*pauvre vieux, papa,*" as he called the old man, and then climbing up his knee, began kissing and patting his long white beard, as if it had been the head of a dog.

"*Ah ! pauvre vieux, papa,* indeed," muttered the dwarf, "when it is not only your dominoes he'd steal, poor child, but your eyes out of your head, if he could get any thing by them."

"*Chut ! elle dort,*" said a young woman with a *cauchoise*, or high-crowned Caën cap of magnificent *Valenciennes* lace, now emerging from the scene, with her finger on her lip.

"*Non, Marie ; je ne dors pas,*" said a gentle voice from the bed.

"Ah ! you are not asleep," cried the dwarf, advancing towards the bed ; "here are your daisies ; and, better still, you have often wished you knew even one *grande dame Anglaise*, as you had much to

say, and no one to say it to ; and now I have gathered you one with the flowers this evening."

"Poor Xintro ! and which do you call the *grande dame* of these poor little humble flowers ? for there is not even a *Reine Marguerite* amongst them," said the invalid, with a wan smile, thinking this announcement was only one of the dwarf's usual wild conceits ; "but," continued she, "I thank you for them all the same, for I love these little innocent messengers from the fresh green woods and fields that I never shall see again."

Meanwhile Evelyn had begun to feel very uncomfortable, notwithstanding the deferential curtsies down to the ground of Marie, the Norman Bonne, and the prompt politeness of the latter in placing a chair for her. Still she felt that poverty, when one came with the power and the intention of relieving it, was the *only* thing that could warrant a stranger's intrusion on the privacy of any person or persons, however humble their social position might be ; and all she had seen in this strange *ménage*, though almost luxurious *locale*, had certainly given her no warrant of that sort for her arrival in its *terra incognita*. The dwarf, however, did not give her much more time for either embarrassment or deliberation, for, pushing aside one leaf of the folding screen, he darted forward, and, seizing her hand, dragged her to the bedside, where she found herself face to face with a transcendantly beautiful young woman, but one whose

cheeks were almost transparent from the ravages of fever, so that, from the supernatural brilliancy of her magnificent eyes, her face looked more like some rare and delicately wrought piece of alabaster statuary with a light within, than any thing human. At the unexpected apparition of Evelyn, round whose fresh beauty, health, that real Cestus of Venus, seemed to float like the ethereal drapery, half dew, half light, which morning flings across the mountains, the poor invalid, with a sort of involuntary homage, mechanically tried to sit up in bed.

"*De grâce, Madame, Mademoiselle? ne vous derangez pas?*" said Evelyn, taking both her hands, and gently forcing her back on her pillow.

"*Hélas! madame,*" said the invalid, bursting into tears, and covering her face with her hands, in reply to Evelyn's hesitation in her choice of epithets, "*Hélas! madame, ni l'une nil'autre!*"

"Now, really," resumed Evelyn, seating herself by the bed-side, and kindly taking the poor sufferer's thin white hands in both of hers, "if my *gaucheries* are to excite you so painfully, I must go without even taking time to apologise for my very extraordinary intrusion, but, as is usual with all transgressors, I must lay the cause of my misdeemeanour at another's door; and it was this little man here who carried me off by main force; and had I not thought it some case of cottage charity, I

assure you, my dear lady, he would not have prevailed."

"Oh! *it is* a charity, and a great one," said the invalid; "one that I have been praying for for months; and you look so good, that my prayers at length seem answered, like those of the patriarchs, by the arrival of an angel,—thank you a thousand times. Good Xintro, take my father and Julio into another room, will you? and be kind to the poor old man for my sake,—do, dear Xintro!"

"Aye, *always, for your sake*," muttered the dwarf, as he doggedly walked away to obey her commands, taking the child, who was almost as big as himself, in his arms, and saying to the old man in a gruff voice, "*allons en avant!*" which the latter, still crouching and trembling, instantly obeyed. "Always, for your sake," again murmured the dwarf, as he left the room; "*when will it be for mine?*"

"*Marie*," resumed the invalid, "have the goodness to give me my little blue velvet and gold Turkish *portefeuille*,—it is somewhere here under my pillow, and then you may go till I ring."

"No sooner had *Marie* withdrawn, than Zillah, (whom of course, thanks to Xintro, the reader has long since recognised,) looking within the compartments of the letter case, drew forth a slip of paper. "*Ah! Madame*," said she, presenting it to Evelyn; "do you happen to be acquainted with the lady whose name is written there?"

Evelyn rose and took the paper to the window, as the shadows of twilight were now deepening, and the moon was not on that side of the house. Upon looking at the paper, her surprise was great at seeing her own name inscribed upon it. She had heard four years ago (the result of Mrs. Pomfret's inquiries,) that the unhappy young creature, who had escaped from Mrs. Woffington's, had committed suicide by throwing herself over Westminster Bridge, or else she would at once have been convinced that the beautiful but wasted form before her was Zillah Zamora. However, notwithstanding Mrs. Pomfret's *bulletin*, having still a suspicion that such might be the case, she answered cautiously, as she re-seated herself at the bed-side—

“Yes, I know this lady intimately.”

“Ah!” said Zillah, “tell me then if she is the angel, every one says she is? for if so, when she knows all I have suffered, she will, perhaps, forgive me the great wrong I did her.”

“I am very sure,” replied Evelyn, in a voice tremulous from emotion, “that you never could have intentionally injured her, and it is the intent that constitutes the sin; and if you have sinned unintentionally, I think I know her well enough to assure you, that *she* would be the very first to compassionate your distress, and to sympathize in your sorrow, whatever injury you may have been the means of doing her.”

"Then she is indeed as good as I have always heard," said Zillah, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven.

"Why, who could you have heard so flattering an account of her from?" asked Evelyn.

"Ah! Madame! it is a sad story, and you must hear it to tell it to that angel lady, and then I shall die happy, when I know that she knows I am not as culpable as I appear; for it seems to me as if God would never forgive me till her pardon had blotted out my fault. But you asked me how I had heard of her goodness, though I never saw her; she once lived in my father's house in Paris, and then I heard of nothing else but the good she used to do, to one and all, and her sister too, whom they said was just as beautiful. Besides, he has told me the same thing, and I believe *him* as I would the gospel."

"Who?" said Evelyn.

"Le Comte Ernest, I don't know his other name; but he it was who saved me from committing a crime after I had been guilty of so terrible a fault! but patience, dear lady, and I will tell you all;" and, interrupted by her own frequent sobs, and Evelyn's entreaties, that she would postpone the painful recital till some other time, when she would be more equal to it, poor Zillah began at the beginning, from the first day she had seen Mr. Howard; the cold-blooded falsehoods, by which he had induced her to elope with him; her mock marriage at Mrs. Woffington's;

her escape from thence, when Sir Horace Belarmin had told her how she had been deluded; and her attempt to throw herself over Westminster bridge, which the Comte Ernest, as she called him, had prevented, and conveyed her to her present retreat. "Ah! my good lady," continued she; "do you think that Lady Evelyn will pardon me, when she hears the exact truth of my seeming wickedness to her?"

"I don't see what she has to pardon in *you*," replied Evelyn, wiping her eyes; "and I think I can promise you, that she will come and see you often, and do all *she can* to comfort and console you, under so heavy a burden. But your chief consolation must be the unerring justice of God; for, after all, it is, perhaps, the greatest blessing that heaven has to bestow, when it has so placed us, as that we can feel ourselves the *sinned against and not the sinning*; for, surely then, without illusion, we may hope, that, when all around us *seems* most dark, it is but the protecting shadow of our guardian angel's wings, spread between us, and some alluring danger. But you have not told me how long you have been here, and why this good Comte Ernest should have selected so public a place, for the refuge of one so young, lovely, and unprotected as you are."

"No," said Zillah, with a deep sigh, "I have not told you the worst part of my sad history, and how my fearful punishment is always before me. It ap-

pears that my father who had been always subject to epileptic fits, was so violently affected more by resentment than grief, at my departure, that after his last attack, he became a drivelling idiot, and his hair which was black as ebony, grew white as snow in one week."

"Good heavens!" interrupted Evelyn; "surely that was not M. Zamora, that was sitting in the window playing at dominos, with a beautiful little child, when I came in."

"Even so;" replied Zillah, covering her face with her hands; "but did you ever know him?"

"Yes, long ago, in Paris," stammered Evelyn; "but I certainly should not have recognized him."

"Ah!" resumed Zamora's daughter, "every one knew my father in Paris, for he was then rich and powerful; no one knows him here, for he is now poor and an idiot; and this is my doing," and here she burst into another agony of tears.

"No," said Evelyn; "I rather think his disappointed ambition had more to do with it than you."

"Ah! that is what Count Ernest says, but—but—"

"Come, come," said Evelyn, "it is getting late, and you promised to tell me why you came here."

"You must know," resumed Zillah, "that for many months after the night Count Ernest prevented my drowning myself, and brought me here, I was quite out of my senses and knew nothing, and it was

not till the birth of my poor little Julio, that I regained my reason, and with it the full sense of all my wretchedness. I then was seized with an uncontrollable desire of finding some lady, who would hear all my story, and exculpate me, as far as I might be exculpated, to Lady Evelyn. And as many fine ladies come to this tavern, I, unseen, narrowly watched all that came, but among the numbers, could not see one face that I would trust; and while in my ignorance, their own conduct, in coming to such a place with men who were not their husbands, seemed to me even more reprehensible than mine; still I had an intuitive feeling that *they* would spurn *me* with disdain; so I had nothing for it but to devour my repeated disappointments in silence with my other fixed sorrow, which was hourly augmented, by the living wreck that was ever before me in my poor father, and the paltry revenge with which Xintro is ever exercising his tyrannical authority upon this poor, helpless old man, in return for the harsh manner my father used to treat him in days of yore."

"Yes, I can understand that," said Evelyn, "we often wish to *hear* of retribution, but it is always terrible to *see* it."

"Terrible indeed!" murmured Zillah; "but to finish my wearisome history, I must tell you that I made the same remark that you did, and asked the Comte Ernest, why he had chosen me a shelter in so public a place? and in a foreign country where I had known

nothing but suffering. He replied that, in the first place, he could be sure that the woman who kept this tavern, would be faithful to her trust, as her bread depended upon him, for that she was no other than a former *employée* of my father's whom I knew well, Xintro's grandmother, an old woman of the name of Marie Cadel, but who with the fine clothes she now wore, had, by making an anagram of her name, adopted the more high sounding title of Madame Caremadiel; and that no one would ever think of looking for me in so notoriously public a place. But who is there to look for me, asked I, now that my father is here? and alas! if he were not, he is now incapable either of missing me, or seeking me. Why, said Count Ernest, there are no less than two persons in most hot pursuit of you, one from love, the other from lucre. Poor Sir Horace Belarmin, who really loves you, and, consequently respects you, for, as he truly says, to have been deceived is not to wear the brand of vice. From lucre? asked I; why is not my father ruined? and are we not living upon your charity? 'Not exactly,' he replied; 'for, although, your father has nothing, your *dot* of one million sterling has been secured to you, that is rescued from the grasping fangs of your uncle at Antwerp, as I before told you, only you had forgotten it; and this million, Mr. Vernon Howard is determined to marry.' To marry! said I, what then, is his poor wife dead? 'No, I am happy to say she

is not,' rejoined Count Ernest ; 'but there are other ways open to so *honourable* a man as Mr. Howard, of disembarassing himself of a wife."

"*Indeed,*" said Evelyn, calmly, as she slowly folded her arms, and leant back in her chair. "And pray may I ask," continued she, "will you marry him?"

"Marry him!" almost shrieked Zillah. "Surely, you cannot suppose, that even if he had no wife, even if *I* had not a *son*, and he affected *to love me*, as he once too successfully did before, that my eyes once opened to his cold-blooded baseness, his despicable meanness, and his leprous selfishness, I could ever do any thing but loathe and despise him?"

"No, I don't suppose you could," said Evelyn extending her hand, and taking Zillah's, which she pressed between both of hers. "Forgive me for inferring a doubt of it, by asking you such a question; but it is late, and you have already talked too much. I must leave you now, but the next time I come, I will bring Lady Evelyn Howard to see you."

"Oh!" cried Zillah, burying her face in her hands; "how can I ever look at her?"

"I promise you," said Evelyn, smiling, "that you will not find her more formidable than I am."

"You! you are an angel!" said Zillah.

"Well, then," rejoined Evelyn, "I must take to my wings."

"But will you not let me know your name before you go?" asked Zillah, looking wistfully at her.

"Yes; I'll write it on a leaf of my pocket-book, and leave it with your *bonne*, so that you will not refuse to see me when I come again."

"Refuse to see you! oh, no! I shall be too glad."

"The worst of it is," said Evelyn, "this place is so dreadfully public, and I don't much like to be seen coming here. I am only surprised that I did not meet a soul this evening as I came through the garden."

"Ah! this evening there is a boat race down the river," said Zillah, "and that has taken them all away; but generally about dusk you may pass unperceived through the garden; and by coming immediately up stairs, you will avoid meeting any one, for it would be as much as Marie Cadel's life was worth if she let any one up those stairs; and even her servants don't know that I am here, as she keeps the passage door leading to my stairs always locked, and it is only by coming round through the garden, the way that Xintro brought you, that access may be gained to this part of the house."

"Then, perhaps," objected Evelyn, "this Marie Cadel may prevent my coming up those stairs if she

sees me ; and I should not like to come in contact with her."

"No, no, I'll take care of that, for *my* Marie shall always be upon the look out about the time I think you are likely to come."

"Well, then, said Evelyn, finally pressing Zillah's burning hand, "you may expect me, not to-morrow evening, but the evening after ; but if I do not find you much better, and more composed, I shall cease my visits altogether, for I shall fancy they agitate you, which, God knows, is not my intention."

"Oh, no, no !" said Zillah ; "the hope you have given me of seeing Lady Evelyn, and of receiving her forgiveness, will make me die in peace."

"I am sure," said Evelyn, "she would much rather that it made you live in peace ; and I know her so well, that I am certain it is only on that condition that she will grant it to you, especially as I before told you, I don't see what *you* have done to require her forgiveness."

"Ah !" murmured Zillah, "will she think the same ?"

"Yes, I will be sponsor for her ; so now ring, or rather, let me do so, that your Marie may shew me the way out, and good night and God bless you ; there is one kiss for me, and one on trust for Lady Evelyn," said the latter, putting her cool lips to the poor invalid's burning forehead.

“ God bless *you* and *her* !” said Zillah ; and this time the large tears that rolled down her cheeks were not those of anguish. “ *Marie*,” added she to the servant, who now appeared in answer to the bell, “ *Réconduisez cette dame.*”

As Evelyn traversed the three rooms by which she had entered, *Marie* preceding her with a light, she did not again see either the child, Zamora, or the dwarf, and she was glad of it, for each were painful objects to her. When she reached the little garden by which she had entered, the night wind blew freshly from the river, stealing odours from each separate flower as it passed over it, and dropping them again upon the earth, as its surcharged wings rushed swiftly on ; and of so pure and liquid a blue was the sky, that the stars appeared to be dipping in and out of its hyaline depths, as if they were only bathing in it by stealth, and diving to hide themselves, as “ the queen of night, the lady moon,” sailed majestically past. The clock of Chelsea church struck nine as Evelyn reached the road, which was still almost deserted ; and frightened at being alone at so late an hour, she almost ran till she came under the two large beech trees where she had first met Xintro, when she stopped to take breath, as she was then within five minutes walk of Cheney House. “ Ah !” thought she, “ there is a consolation under every sorrow, where there is not sin ; and in slightly changing the Arabian proverb, which says, that the

mother of a *murdered man* may sleep; but the mother of a *murderer* never can; *I* may console myself for being Mr. Howard's *wife*, by remembering that I have still cause to thank God that I AM NOT HIS MOTHER."

"True," said a low sweet voice at Evelyn's ear, "*true; and those who, like you, forgive such as trespass against them, God will also deliver from evil.*"

She started, and turned hastily round, but there was not a human being near her, nor even at the opposite side of the road; only, as she again cast a look of inquiry straight before her, she perceived a long shadow, as if dressed in a cloak, with a high-crowned hat, not like any then worn, stalking by the side of her own, consolatory, as the words had been that were yet murmuring in her ear. Still the nursery tales of the devil being able to quote scripture for his own bad purposes, now ran with icy reminiscences through every vein, and made her teeth chatter in her head. At that moment poor Evelyn would have hailed the approach of even a drunken waterman with delight, as his *beastiality* would have been an indisputable proof of his *humanity*; but plentiful as the genus generally was in that neighbourhood, with that perversity of circumstance which seems almost twin born with human affairs, not *one*, even on water, was to be seen or heard, so she had nothing for it, but to run like the wind till she

reached Cheney House, and apparently she outran the shadow, for it did not accompany her any further.

"My dear child, how pale you look!" said Lady Mary, as, panting with terror and fatigue, Evelyn entered Lady Bridget's drawing-room, and tearing, rather than taking off her hat, flung herself into a *bergère*.

"You have no idea how you have frightened us," said Lady Bridget; "I was just going to send after you, thinking you were lost."

"And you thought right, dear Bridget," rejoined Evelyn, with a faint smile, trying to rally; "for I went farther, and staid longer, than I intended. For heaven's sake, give me some tea, for I am half dead!"

"Perhaps," said Lady Bridget, handing her a cup, while Lady Mary brought the cream and sugar, "perhaps the boat may be too much for you, and you would prefer returning to town in the coach?"

"No, no, on the contrary; the fresh air will do me good, and *untired* me, as Taaff says."

And half an hour after, the barge being announced as ready manned and waiting in the little creek at the foot of the terrace, the three ladies, through one of the drawing-room windows, issued into the broad moonlight, Evelyn walking in the

centre leaning on both her friends, but keeping a scrutinising look out, not for squalls, but to see that there was no more than the orthodox complement of shadows ; and yet in this there was nothing unusual, for what else do we all run after, or fly from, from the cradle to the grave, but shadows ?

CHAPTER IV.

" Est il rien de plus résolu
 Ni d'une heumeur plus incivile,
 Que çe Monsieur Le Goguelu
 Lor se qu'il "*a d'affaires*" en velle ?
 A moins que d'être téméraire,
 Ou "*Coiffeur*" de même que lui
 Il est impossible de faire
 Ce qu'il fait au logis d'autrui,
 Car cet escornifleur ma foi,
 Sous ombre qu'une belle son aide réclame,
 Même se moque de l'ondre du roi,
 Pour se rendre auprès la dame."

Slightly altered from the Caricature of M. Goguelu.

" It is impossible," said Clavenôt, "*Sa Majesté assiste au petit lever de Mme. La Marquise*, Mademoiselle Félicie has only just taken in the chocolate. Madame de Parabère died last night, making, they say, strange revelations relative to Monsieur Quatremaïne, Zamora's *ci devant commis*, and Le Docteur Quesnay and the Père Grandier have already been closeted with his Majesty and the Marquise, giving them all the particulars."

This speech was addressed by Madame de Pompadour's Maître d' Hôtel, to Dagé, who had just alighted from his cabriolet at La Muette, at the early hour of nine, on a bright July morning, in order to

dress the Dame du Château's hair, eleven being the usual hour that she was in the habit of undergoing that operation.

"*C'est égale,*" replied Dagé, with his ordinary *sang froid*, as pulling off his gloves, and already turning back his ruffles, he crossed the vestibule, and was proceeding to ascend the stairs, "*c'est égale, now or not at all,* as the Marquise's usual hour of eleven I have given to-day to the Comtesse de Saint Germain, and from that out, my time is full till midnight; and, remember, my good Monsieur Clavinôt, that *my name is Dagé, et on me traite ni en chancelier! ni en premier ministre!* and with this contemptuous rejection of all affinity to such minnows as prime ministers and great officers of state, Dage placed his right hand on his hip, and ascended two more steps of the stairs.

"*C'est bien Monsieur Dagé, mais Diantre! on ne force pas la consigne quand le roi y est,* and even the brother of the Marquise, Monsieur de Marigny, I sent away half an hour ago, and I dare not announce you."

"Well then," said Dagé, placing his left hand within the costly *point D'Alençon* of his *jabot*, while with the right he caressed his chin, "I will save you the trouble, and play the Richelieu to Monsieur de Marigny's soubise; you know, my good Clavenôt, that the Prince de Soubise enters Madame de Pompadour's room at all hours, *sans cérémonie*, not even

that of taking off his hat, and seats himself upon the bed, if that happens to be nearer than a chair; whereas *le Maréchal Duc* is more polite, without being upon that account one whit less familiar; *ainsi je me lance dans le genre Richelieu,*" concluded he, clearing the remaining steps, despite Clavenôt's reiterated remonstrances, and having reached the ante-room, pulled the ear of a sleeping page, saying, in his usual tone of command, "*Petit, annonce Dagé!*"

No sooner had the page thrown open the doors, than Dagé perceived, by the frown that knit the king's brows, that the interruption of his arrival was anything but agreeable to the *parti carré*, consisting of Louis Quinze, Madame de Pompadour, the Père Grandier, and Quesnay; but this was of very little consequence to Dagé, who, with his usual *nonchalance*, advanced with a profound bow to the king, and after saying, "*Sire je vous présente mes hommages,*" added, carelessly turning to Madame de Pompadour, whose cap he quietly lifted off of her head as he spoke, and flung it on the toilet, coolly undoing her hair after,—

"*Marquise, je viens à cette heure ci pour ne pas vous planter là tout à fait.*"

"*Çe coquin de Dagé, c'est bien son métier de TENIR TÊTE à tout le monde!*" cried Louis Quinze, and, restored to good humour by this execrable pun, when he had finished laughing at it, he turned to

Quesnay and said, "Well then, if I understand you right, *ce milord Anglais* is the son of Madame de Parabère? and the *vrai milord* turns out to be *ce Jules Quatremaire*?"

"Precisely, sire."

"*Ah ! monstre de Dagé !*" screamed Madame de Pompadour, "you must take out those four last pins, for they drag all my hair, and I am in torture."

"*Ta ta Chiffeloque !*" cried his majesty ; "*Dagé s'y connoit,—il sait fort bien que pour être petite maîtresse il faut être tirée à quatre épingles !*"

"*Le mot est joli, Sire,*" replied Quesnay, bowing, and smiling an accompaniment to the king's loud laugh.

"*Au contraire ; l'épigramme est sanglante !*" retorted Madame de Pompadour, still holding her head, from the pain of the four unlucky pins. "Tell me," continued she, "you Dagé, who are so *entiché* with Madame de Saint Germain, is it true that de Nesmond is *au dernier mieux* with her?"

"Madame !" replied Dagé, convulsively brandishing the comb he held in his right hand, and looking red hot curling tongs, "*On est au mieux avec une bonne et digne Femme comme La Comtesse de Saint Germain et au dernier mieux seulement avec des femmes de la trempe des—dames de la régence !*"

Quesnay and the Curé of St. Sulpice coloured ; the king bit his lip, and knowing from experience that Dagé was quite capable of not having gone so far

back as the regency, for an opprobrious comparison, felt grateful to him for his forbearance, and in order to throw a sop to Cerberus, said to Madame de Pompadour,

"Ma foi Antoinette il faut traiter la calomnie comme le calomel; c'est à dire; en avaler le moins possible; et du reste les jolies femmes sont fichument; mal placées dans ce monde; entre les hommes qui leur veulent et les femmes qui leur en veulent!"

"Dame, la Marquise, doit en savoir quelque chose?" muttered Dagé, grateful to the king, but not yet quite appeased.

Louis Quinze, whose ears were as quick as the favourite's temper, perceived that if he had weathered Scylla, he had still to steer clear of Charybdis, said,

"Ah ça, is it true, Dagé, that you have mortally offended the Princess Colonna, by refusing to dress her hair for her presentation the other night? which accounted for her head looking like the column in her husband's escutcheon."

"Perfectly true, sire," replied the former, carelessly, without even raising his eyes, or for one moment relaxing from his occupation of crépéing the elaborate superstructure he was raising upon Madame de Pompadour's head.

"Diantre," exclaimed the king, *"do you happen to be wooing an excommunication? for remember she is niece to the Pope, and to half the conclave of cardinals!"*

“Too common and every-day a circumstance to awe me,” said Dagé, with a shrug, “for your majesty must be aware that it is one of the *Cardinal virtues* to abound *in nieces* !”

“Ha ! ha ! ha ! *est il mauvais ce Dagé ?*” cried Louis Quinze, laughing till the tears came in his eyes, and making an impromptu bullet out of a piece of the *briôche* that he was breaking into his chocolate, to fire at the hair-dresser ; “but what excuse could you possibly make,” continued he, “for not obeying the summons of so great a lady ?”

“Excuse !” echoed Dagé, for a moment pausing in his architectural labours, stepping back a few paces, and flinging his apron over his left arm, as Cicero may have done his toga, on any of the numerous occasions upon which he particularly called the attention of the Roman *senate* to his own superhuman excellencies ; “excuse, sire, I never stoop to excuses, I always tell the truth.”

“*Corbleu ! Monsieur Dagé !* what an unconscionable monopolist you are ; that accounts for the rest of our subjects being so destitute of it ; for if you indulge in it to such a prodigal excess upon all the most ordinary occasions of life, there cannot possibly be any left for them, even upon the rarest and most important ; but what particular truth did you bestow upon the Princess Colonna, to account for your not obeying her commands ?”

“I merely sent word that I was too young, sire,”

replied Dagé, now causing a fall of snow, in the fragrant form of *Poudre à la violette*, to descend upon the capillaceous mountain which had been rising from peak to peak under his creative hands.

"Too young!" said the king; "*bah!* I suppose you mean, with your usual *sans gêne mauvais, plaisant que vous êtes*, that the *Princess was too old*, as I should say she and thirty-nine had taken an eternal farewell of each other."

"*Comme il vous plaira, sire; j'ai seulement fait dire à la Princesse que MOI Dagé je ne frissait pas encore la quarentaine!*"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the king, in which all the others joined; "*il est impayable d'a plomb et d'impertinence ce Dagé.*"

"It is true, sire," rejoined the latter, with a profound bow of mock humility, as he folded up his apron, consigned it to his pocket, and took up his hat and gloves preparatory to his departure. "It is true, that thanks to your Majesty's goodness, I have long had my *entrées* at court."

Another laugh from the king followed this sally of Dagé's, while Madame de Pompadour said, seeing the latter preparing to leave the room,—

"Surely you have not yet breakfasted, Dagé? and I know you appreciate both the cream and the fruit of La Muett, so tell Clavinôt to let you have breakfast in the little Pavillon skirting the wood; and you

can have a nice cool drive back to Paris through the Bois de Boulogne."

"Madame la Marquise is very good," bowed Dagé, "but I have convened some friends to breakfast with me, at the Café Procope at twelve; and, at eleven, *I give a sitting** to M^{me} de St. Germain."

"Ah! if so, then would you have the goodness to leave these few lines for the Comte, with the *suisse*?" said the Père Grandier, tearing a leaf out of a small *carnet*, and writing two lines in pencil on it, which he handed to Dagé, who promised to deliver them either to the Comte de Saint Germain himself, if at home; or if not, to the porter.

"So, then, you resist Le Pavillon de Cythère?" asked the favourite.

"*Hélas! il le faut, Madame.*"

"À propos of Pavillons," cried Quesnay, pulling out his watch; "that reminds me I was to have been at the Pavillon d'Hanovre at half-past ten."

"What! is the Maréchal de Richelieu ill?" asked Madame de Pompadour.

"No, only he did not make up quite so successfully as usual yesterday; and, whenever that is the case," replied Quesnay, "he thinks it requisite to call in science, as well as art, to the preservation of his power."

* Dagé always expressed himself *en artiste*; and, instead of the barber-ous expression of "dressing hair," he invariably said, *Madame telle, et telle, rose! pour moi à telle heure.*

Here Dagé left the room, and, running down stairs, sprang into his cabriolet which was waiting at the door, merely saying to Clavinôt as he gathered up the reins, “ *Maintenant, mon cher, tu peux conserver ta consigne intacte et dire que la Marquise, n’y est pour personne si ça te plait ?* ”

We shall leave Dagé to pursue his pleasant drive back to Paris, through the Bois de Boulogne ; and, while he is stopping at Madrid, to take a hasty cup of coffee, precede him to the Hôtel de Rôhan Soubise, then rented by the Comte de Saint Germain.

CHAPTER V.

“Toutes les fois qu’une jeune femme trouve la vie monotone, et se plaint de la longueur des journées il se rencontre inmanquablement un homme sensible qui s’impose pour tâche de la reconcilier avec l’existence. En cette occasion le rencomfortateur fut d’autant plus prompt à entrer en scène qu’il était déjà dans la Coulisserie.”

CHARLES DE BERNARD.

“Somnia quæ mentem ludant volitantibus umbris
Non delubra Deum, nec ab æthere numina mittunt,
Sed sibi quisque facit.”—PETRONIUS.

To the young, but especially to the young and beautiful, the first, fresh draught from the well of life, is pure and sparkling, as the diamond waters of an enchanted spring; for, round the lever of this well, love has twined a silver cord, and hope attached a golden bowl. But, alas! too soon the silver cord relaxes, and the golden bowl is broken! and then, compelled in their stead to use the hempen cable of necessity, and the clumsy wooden vessels of reality, *all* we draw from this deep, unfathomable source, is no longer bright and pure, but bitter or brackish, and of the earth, earthy. Removed during her opiate sleep, from the garret and baneful influence of Marie Cadel, Corella had been conveyed to the convent of the visitation at Caën; and so well had the Abbé

Gontrim obeyed Saint Germain's instructions, that, long before she arrived there, awaking confused, and strange out of her unnatural sleep, she learnt to consider her vivid reminiscences of the frightful past, as only the haunting impressions of a feverish dream; but if they were a dream, so was her love for Saint Germain also; but *that* was a dream, that she was not so ready to relinquish; in this part of her vision, she even remembered how he had loved, and treasured the sprig of heath, that she had dropped, as on a dark night, through some dark street, he had rescued her from an imminent danger; and, mechanically she put her hand into her bosom, and lo! there was, indeed, a sprig of heath, the same in size and colour, as the one in her dream, only crushed and withered, as most sweet visions are when transmuted into realities! This was so strange, so passing strange! that she said hesitatingly to the Abbé Gontrin:

"But,—but surely, if all I have told you about my wretched life with Marie Cadel was only the wanderings of delirium, how comes it that a sprig of heath, which I thought *he*, that is, a person gave me, I now actually hold in my hand?"

"Mademoiselle," replied Monsieur l'Abbé Gontrin, who, all *abbé* though he was, was strongly suspected of being an *esprit fort*, from his diligent attendance at the exhibitions of Mesmer, which were then mystifying all Europe—"it is impossible to

explain to you, without entering into a metaphysical discussion that might be tedious, the extraordinary and mysterious influences, that external objects exercise over the franchised spirit, when the partial, and temporary dissolution of the body by sleep, enables *it* to soar to any height, or speed to any distance, in the subtile regions of the immaterial world. The mere contact of that little flower with your hand or bosom, may have invested it with a magic power to conjure up persons and scenes, in which *it* played a conspicuous part ; so that your dream was a *part of the flower*, and not the flower merely a part of your dream."

The *Sœur-Néomie* raised her eyes to heaven, and crossed herself ; while on the contrary, Corella cast down hers, and with a profound sigh, and a deep blush, said, but not aloud, as she gazed wistfully and with heavy eyes, on the withered sprig of heath, "*So then it was only a dream.*" Poor Corella ! as if love was ever anything else ! but it was *her first*, so notwithstanding, the Abbé Gontrin's scientific destruction of all her happiness, a tear fell upon the faded flower, as she replaced it in her bosom, where, surely, it did as well to hug, as any other illusion. For the two years that Corella, (or Roséïde as she was now called by St. Germain's orders,) for the two years that she remained in the convent of the visitation, she studiously banished that part of her dream, (as she had been assiduously taught to con-

sider her former life,) which related to her itinerant wanderings with Marie Cadel,) but as carefully cherished the short but happy episode of its chimera; namely, her brief interview with the owner of the sprig of heath; and, so vividly did this fantasy substantiate and daily gain ground, that it was with a feeling almost bordering on despair, that she heard, at the expiration of the first six months she had past in the convent, the superior's official announcement to her, that she was the affianced bride of the Comte de Saint Germain. And, when after the lapse of six months more, he arrived at the visitation, for the betrothment, no monumental statue in the chancel could look paler and colder, than she did, while the superior, and her coadjutor La Sœur Françoise de Sales, led her to the *parloir*, to present to her her future husband; but when the Abbess, taking her cold and trembling hand, placed it in that of St. Germain, saying,

“*Ma fille je te présente ton futur, Monsieur le Comte de Saint Germain.*” And for the first time she raised her eyes to his, she gave one loud scream, and, flinging herself into the superior's arms, said, “*Ma Mère c'est lui !*”

“*Mais qui donc ma fille ?*”

“*Celui que j'ai rêvé ! celui qui avait perdu ce rejeton de Bruyère.*”

Here the Abbess turned to Saint Germain.

“*Ah ! pauvre petite,*” said she ; “*ses rêves fiévreux*

lui trottent toujours par la tête ; and then went on to explain to him the supposed dream of her past life.

“ *Chère Roséide !*” said Saint Germain, in his low, silvery voice, taking her hand, as she still concealed her blushing face upon the abbess’s shoulder ; “ you must now banish *dreams*, for marriage is amongst the most sober *realities* of life : above all, you must not talk of them in the world ; *de peur que l’on vous fasse le reproche de donner dans les discours ronflants* ; *qu’il faut laisser aux Messieurs du Parliement,*” concluded he, with a smile.

The young girl raised her eyes to his, from which she appeared to derive a new existence, only to lavish it all back upon him, when it was thoroughly fused in her own ; nor could the calm, cold touch of his hand chill one pulse of hers, which was now burning. Saint Germain sighed, and poor Roséide felt actually faint with happiness ; for sighs are in love what *chargés d’affaires* are in diplomacy—always accredited whatever their character or origin may be. But the Superior, albeit unused to tender trystings, interposed, by announcing that the *Père La Croix*, the priest of the convent, awaited their presence in the chapel. “ Yes, and I,” said Saint Germain, as he offered his hand to Roséide to lead her into the chapel, where the abbess and the *Sœur Françoise de Sales* preceded them, “ must be at Bayeux before sunset.”

At this announcement of his sudden departure,

the little hand he held in his trembled, and the blood forsaking Roséïde's cheek, a deadly chill quivered through it, like the first breath of winter curdling the smooth surface of a lake ; but again Saint Germain sighed, and again his destined bride felt supremely happy.—The tapers were lighted on the altar—the incense was burning—Saint Germain and Roséïde knelt before it—the priest consecrated the ring—Saint Germain placed it on her finger : they then rose, and the former, promising that day twelve-month to claim his bride in the chapel royal at Versailles, embraced his beautiful betrothed, saluted the abbess, the coadjutrix, and Père La Croix, and regained his carriage, which was awaiting him without the convent gates. The superior turned round to tell the *Fiancée* that she had better remain in the chapel, as it only wanted five minutes to vespers ; but the young girl had sunk down in a deep swoon, upon the first step of the altar, from whence they conveyed her to the dormitory. There is no place for gossip like a convent, for in the stagnant monotony of its routine, everything, however trifling, that diverges from that monotony becomes an event ; it may therefore be easily supposed what an important personage—what an ambulating chronicle, in fact, La Sœur François de Sales became—when she entered, first the *salon de la Supérieur*, and announced to all the nuns, and then followed up the proclamation in the school-room, for the benefit of the *Pen-*

sionnaires—that Mademoiselle Roséide de Pajesse had discovered in her future husband, Monsieur le Comte de Saint Germain, the identical person she had dreamt of a year before! At this the whole school seemed to clasp but *one pair of hands*, and to ejaculate but *one est il possible!* so simultaneous were both the action and the exclamation; not so, the innumerable questions that succeeded, which actually turned the usually quiet school-room into a perfect Babel, so that the poor Sœur Françoise wished herself Brierias, that she might have had fifty hands, instead of two, to protect her ears with; while the pretty blue-eyed, golden-haired, and exceedingly romantic *Mélanie de Favelle*, Roséide's particular friend and (what is synonymous at that age) *confidant*, ran off to preach a sermon to the bride elect, which had for its text, *amor et fides*, and for its moral, how wrong it was ever for a moment to doubt that the arrows of Cupid had less power than the spear of Achilles, to heal the wounds they had inflicted.

* * * * *

When, at the expiration of two years, Roséide quitted the Convent of the Visitation, to become the bride of Saint Germain, she thought herself at the summit of earthly happiness; and so in sooth she was,—for it is only when we reach the pinnacle of this chimerical mountain, that we look back upon the false points of view that have lured us on in our arduous

toil upwards, and discover that, exulting and intoxicating as the first respiration we draw is, the atmosphere is too subtle and rarified for human beings to continue to enhale, and so perforce we are compelled to retrace our steps, faintly and wearily, the shadows darkening as we descend, till each illusion successively fades into the chill and gloom of a funereal twilight, which seems to hover like a deep regret over the vague outline of *all that was once so bright*. It was not that Saint Germain ever varied in the tender gentleness and kind *prévenance* of his bearing towards his young and beautiful wife. No, the change was *in herself*, or more properly speaking, the *pause*, for in her exuberance of feeling—her fanaticism of devotion—her heart seemed to have started upon an Atalanta sort of race towards his, as if life were too short to lavish on it all the long hoarded love of her own; but when at length she stopped to breathe, and contemplate more calmly the goal to which she was hastening, a film seemed suddenly to drop from her eyes, and a shudder to come over her, as if she had been rudely awakened from an enchanting dream to a horrible reality. All his kindness appeared coldness, his most tender anticipation of her wishes only the sympathy of an indulgent father; but she saw—she knew—that is, she *felt he did not love her*, and in the freemasonry of the affections women *never are deceived*, for their own heart is the Lodge in which they are inaugurated, and love himself the Grand

master. For full eighteen months after her marriage, Madame de Saint Germain did not even perceive the intense and universal admiration she excited, nor the particular *empressement* and marked attention of Monsieur de Nesmond towards her, for all her life was drawn to one focus—her love for her husband ; but its very excess made it necessary that she should unburden her heart to somebody, and in the atmosphere of vice and frivolity in which she lived, she shrunk intuitively from being branded at that terrible gallies of society—RIDICULE ! by confiding to any of her present intimates her unpardonable crime of *Lèse-covenant*, in not only loving, but worse still, of actually *being in love with her husband* ; though in this she evinced her very slight knowledge of the extreme charity and amiable toleration of that *élite* portion of the world by which she was surrounded, for had she even proclaimed the fact from under the atoning folds of a white sheet, in the very porch of Notre Dame, *they* would one and all have pronounced it *too absurd to be true*. But towards her old convent friend, Mélanie de Favelle, (within the last year become the Marquise D'Hautefeuille,) she had no such scruples ; and therefore a weekly packet was despatched from the Hôtel de Rôhan Soubise, directed to

“ Madame La Marquise D'Hautefeuille,
Née de Favelle, Hôtel D'Hautefeuille,
Rue Gilbert, à Caën,”

filled with nothing but her unalterable love for her dear, oh ! every day dearer, Ernest ; and it was not till Mélanie had herself been married nearly a year that the following passage occurred in one of her letters :

—————“ *Il me semble Chère Roséide, que tandis que je t'obsède moi ; de l'amour que Mon Eugène me témoigne ; tu ne M'entretiens que de celui que tu éprouve pour M. de Saint Germain ; sans me rien dire du sien pour toi ?*”

“ *Mon Dieu ! c'est pourtant vrai !*” said Roséide, letting her hands fall listlessly on her lap ; and here doubt, disappointment, anger, fear, in short, the whole insatiate pack that jealousy lets loose upon her victims, till the bayed heart plays the Acteon to its own infuriate passions, and torn to fragments, quivers piecemeal in a thousand different agonies !

If in Saint Germain's conduct towards her she had a single ground of complaint, or even the shadow of one, *that*, at least, would be a comfort, because a plausible excuse for one of those slight matrimonial skirmishes which are like the clashings of flint and steel, *some* sort of fire *must* be elicited from them, whether that of love or anger, and anything is better than the stagnant pool of unuttered wrong ; but no, there was nothing of the sort ; so she found herself one of that numerous class of persons whose opponents craftily contrive to maltreat them to the extreme verge of what comes *within* the pale of the

law, and by so doing, crown their persecutions with the greatest injury of all, that of barring them from redress; for oh! how much *falsehood* may there be in *fact*! this appears paradoxical, but it is nevertheless *true*; for example, it is an indisputable *fact*, that one hundred pounds is considerably more than three pounds; yet if one man received a £100, either in *assignats* of 1793, or in one of Mr. Prudhom's bills, both of which are *virtually* worth nothing, and another was given a Queen Ann farthing, which, though *nominally* but half of a halfpenny, can *really produce three pounds*, it is an undeniable *truth* that the *soi-disant* farthing is worth three pounds more than the nominal hundred pounds; and so it is with our moral coin at the social rate of exchange. Many a word, and many an act, that, to an uninitiated third party, appears perfectly valid, just, or amiable, as the case may be, is to the principal upon whom it is bestowed, *according to its antecedents*, nothing more than one of Robespierre's *assignats*, or Prudhom's bills, which they would gladly exchange for one farthing's worth of *reality*, in the shape of some less plausible but more loyal and equitable proceeding. Poor Roséide! to whom, then, could she complain of what was only an *innate* conviction, borne out by no single external evidence; for though she *felt* that Saint Germain did not love her, not only was his conduct towards her, from the greatest to the most trifling circumstance, such as the whole world, if made um-

pire of it, must admire, but such as even she herself could find no fault in. It is true, that the Prince de Soubise had for the last month bestowed a great deal of impertinent, though by no means disinterested, compassion on her, for the *engouement cet horreur de Saint Germain; avec une si adorable femme!* seemed to have for the Guimard, as he had been actually seen three or four times lately in her box at the opera, but disappeared the moment the ballet began. Of course *dans les coulisses* with her. To this Roséide replied, as she felt *proudly*, "that she should never dream of entering the lists with Mademoiselle Guimard; besides, I think, prince," added she, "you are mistaken, and don't consider either the distinction or the *difference*."

"*Que voulez vous dire belle, comtesse?*" said the old Roué, advancing his chair three steps nearer to that of the *espiègle* looking young beauty.

"*Seulement mon seigneur, que quoique vos Locataires; nous ne sommes pas encore de La Maison Soubise!*"*

"*Hélas! non belle inhumaine!*" replied the veteran courtier, laughing heartily, though at his own ex-

* Simply, that though your *tenants*, we are not yet of the household of Soubise. To explain the point of Madame de Saint Germain's repartee, it is necessary to state, that from the fact of the Prince de Soubise farming, as it were, half the opera dancers and Lorettes in Paris, who, for the chief part, *wore his livery*, it became a cant phrase, to call all ladies of that description and their satellites, *de La Maison Soubise*.

pense, for at that time a Frenchman would have laughed at his own sentence of death, provided it had been passed in a *bon mot*.

Roséide was perfectly sincere in her scornful rejection of the idea of Saint Germain's being one of Mademoiselle Guimard's slaves, as though undermined by the idea that he did not love her,—at least, as she wished and wanted to be loved,—yet she felt equally sure that he loved nobody else, and least of all, she was convinced could he have loved such a person as Mademoiselle Guimard; and as for the vicious fashion of being chained to her chariot wheels, surely so pure, high, and noble a nature as Saint Germain's, must be above such paltry and ignoble vice; so, at least, she argued for some time, till Madame D'Esparbé happened one day to remark that in that respect all men were equal wretches, and there was no faith to be placed in any of them, and from that out, the poison began slowly, but surely, to take effect.

“*Car tiens ma chère,*” said she; “there is that little *écervelé* de Nesmond, who, though he tells every one that he shall blow his brains out if you continue so cruel, yet nevertheless is always dancing attendance on the Guimard, and with De Grammont, Lachétardie, and D'Aumont, was one of the four fools who mortgaged his last acre, to give her *cet ameublement de sévres monté en vermeil*, the other day.”

This set Roséide thinking, and from thinking she got to watching her husband's movements, and ascertained that he certainly *had* been lately rather often to 39, Rue de Province, the Hôtel of Mademoiselle Guimard. However, strange to say, the contempt, linked hand in hand with indifference, which she had calculated would instantly come to her assistance upon such a discovery, did not do so ; “but then,” argued she, “I am not yet *quite certain why* he goes there ; I must wait, and, if possible, find out the cause of his visits ; and then,—and then,—if——oh ! but no, *it's impossible!* ha !” continued she, suddenly stopping before a glass, and taking her own peach-like chin within her taper fingers as she raised her eyes to their lovely reflection, “what if I were to rouse his love by making *him* jealous ? did not even Mélanie tell me that *the sure way to spoil a husband and render him indifferent, was for a wife to let him see how much she loved him.* And what else have I been doing for the last two years but actually surfeiting him with mine ? And what if the old Maréchal Duc's axiom should also be true ? *q'une indigestion d'épouse en est la seule dont un Mari, ne revient pas !* Besides, as his daughter Septimanie D'Egmont says, marriage is the mildew of beauty, unless the said mildew be warded off by the warmth of universal admiration, and consequently watched over by the microscopic eye of jealousy ; *allons donc !*” concluded she, patting her own cheek,

“*le sort en est tiré! dès aujourd' hui Madame de Saint Germain soit COQUETTE!*”

For a whole month after this decision, it was astonishing the quantity of powder and small shot Roséide wasted without in the least routing, or for a moment surprising or disconcerting the enemy, while, to the belligerent party, the *ennui* and disappointment occasioned by this loss of time and stratagem was so great, that it made the fair tactition instantly resolve upon great measures, the first of which was, to have *petit levers*; for though every *grande dame* and *petite maitresse* in Paris had them, she never had, as much from her own innate sense of delicacy, as from Saint Germain having once casually expressed his dislike of the custom; *this*, then, she thought equivalent to a masked battery, with every gun double manned. The very next morning saw her prepared for action; no sooner had she left her bath, Saint Germain having asked permission to take his chocolate in her room, than seated in one *bergère*, while her little fairy slipped but unstockinged feet scarcely pressed the eider down cushion of another; a delicate peignoir of snowy and almost ethereal *batiste*, trimmed with Dresden lace, draping, but not concealing her swan-like throat and exquisite bust; while luxuriant masses of her burnished hair, as yet undisfigured by powder and untortured by irons, fell like a long veil, half gold, half twilight, about her; while her match-

less and statue-like hands and arms, were fully displayed by the loose open pendant sleeves of the peignoir. Thus armed *cap-à-pie*, with the most murderous weapons that all-conquering beauty ever brought to bear upon defenceless mortals, she calmly sat awaiting Saint Germain's arrival, save that every now and then, as she stole an involuntary glance at the mirror on the table beside her, anticipated triumph flushed like summer lightning athwart the deep sapphire blue of her velvet eyes. At length, Saint Germain's gentle knock was heard at the door.

"*Entréz*," said Roséide languidly, without even turning her head, much less rising, to meet his morning salutation, as was her wont.

"*Ah! bon jour mon ami*," said she, in return for his kiss, as she held out two fingers of her little satinny hand to him.

This first shot did not even startle him as it whizzed past, but fell harmlessly into the trench of the *fauteuil*, in which he quietly seated himself. In short, Mademoiselle Stéphanie, the *femme de chambre*, was the only one upon whom it seemed to have produced any effect; for instead of giving her undivided attention (as in duty bound) to her mistress's magnificent hair that she was then combing, she kept her eyes steadily fixed upon her master, who was calmly perusing *Les Nouvelles à La Main*,

which he presently began to read out for Roséide's amusement; while little grateful for the intention, she was indefatigably biting her lips, and crinkling up the lace border round her peignoir, as if she had been a *répasseuse* at Madame Champdhiver's, the then first *lingère* at Paris, and that her bread had depended on it; and this work of supererogation she continued for full ten minutes, till Gardoni (Saint Germain's valet) brought in the chocolate.

"Non,—*çela m'ennuie*," said she, pushing away the salver,—“Ernest, put me some sugar in it, three lumps, not more, and come and feed me.”

Saint Germain laid down the paper, did exactly as he was desired, and then wheeled over his chair close to hers, as he carefully held a spoonful of chocolate with the cup under it, to her lips, when he had finished his task, which, in the fear of its not being sufficiently tedious, she had spun out to a rather long quarter of an hour; he replaced the cup on a *guéridon* where his own stood, *now* perfectly cold; and, leaning back in his chair, said, as he fixed his eyes on his beautiful wife, more in soliloquy it appeared, than by way of remark,—

“*Tu es en effet, bien belle !*”

“*Ah ! ça, Monsieur !*” cried she opening her beautiful eyes, in well acted surprise; “*est ce que vous vous êtes jamais par hasard avisé de le douter ?*”

“*Non, certes, jamais,*” laughed Saint Germain,

+ transfer to a fancy-linen shop.

staring more at the pertness and unusual conceit of her manner, than at her words.

“ Ah!—that is lucky, sir !” said she, drawing up with a mock heroic air ; and then, forgetting the part she had determined to act, as her whole being lost itself in the depths of his bewildering eyes, she leant her head upon his shoulder, and looking up in his face, murmured, “ *Dear Ernest ! I'd rather have one little look of love from you, than all the admiration in the world.*”

“ It would not be easy in your case and mine, to separate them, dear Roséide,” said Saint Germain, jesuitically, as he kissed her forehead ; “ for, does not Rochefoucault say that we always admire what we love ?”

“ Ah !” replied she, quickly withdrawing her head from his shoulder, as the kiss he had impressed on her forehead, seemed to chill through her veins like ice ; “ but, he also says, that we do not always love what we *admire.*”

In answer to the penetrating look that accompanied this speech, Saint Germain slightly knit his brow, so slightly, that it was almost imperceptible ; and, leaning forward, and gently pressing her hand, he reminded her in Spanish, (which language they had persuaded her, she had learnt at the convent of the visitation,) that Stephanie was there, and that it was always imprudent to discuss any, but the most common-place topics before servants. Roséide

sighed, and relapsed into silence, from which she was only aroused by Saint Germain's getting up shortly after, and wishing her good bye for the morning, as he was going out. Now she thought was the time for her *grand coup de théâtre* ; so, before he had closed the door, she said, in an audible voice to her maid, "*Stephanie faites dire au suisse, que je reçois au petit lever ce matin.*" She thought, at least, Saint Germain would turn back, and so he did ; but it was merely to say in the same calm voice, in which he would have said *au revoir*, "*I'll tell him as I go out.*" This was too much ; and despatching Stephanie on a fool's errand, she rang to counter-order the message Saint Germain had given to the porter, and then burst into a paroxysm of tears ; but the next day she returned to the charge, determined to conquer or die ; accordingly the whole plan of attack was changed. She was in the most exuberant spirits, full of small talk and brilliant sallies ; only as she talked, she held a little *sèvres* box of rouge in one hand, while she daubed her fair cheeks, unmercifully with the other. This was a delicate remembrance of one of Saint Germain's favourite aversions ; for he disliked rouge, almost as much as Louis Quinze, or Lord Coventry, though he neither expressed his dislike as loudly as the former, nor evinced it in so underbred a manner as the latter ; therefore, the only effect this Roséide's first attempt at human *frescoing* produced upon him was, to make him take

+ pardon, - manufactured at Paris.

a very beautiful blush rose, from one of the vases of fresh flowers that stood on the toilet ; and, after disfiguring all its beautiful leaves, from another rouge box, he threw it from him with a sigh, murmuring, "*quel dommage !*" and then rose, as on the preceding morning to go out ; but this time he did *not* offer to be the bearer of Roséïde's orders to the porter, as she said in a loud voice,

"*Stéphanie, prévenez le suisse ; que je n'y suis pour personne ce matin, sauf LE VICOMTE DE NESMOND.*"

CHAPTER VI.

“ La science de l’amour ressemble à ces vieilles enseignes sur la quelle on lit. *Ici l’on coiffe à l’idée des personnes*,—si l’idée de cette ange est qu’on lui tire les cheveux, coiffe la à son idée.”

GERFAUT.

As Dagé alighted from his cabriolet, at the Hôtel de Rôhan Soubise, the *vis-à-vis* of the Vicomte de Nesmond also drove up ; and the enamoured *mousquetaire*, tendering his daily offering to the porter of a magnificent bouquet, accompanied with the *obligato* sigh, without attempting to get out of the carriage, said,

“ *Pour Madame la Comtesse, avec mes hommages respectueux.*”

“ *Monsieur le Vicomte, ne monte pas alors ?*” inquired the *suisse* with some surprise, as his orders had been *only* to admit Monsieur de Nesmond.

“ Alas ! my good Chappuis,” rejoined the latter ; “ you know I dare not.”

“ *Mais il me semble qu’il n’y a pas d’obstacle puisque la consigne est levée uniquement à l’intention de Monsieur le Vicomte,*” replied the phlegmatic absentee from the Oberland.

“ *Mon cher Chappuis ! que me dis tu la ?*” exclaimed de Nesmond, springing out of the carriage, and

placing his two hands on the glittering gold-laced shoulders of the Swiss, as he looked inquiringly into his round unmeaning bead-like black eyes.

“*Mais,—dame ! la stricte verité, monsieur.*”

“*Mon bon, Chappuis, tu es impayable !*” said the Vicomte, placing his purse in the porter’s hand.

“*Mais vous voyez bien que non, Monsieur le Vicomte,*” retorted that functionary, transferring de Nesmond’s purse to his own pocket.

“One moment, Chappuis,” cried the Vicomte, again getting into the carriage, and ordering the coachman to drive like lightning to Boemer’s, the king’s jeweller ; “one moment, and I shall be back.” The fact was, the last time he had been there with Mademoiselle Guimard, to purchase for her a pair of long-coveted diamond birdcage earrings, with an emerald and ruby parrot swinging in a silver hoop within them, he had seen and admired a magnificently large brilliant butterfly, with beautiful sapphire spots on its fluttering wings, which butterfly was mounted on a long, double-gold pin for the hair ; this de Nesmond thought would do admirably to plunge into the centre of the bouquet, so that its large and fluttering wings would have every appearance of hovering over the flowers ; and as upon this auspicious morning he was to have the unlooked-for happiness of presenting his offering in person, he thought it ought to be a little more *galant* than usual ; for in those days men, with all their vices, were not *quite* so selfish as they

are in these, inasmuch as that they preferred *l'égoïsme à deux* ; and therefore spent whole fortunes on *souvenirs*, instead of in cigars, clubs, and other hot-beds of *self-worship*, as they now do. While Monsieur de Nesmond is securing the diamond butterfly at Boemer's, we will accompany Dagé up stairs to Madame de Saint Germain's dressing-room ; he first having spent some little time in searching (though fruitlessly) for the slip of paper which the Père Grandier had given him that morning at La Muette, to transmit to Saint Germain ; however, not being able to find it, he announced to Chappuis that he was the bearer of such a written message from the Curé of St. Sulpice for his master, and would leave it with him on his return, as he could not at that moment find it. When the Maitre d'Hôtel threw open the door, and announced Dagé, the latter found Stephanie holding a gold bason full of rose water, with a singularly fine and soft sponge in it, before her mistress, with which Madame de Saint Germain was bathing, or rather carefully washing her face ; for, however really beautiful a woman may be, and consequently little vain, there is in them all, from the youngest to the oldest, a sufficient spice of coquetry to make them never *wilfully* lose sight of the becoming ; and this small clove of that same coquetry it was, which caused Roséïde no longer to persist in disfiguring herself the moment the art of tormenting ceased to render the sacrifice necessary.

"Ah! good morning, Dagé," said she, drying her face with the soft and snowy napkin that Stephanie put into her hands; "forgive me for *sans cérémonie* washing my face before you."

"*Madame est bien la maitresse*," bowed the gallant coiffeur, "provided she never washes her hands of me?"

"No fear of that, Dagé; but have you breakfasted?"

"Not yet, Comtesse, as I have some friends to breakfast with me at twelve."

"Quick, Stephanie, ring for some chocolate for Monsieur Dagé."

"*Mille grâces, madame*, but I took a cup of coffee at Madrid, which is all I ever take before my *déjeuner à la fourchette*."

"At that rate then, my good Dagé, *vite en besogne*, and make me lovely."

"Alas! Madame, *that* misfortune is already so thoroughly accomplished, that it would be impossible by any stretch of art, to increase it by one single hair's breadth."

"And you call that a *misfortune*, Dagé?" said Roséïde, laughing.

"Most decidedly, madame," replied Dagé; "to all the world except Monsieur de Saint Germain."

"So you include even *me* among the unfortunates?" remonstrated the young beauty, as in her silvery laugh she displayed two rows of such perfect and

equal-sized pearls as even Bœmer, amongst all his treasures, could not boast.

“Not so, Madame, as *you* and *Monsieur de Saint Germain* are ONE” —

“In a thousand—Dagé,” added she, with a sigh, “if that be the case; but come, *you* who breakfast on *œil de bœuf*, dine upon royalty, and sup upon opera, tell me *comment vont les affaires? toujours aussi mal coiffées?* eh, Dagé?”

“*Mais, à peu pres, madame; car tout ça c'est des mauvaises têtes.* Mademoiselle, I must trouble you once more,” continued he, turning to Stephanie, and holding out the curling tongs to her, which she instantly re-heated in a little silver brazier, that stood within the fireplace for that purpose.

“What, then you really think,” resumed Roséide, “that the eternal croakings that issue from the Café Procope, and the Voltaire and D’Alembert crucibles, about the fate of this unhappy, *riante*, joyous France,—at least about that portion of it formed by the *noblesse*—is really true? At this rate I am no longer surprised that banishment and the Bastile play such conspicuous parts at Versailles; for sending the executioners out of the way, seems certainly the surest possible method of averting the execution.”

“*Vous croyez madame?* you do not then happen to remember the manner of the execution of the Prince de Chalais? and the couplet made upon it at the time?”

a waiting room in the royal palace of Versailles

“ I remember that a Prince de Chalais, (if it is that one you mean,) in the time of Louis Treize, was beheaded for his conspiracy against Richelieu ; for the cardinal seldom spared, and *never pardoned* ; but for the couplet, I do not forget it, as I never heard it ; so pray let me do so now, and I shall the better understand your comparison.”

“ Madame la Comtesse, without doubt, remembers,” resumed Dagé, “ that the Prince de Chalais’s friends, by bribery, got the executioner out of the way, in the vain hope of saving him ; the wily cardinal, however, not to be baffled, ordered a shoemaker to do the office ; who, albeit unused to such *high* employments, butchered the poor Prince most barbarously ; who, upon ascending the scaffold, said wittily to the Jesuit, that Richelieu had sent to attend him, ‘ *Hélas ! mon Père, ne sutor ultra crepidam.*’ The next day the following epigram was going the rounds of Paris :

“ ‘ *Epitaphe sur Monseigneur Le Prince de Chalais.*

“ ‘ *Au lieu d’être décapité
Il avoit été hâché !* ”

“ *Eh bien ?*” interrogated Roséide.

“ *Eh bien, madame,* it is to be feared that before twenty years more have gone over our heads, all the *noblesse* may have become Princes of Chalais, and the whole people shoemakers !”

“ Oh ! Dagé ! Dagé ! how very shocking ! and the

Cardinal ? who is to play his part, pray, in this pretty national tragedy ?”

“ *L’Anarchiè ! madame la plus acharnée ! ce sera l’unique volonté souveraine.*”

“ *Fie donc ! Dagé !* I am afraid you are infected by those terrible black sheep, the academicians and *soi-disant* philosophers ?”

“ *Moi, madame !*” cried Dagé, waiving his curling tongs with supreme contempt ; “ Heaven defend me from any such solemn folly ; for I look upon half the French Academy, and more than half of the modern philosophers, as so many ambulating collections of Polyglot Bæotienisms.”

Here the door opened *à deux battants*, and Monsieur Le Vicomte de Nesmond was announced. A hasty glance round the room sufficed to assure him that he was indeed the *only* favoured visitor ; and his delight at this was not a little enhanced at perceiving that Dagé was there, who would not fail to herald his triumph.

“ Comtesse,” said he, raising Roséide’s beautiful hand to his lips ; “ *daignéz embellir ces fleurs en les regardant ?*”

“ *Oh ! Vicomte !* your bouquet is charming, and worthy of Flora herself ; but—” added she, with an *espiègle* look, that effectually completed the bewilderment of the poor Vicomte, as she pointed to the magnificent diamond butterfly—whose fluttering wings actually appeared to hover over the flowers.

"*Gare aux mauvaises langues!*—Should I be seen to wear *your portrait*,"—and here she took out the butterfly, and returned it to him.

"*Ah! Madame!*" cried he, stamping with one foot, as he remorselessly grasped his well powdered side curls with both hands.

"*Mon portrait en éffet*, for you know," continued he, determined not to acknowledge his similitude to a butterfly on any lighter grounds; "it is an emblem of *the soul*."

"*Une âme en peine, alors si vous la Seccouéz si rudement*," laughed the remorseless beauty.

"*Hélas! oui Madame, puisque vous l'avez exilée*," said he, laying it on the toilette table, with a profound sigh.

"Well, what news Vicomte? I am dying for something *new*:" said Roséide, with a yawn, which she intercepted by placing de Nesmond's bouquet before her mouth; "for it is now some months since I have known every thing, and every one, by heart."

"*Every one?*" asked he, with another subterranean sigh—and one of those lost-in-a-fog looks, occasioned by a double charge of amatory electricity, recoiling (from want of reciprocity) upon the quarter from whence it emanated.

"Every one?" repeated the Vicomte, approaching his chair to hers by imperceptible stages; "*de sorte que j'y suis moi?*"

"*C'est possible, mais moi ; je n'y suis pas*, for you Parisiens are a population of enigmas."

"*Qui ont du moins des bien jolis mots quelque fois chère Comtesse ?*"

"*Je ne dis pas le contraire ;* but *that* is nothing new, and it's the *novel* that I am in quest of?"

"Well," said de Nesmond, approaching still nearer, and leisurely balancing his three-cornered *mousquetaire's* hat, to and fro, in a movement something between the undulation of a fan, and the pendulum of a clock, as he steadily fixed his eyes on her. "There is one thing very well worth seeing in Paris, which you have obstinately persisted in not seeing, so *that* will be quite new to you."

"*La quelle je vous prie ?*" asked she, raising her head so suddenly that it deranged some of the fortifications that Dagé was in the act of throwing up, and he was again obliged to have recourse to Stephanie to heat the tongs. Taking advantage of the pause, the Vicomte appealed to Dagé, whether Ramponneau's was not worth seeing ?

"Humph ! like everything else in this world !—*that* depends upon circumstances," replied the great man, sententiously.

"And upon what circumstances, in particular does the worth of Ramponneau's depend?" enquired Roséide.

"Upon *who* one goes to see there," frowned Dagé, with the air of a Cato.

"*Mais parbleu, c'est claire !*" laughed de Nesmond.

"And if one goes to see no one?" re-interrogated Madame de Saint Germain.

"*Alors on n'y va pas, Madame,*" and Dagé advanced his right foot, placed his right hand in his bosom, and leaning back, inclined his head slightly to the left, with an air of conscious dignity.

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! pray," said the Vicomte, with a forced laugh, backing his chair, crossing his legs, and flipping his jabot. "Since when is it, my dear Dagé, that *you* play *les Pères Nobles*?"

"*Seulement depuis que les jeunes Premiers se trompent de leur rôles, Monsieur le Vicomte.*"

The latter bit his lip ; while Roséide, laughing in her sleeve at his discomfiture, said, maliciously ; "so you see Vicomte, Dagé has clearly demonstrated to you that there is nothing to take *me* to Ramponneau's ?"

Here Dagé, in searching in the large pocket of his apron for a piece of paper, to try the curling irons on, which Stephanie now brought him, let the slip upon which the *Père Grandier* had written his message to Saint Germain, fall into Roséide's lap.

"*Pardon Madame,*" said he, holding out his hand to regain it, as she was about to restore it to him ; "*pardon !* but I was to have left that paper with the *suisse*, for Monsieur le Comte."

This excited her curiosity, and instead of returning

it to him, she merely said ; “ oh ! if it is for him, I'll give it to him.”

“ *Fort bien, Madame,*” replied Dagé, not for a moment suspecting that two lines, written by so worthy and respectable a person as the Curé of St. Sulpice, could act as a fire-brand in any *ménage*, much less in so perfect a one, as he deemed that of the Saint Germain's to be.

Roséïde opened the paper, and read as follows :—
“ *If M. le Comte de Saint Germain will be, at 12 o'clock to-night, at 39, Rue de Province, he shall obtain all he wishes.*”

She had no sooner done so, than a sharp spasm shot through her heart, and a maddening pain through her head, as she convulsively crushed the paper in her hand : but rallying with a great effort, she placed it in her bosom, and then mechanically raising both her hands to her head—seeing the Vicomte's astonished and inquiring looks, she exclaimed, by way of accounting for the painful expression of her features : “ *Oh ! Dagé, tu me fais mal.*”

“ *Moi, Madame ? mais j'ai finis !*” said the innocent coiffeur, taking off his apron, and returning his silver curling-tongs to their place at his left side.

“ *Alors j'ai une Migraine atroce,*” said she.

Stephanie flew to open a window, while de Nesmond, seized a *flacon* of *Eau de Felsina*, and a *casolette* of aromatic vinegar, which he alternately

held, for the respiration of the fair sufferer ; and as she languidly opened her eyes and said :

“Thank you Vicomte, I am better,” he exchanged these stimulants for a fan, which he took off the toilet, and with which, to his own perfect satisfaction, he began gently fanning her.

“*Madame la Comtesse désire t'elle que je passe chez le Docteur Quesnay ?*” asked Dagé, as he prepared to take his departure.

“Oh, *no*, thank you Dagé, it is nothing—the heat—the flowers—a mere *bagatelle*, that is already past.”

Dagé bowed, and withdrew, so little suspecting the *real origin* of the evil, that his parting injunction was a request that she would not forget to give Saint Germain that paper.

“*Never fear, he shall have it,*” replied she, with such lightning in her eyes, and such an angry flush upon her hitherto bloodless cheek, that the two men could not have failed to have remarked them, had not Dagé been in the act of opening the door to leave the room ; and de Nesmond busied, eagerly watching his departure.

“And so—” said the latter in a low voice, and with a profound sigh, taking up his own bouquet, as soon as Stephanie had left the room to accompany Dagé. “Unable to touch your heart, *mais malheureuses fleurs vous portent seulement au cerveau ?*”

"*C'est une manière comme un autre Vicomte de conserver votre souvenir !*" said she, provokingly.

"*Ah ! madame ! qu'el triste rôle vous me faites jouer là !*" exclaimed he, slapping his forehead.

"*C'est à dire,*" retorted Roséïde, with a forced laugh, and in a louder voice, as she was now growing nervous and uncomfortable, at finding herself alone, with such a reputed *crève cœur* as de Nesmond.

"*Ayant l'habitude de tourner les têtes, vous, vous, souciéx fort peu de seulement donner sur les nerfs !*" but thinking this was rather too severe, she added, (quite as much to divert his attention, as from any kinder motive), pointing to one of Watteau's well behaved *bergers*, on an opposite pannel ; "look *there*, Vicomte, there's an example for you ! see what a rampart of fruit and flowers that gentleman has placed between himself and that shepherdess, and at what a respectful distance he kneels behind it !"

"*Oh ! mais moi, madame, je ne donne pas dans les panneaux !*" cried he, flinging himself at her feet, and seizing both her hands, which he covered with kisses ; "and I'll not rise from this till you promise me you will come to Ramponneau's to-night ; and I solemnly swear to you, that I will not encroach upon your condescension ; that I will never ask you to grant me another request, if you will only oblige me *this once*."

"For heaven's sake, monsieur !" said Roséïde,

rising and struggling to free her hands from his grasp ; “ release my hands and return to your chair ! what would any one think if they were to enter and see you in that posture ?—Besides,” continued she, biting her lips and frowning, as she found he had no intention of obeying her, “ *vous me faites mal.*”

“ *Et moi cruelle !*” exclaimed he ; “ *croyez vous que vous ne me faites point mal aussi ? et bien autrement mal je vous en répons.*”

“ Really, monsieur,” replied she, haughtily, “ if you are to take advantage of my admitting you to my *lever* in this way, in future I shall have to give orders that you are never let in.”

“ And, indeed, that would be far more loyal and less cruel,” replied de Nesmond, bitterly, as he rose and flung himself into his chair, “ than giving orders as you did this morning, that *I alone* should be admitted, (for such your porter himself told me were your orders, madame,) and then treat me in this way. Ah, madame ! it is shameful, it is unworthy, it—it—it is infamous !” concluded he, clenching his hand, and then vehemently knocking his forehead with it.

“ Vicomte,” said Roséïde, in a subdued tone, casting down her eyes, and blushing at the subterfuge she was about to stoop to, as she nervously twisted and untwisted the laced ends of the strings of her *peignoir* round her fingers, “ I feel that I owe you an explanation of the reason of your being the sole

person admitted this morning. I—I—that is, it originated in a foolish bravado on my side; for the other morning, being at Madame D'Egmont's, Madame D'Esparbé came in, and, as usual, began bantering me upon not having *petit levers* like every one else, when Septimanie laughed, and said it was because I was afraid of admitting you." (So far this was true, such a conversation had taken place at Madame D'Egmont's; but what made Roséïde blush so deeply was, the sense of the falsehood she was uttering, in attributing the jibes of those ladies, as the *reason* of her receiving de Nesmond, when it was in fact wholly and solely in the hope of exciting Saint Germain's jealousy that she had done so; but *this*, of course, she could *not* confess.)

"*Hélas !* madame," rejoined the Vicomte, as he turned away his head, which he leant on his hand, "you have but too clearly won your wager, and proved to those ladies, and, still more, to *yourself*, that you do not run the *slightest risk in admitting me.*"

"*Nay*, Vicomte, do not call it a *wager*, for there was nothing of the kind, only ——"

"Oh ! I am quite aware," interrupted he, sarcastically, at the idea of being made a *plastron*, "that the term is inapplicable, for to constitute a wager, both parties must incur an equal risk in the hope of equal gain, as the event may decide, whereas you, madame, staked *nothing*, and I, only my love for

you, which was *je vous avoue, si peu de chose, que ça ne vau pas la peine d'en parler !*"

"*Et aussi, vous voyez bien, monsieur, que je n'y fais pas attention,*" rejoined Madame de Saint Germain, nettled in her turn at this keen but cavalier epigram.

"*Mais si ! mille fois si ! madame, puisque vous me le rendez si bien,*" said de Nesmond, laughing in spite of himself at the quickness of her repartee, and approaching his chair nearer to hers, like a true Frenchman as he was, more attracted by the wit than repulsed by the rudeness. "So, then," said she, smiling, as she detached from one of the flower vases on the toilet a beautiful sprig of white azalia, and turned the stem round between her fingers, as she leant back in her chair, "we are now in a state of *truce*."

"Why, yes," replied de Nesmond, with well-acted and most supercilious *nonchalance*, as he twirled his moustache ; "according to the articles of war, *that* is generally the case before a citadel capitulates."

"Oh, indeed ! and suppose it never capitulates ?"

"In that case hostilities recommence, madame, *alors guerre à l'ontrence ! et on monte à l'assaut.*"

Here Stephanie returned, and Roséïde replied laughing—

"*En éffet, ç'est bien sot.*"

"What dress will madame wear this morning?" asked Stephanie.

"*J'aime l'àpropos en tout,*" murmured Roséide, looking archly at the Vicomte, and then added aloud to the *soubrette*—

"Why, I think my new *sacque* of *projets déroutés garnis de soupirs inutiles.*"

"*Ah ! comme ces petits coiffeurs de VOUS ME LES PAYEREZ PLUS TARD sont jolis !*" cried de Nesmond, looking at a little three-cornered black velvet hat with a rose in it, so called at the time, and fastened flat at one side of the head, which Stephanie had just taken from the wardrobe, and was preparing to complete her mistress's head-dress with.

"*Vous voulez dire, monsieur, quand c'est à ma portée ?*"

"*Au contraire, madame, mon idée était plus égoïste.*"

In the midst of this sparring the door opened, and Saint Germain entered, his manner could not be called agitated, for with him no outward and visible sign ever betrayed what was passing within, but compared with his usual bearing, it was certainly hurried, as he said to Roséide—

"*Chère amie,* Chappuis tells me that Dagé left some message or paper with you for me?"

"He did so," replied she, with anything but the air of a Hypermnestra, as she drew the paper out of her bosom, and gave it to him, fixing her eyes steadily and sternly on him the while.

"*C'est bien,*" murmured he, as he transferred it to his pocket after reading it.

"So—you mean to obey the summons?"

"*Certainly,*" replied Saint Germain, laconically, more surprised at the extraordinary and novel expression of indignation and ill-suppressed passion in Roséide's eyes, than at the question she had put to him. For a moment he turned towards her with a look which, if it was less than love, was yet more than friendship—it was that halo of protecting and compassionate tenderness which had so often enthralled and dazzled his young wife into mistaking it for the warmer light of earthly devotion; but as if a sudden thought checked his first impetus towards her, he turned to de Nesmond, and said—

"*Vicomte agréez mes excuses; but I have business which takes me to the Luxemburg this morning, so adieu!*"

"*Mais de tout, mon cher je suis à vous,*" replied the latter, rising, with the over done alacrity and indifference of a man who did not on any account wish his friend for a moment to suppose that he could find any pleasure in his wife's society, *en tête-à-tête*; "I will accompany you, at least as far as the Porte Cochère, as I also have an appointment about this hour, but mine is in the Rue de la Pomme d'or. *Comtesse je vous baise les mains,*" concluded he, bowing profoundly over the fair hand he raised to his lips, while Saint Germain merely kissed his in token

of adieu to Roséïde, as he reached the door. Stung to madness by what she conceived to be his cold-blooded cruelty in adding insult to injury, she said, in a voice of assumed gaiety, purposely loud enough for him to hear, in reply to de Nesmond's *adieu*—

“*Plutôt, au revoir Vicomte, CHEZ RAMPONNEAU ! à DIX HEURES ÇE SOIR !*”

“CHUTE !”

“*Que me dites vous ? là adcrable indiscrète !*” exclaimed the bewildered and delighted Vicomte, turning back to snatch another kiss of the little hand he had just relinquished, while he raised his finger to his lip to enjoin secrecy, and then pointed to Saint Germain's retreating figure through the door-way.

CHAPTER VII.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, merely players."

SHAKSPEARE.

"Nos actions ressemblent aux Bouts rymés que chaque'un fait répondre à ce qu'il veut."—ROUCHEFOUCAULT.

"Nil fuit unquam tam dispar sibi!"

WHAT a capital epitome of the world are two opposite opera-boxes! each sees clearly the dumb show, that is, the *appearance* and relative positions of the occupants of its *vis-à-vis*, so that all that remains to be done is, to add *à discretion*, and from our own imagination, the why and wherefore of the opposite pantomime, and so concoct a bundle of *facts*, for the next day's circulation; at least so it was, at the old *rococo* period, at which the actors in this tale lived; but, of course, in *our* improved times, when every one, and every thing, *are* precisely what they or it appear to be, *morals* are very different, though, after all, our *manners*, it must be confessed, are but *indifferent*. At the time alluded to, the most splendid box at the Italian opera in Paris, not excepting the king's, was unquestionably that of Mademoiselle Guimard; and, after hers, that of Madame D'Egmont, which was its *vis-à-vis*. Both were large and

commodious, as little drawing-rooms, fitted up with all the *boudoir* luxury of the time, with damask and muslin draperies in profusion, to draw *à volonté*, and a brilliantly lighted ante-room, containing ices, *sor-bets*, and refreshments of every description, like those attached to the boxes at La Scala and San Carlos. The amphitheatre itself, with a view to harmonising with the delicate complexions of feminine loveliness, with which it was always filled, was of sky-blue and pink velvet, studded with silver lilies, which, from being easily lit up, produced a blaze of light, as becoming as it was brilliant, and rather different in its effects, to either the malignant scarlet fever hospital with chintz dormitories of our Covent Garden opera, or the chronic jaundice of the Haymarket. But to return, and as the journey is a long way off, we must not lose time in setting out; it not, however, being in our power to obtain any seven league boots, (as there are certainly no giants *in these days*;) we must beg the reader's acceptance of a little homœopathic globule of ubiquity instead, which will enable him at one and the same time, to hear the conversations that take place, both in Madame D'Egmont's box, and Mademoiselle Guimard's. In the former, beside it's beautiful owner, leaning over the back of her chair, was the Vicomte de Letorrière; opposite her sat Madame d'Olone, and next her the Duc de Grammont, while the group of men which filled up the back-ground of the box, was composed

of the Ducs de Praslin, and D'Aiguillon ; the Marquis de Saint Luc, the Chevalier de Boufflers, and the Comte de Lachétardie ; in short, the *élite* or chief gossips and scandal mongers of the *Œil de Bœuf* ; whereas Mademoiselle Guimard's box was as yet deserted, save by the fair *Coryphée* herself, and one more individual of the male kind, it was evident, from two admirably well turned legs, that kept crossing and uncrossing themselves, and which, from their perfect symmetry, might have been stolen from the Apollo of Belvedere, and smuggled into France under cover of the well drawn up silk stockings they now wore ; but of the face belonging to these legs, notwithstanding the marksman-like levelling of every *Lorgnion* in the D'Egmont box, it was impossible to catch a glimpse as *it* lay perdu, with its fair companion, behind the lace drapery of the curtain, through which, the outline of Mademoiselle Guimard's babel *coiffeure*, and beautifully rounded, and brilliantly jewelled arm, were only indistinctly visible, like the sun through a mist.

"Which of them is with the Guimard to-night?" yawned Monsieur de St. Luc to the Chevalier de Boufflers, "is it Soubise, eh?"

"Soubise!" cried de Boufflers, "never had such a leg as that, or you may swear he never would have allowed his *chef* to have christened that new *consommé* of chickens and veal tendrons, almonds, bread crumbs, and Madeira, that he invented—

potage à la jambe du bois; and you remember his *majesté très casseroles* mot upon it? as Saint Germain happily calls our gracious sovereign, Louis Quinze."

"No," said Saint Luc, "I never heard it."

"Why, the first time the king tasted it, at one of Soubise's *soupers de petite mûison*, and the former asked him what he thought of it? calling it his *chefs* conspiracy against the old *soupe à la Reine*; *mon cher Prince*, said Louis Quinze, glancing maliciously down at Soubise's legs; I scarcely dare hazard an opinion *de cette conspiration car je crois ma foi qu'il vous a mis de dans!*"

"*Delicieux!*" exclaimed all the men.

"*Ah! ciel!*" it's more than the singing is;" cried Mesdames D'Olone and D'Egmont, putting their hands simultaneously to their ears.

"How horridly false Valdi is singing to-night!"

"And Geminiani too."

"Even the orchestra seems to me in a wrong key."

"*Key!* do you say? I should call it a bunch of keys from the rattling they make," said de Boufflers,

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"What *are* they singing?" asked Madame D'Egmont.

"It is meant to be '*Ah! Perché èquanto geloso?*' I believe," said Saint Luc.

"*That* accounts for the discord then," said Letor-

rière, in a low voice, to Madame D'Egmont, "for *that* is a question asked in every possible tone that the gammut of the human voice is capable of."

Here the whole of the D'Egmont box was thrown into commotion, by an incident that took place in the Guimard box; nothing less than that nymph dropping her fan into the pit, and the owner of the Apolline legs darting forward and bending nearly half out of the box to try and rescue it.

"Monsieur de Saint Germain! *en tête-à-tête avec La Guimard!*" exclaimed Madame D'Olone.

"Saint Germain!" echoed the other six male voices in chorus, or rather in what de Boufflers would have called a bunch of keys, "*Est il possible!*"

"*Après cela! parlez moi des maris models!*" cried Madame D'Egmont.

"Surely Comtesse," said Lachétardie, "*you* never gave into such a vulgar superstition as the perfectibility of husbands?"

"*Mais si,*" rejoined Septimame, "*on croit un peu à tout, pour ne trop croise a rien;* but to think," continued she, "that that poor little Roséide should adore that man so, and have eyes and ears for no one but him, when *he* is evidently like the rest of them, and don't care for her, but openly prefers a fright, that has the irresistible attraction of *not* being his wife, to a Venus, guilty of the crime of being so."

"*D'honneur !*" exclaimed de Grammont, "I have a mind to do poor de Nesmond a great service, and let Madame de Saint Germain know of this to-morrow ; for he will never make any way with her as long as *cette sottte petite personne a la bassesse d'aimer son Mari.*"*

"*Infiniment obligée monsieur,*" said Saint Germain, receiving Mademoiselle Guimard's fan from a man in the pit, who had clambered up, by means of one of the pit boxes, to give it to him ; and then re-seating himself beside its owner, having taken in at a glance the sensation his appearance had occasioned in the D'Egmont box, he again drew the lace curtain, and calmly resumed his conversation with his companion.

"And you are sure that the papers in the casket in your possession are *the real* and important ones, more so than those documents found among Zamora's memoranda ?"

* This speech was quite in keeping with the Duc's marital code : for it is of *this* Duc de Grammont that the anecdote is told, of his going one day to call upon Madame D'Olone ; and, being denied, he forced his way up, thinking some more favored rival had supplanted him ; however, upon rushing, *sans ceremonie*, into the drawing room, he found her seated very amicably on the same sofa with the duke her husband. This proof of the groundlessness of his fears, which would have satisfied any more reasonable person, on the contrary, so exasperated him, that he ran out of the house never to return, vociferating, as he clenched his hands, "*Cette coquine de femme ! elle est tellement dévergondée ; qu'elle aime jusqu' a son MARI ! !*"

"Quite," replied Mademoiselle Guimard; "besides," added she, "if they were not, Madame de Parabère would not have authorised the Curé de St. Sulpice to tell you to apply to me for them."

"Pray have the goodness to explain to me," said Saint Germain, "exactly how those papers came into your mother's possession."

"I need not, I suppose, inform you," said Mademoiselle Guimard, with a smile, "that my mother was a favourite, or rather one of the favourites of the Regent, which nevertheless did not prevent that benevolent man, Du Bois, having a great friendship for her, or Madame de Parabère being on the best possible terms with her; so amiable was the good intelligence in which all those ladies lived together, philosophically thinking, no doubt, that like the rays of the sun, the smiles of Philippe D'Orleans should beam on all alike. About this time there appeared in Paris a very handsome English woman, a Lady Glensborough, who also basked in the Palais Royal sunshine; and the Regent, encroaching upon the prerogative of the crown, *se passait la fantaisie de faire sinon des Pairs, du moins des Pères*; for some time after, Madame de Parabère had a son, and on the very same day Lady Glensborough (who had been *enceint*) before she left England presented her *sposo* with a long wished-for heir; but, unfortunately, it was puny and sickly in the extreme, while, on the contrary, Madame de Parabère's child was an infant

Hercules. Now as these two ladies lived in the same house, and Du Bois was in the habit of winning immense sums at play from *ce milord* Glensborough, he, kind soul, thought he would accommodate all parties, get Madame de Parabère's child handsomely provided for, (for as his oldest friend he naturally leant to her interests), and secure to Lord Glensborough the heir he had so long wished for, by substituting this strong, healthy child, for one they all thought could not live. Accordingly, the real little Lord St. Maur was entrusted to Zamora and an old woman, while the little Parabère was destined to figure as the future, that is the present, Lord Glensborough. But Du Bois, who owed too much to contingencies and the doctrine of chances, not always to have a proper regard for them, in case of the fictitious heir to the Glensborough title dying, and the real one, contrary to all expectations, surviving him, placed the exact statement of these facts (which he made Madame de Parabère sign) in a casket, which he gave into my mother's keeping, as the person who would have least interest one way or the other, and therefore least temptation to betray the trust; and though you have now been more than three years trying to obtain these documents, Comte," concluded Mademoiselle Guimard, "you are aware that it was not till last night, when Madame de Parabère felt she was really dying, that she would consent to authorise *Perè Grandier* to request that I would give

them up to you ; but no sooner did she do so, than as I told him they should be delivered into your hands, if you would call upon me at twelve to-night, as I shall not be at home before."

"To-morrow morning at nine, if it will suit you as well?" and Saint Germain thanked Mademoiselle Guimard for the information she had given him ; and having no longer any private or particular matters to discuss, she pushed back the curtain, not a little proud of displaying to her high-born rivals, (as she with more truth than deference styled,) Mesdames D'Egmont and D'Olone, that she *apparently* held the unsusceptible and unconquerable Saint Germain in her chains !

"You will sup with me, Comte, when you come for the Parabére papers, I hope?" said she, languidly tapping his arm with her fan ; which piece of *non-chalant* bye-play was intended for the D'Egmont box, and it produced the desired effect, as every glass in it was again instantly levelled at her's, as though that would enable the aristocratic covey to *hear* as well as see what was passing between her and Saint Germain.

"Thank you," replied the latter, "I cannot ; for I can only go for the papers in the morning ; who are your party to-night?"

"Oh, I am quite *en petit comité*: my eternal *perdrix*, De Grammont, D'Aumout, Lachétardie, and de Nesmond, as I say to them, *mon cher Comte, sans qu'ils*

flairent l'épigramme le moins du monde ; ah ! comme cet amablement de sévres me devient CHER !"

"That is rather ungrateful of you," said Saint Germain, smiling, "since they all four ruined themselves to give it to you."

"*Ah ! par exemple je nie le fait ; vû que c'est moi qui le paye,*" rejoined Mademoiselle Guimard.

"*Vous ?*" echoed her companion.

"*Mais oui ; en hypothèquant ma vie ; quatre fois par semaine à leur assomante société !*"

"But surely you except de Nesmond ?" laughed Saint Germain ; "he is anything but assomant."

"*Bien peutêtre oui ? du moin lui c'est une bête spirituelle ;* but then there is no such thing as believing one word that that little *écervelé* de Nesmond says."

Here the blue velvet *portière* of the box door was raised, and the Vicomte in person stood before them, his cheek glowing, his eye kindling, and his moustache quivering with passion, at the last words he had overheard.

"Is it *to you*, Mademoiselle," said he, pressing his hat to his bosom, and bowing almost down to the ground, "that I am indebted for so flattering a character?"

"*Me !* my dear Vicomte," replied she, with a forced laugh ; "you ought to know me well enough by this time to be aware that I never say what I think."

“*En effet, madame, je m’en souviens assez de vos protestations d’am—itié,*” retorted he, with a bitter smile ; but his wrath was not to be appeased, especially by bantering, for he had come to the opera solely to tell Mademoiselle Guimard that he should not sup with her on that evening, and was already quite sufficiently irrate at finding Saint Germain with her, tête-à-tête ; fearing, after the imprudent *rendezvous* Roséide had given him in her husband’s hearing, that the latter would offer to accompany him to Ramponneau’s when the ballet began ; so turning to him with flashing eyes, and half drawing his sword, he said,

“*Alors ! Monsieur le Comte, it was you who presumed to take such liberties with my name ?—one’s own words are never good champions in one’s own cause,—my sword alone settles such wrongs.*”

“And mine, Monsieur le Vicomte,” bowed Saint Germain, calmly touching the hilt of his sword, without attempting either to deny or to explain de Nesmond’s accusation ; “mine will have the honour of meeting yours at five to-morrow morning, wherever you may appoint.”

“At Meudon then, Monsieur,” said the Vicomte, with an equally low bow ; for he had now recovered his composure, and with it his politeness.

“*Non, non, c’était moi Gustave,*” began Mademoiselle Guimard, in an hysterical sob, but before

she could finish the sentence, she had sank fainting on de Nesmond's shoulder.

"I will go for a glass of water," said Saint Germain, leaving the box.

Not a tittle of this scene, from the angry flashing of de Nesmond's eye on entering, and the half drawing of his sword, up to Mademoiselle Guimard's fainting fit, and Saint Germain's exit, had been lost upon the occupants of the D'Egmont box.

"*Quelle horreur se battre pour une actrice !*" cried both the peeresses in one breath.

"*C'est vrai, il y'a Comédienne et Comédienne du moins c'est plus convenable de se battre pour quinze que pour quarantë,*" muttered the Duc de Grammont, who had had a sort of quarrel with Madame D'Olone within the last ten minutes about Mlle. Guimard, Madame D'Egmont's box was XV, Mademoiselle Guimard's XL; but the lady herself was not more than one-and-twenty, while Madame D'Olone was on the wrong side of thirty, and hence de Grammont's rather ungracious assertion of its being better to fight a duel for fifteen than for forty.

"*La Pauvre Roséïde !*" exclaimed Madame D'Egmont, clasping her hands.

"*Oui pauvre petite femme,*" echoed all the men except de Grammont and Lachétardie, who, seeing Saint Germain quit Mademoiselle Guimard's box, assumed a copyright air, and the former touching the latter's elbow, said—

“*Diantre nous devons y mettr ordre,*” and forthwith went out, in the hope of overtaking Saint Germain in the lobby.

Saint Germain, who with his eagle’s eye, saw the whole of the *émute* that had taken place in No. XV, as he passed an open box door, took off his hat, and with a most peculiar smile, after he had despatched a solitary box keeper that lingered near the spot, for a glass of water for Mademoiselle Guimard, said, with a bow,

“Farewell good people all, spare neither sighs nor sorrow over Madame de Saint Germain’s sad fate in being married to such a wretch! who is only worse than all of *you*, because he so long dared to seem better. *Poor young thing*, I would not for worlds it had been vice versâ, and that *I* had been dragged before *her eyes*, broken on the wheel of your compassion; *Ho! Forward! find it, there it is amongst ye,*” added he, pantomimically flinging something across the house, as de Grammont and Lachétardie were in vain calling to him to stop; and then added, as he hurried on, and disappeared through a street door, “a right good dog that of Alcibiades, to leave so long a lineage; that *I* too, can fling a tail to hungry Paris this night as he did to craving Athens!”

CHAPTER X.

“MUTATO NOMINE, DE TE FABULA NARRATUR.”

ALAS! it is but too true, that even in the purest and best regulated minds, sin *will* occasionally enter; but there is this difference between such and the habitually bad—in the former, wrong will never find itself so much at home as to feel at ease; and such being the case, will quickly take its departure. No sooner had Saint Germain and Monsieur de Nesmond left her, than Roséïde, as if waking from a dream, sank into a chair, covered her face with her hands, and bursting into tears exclaimed,

“Good heavens! what *have* I done? what *will* Ernest think of me?”

And then she rose, and walking to a writing table, seized a pen, and thought she would write to the Vicomte, and tell him she could not go to the “Tambour Royal,” that she was ill; that, oh! no, that would never do, what a use he might make of such a note, it would compromise her more than ever; and she flung the pen from her; yet not to go, after she *had* so imprudently volunteered to do so, would look like an *attrappe*, and perhaps rouse de Nesmond into some vindictive reprisals. What *wa*

to be done? "Oh! surely, surely," cried she, clasping her hands, "never was there any one so wretched as I am."

But Roséide was mistaken. She was on the contrary very happy, for are not all so who, like her, after the first step in error, discover their mistake before they have gone further on, or plunged deeper in.

"It is humiliating, for it is shewing him all my folly," said she, at length, "but *I will* do it, I will throw myself upon Ernest's mercy, I will tell him *all*; and then he will perhaps go with me to Ramponneau's, and though all Paris may laugh at this, at least it will not be at Saint Germain's expense."

"At what hour will madame like the carriage?" inquired Stephanie, "*car le chasseur de Madame La Comtesse attend ses orders?*"

"Oh, yes, that is no," said Roséide, starting from her *rêverie*. "I shall not go out this morning, and tell Chappuis that I am not *visible* for any one, and should my husband return before dinner, he will say that I wish to speak to him."

"*Bien Madame,*" said Stephanie, leaving the room on her mission, while her mistress calm, now that she had decided upon her line of conduct, went into the drawing-room, and tried to read, but like all persons labouring under the feverish excitement of expectation, whether it be of pleasure, pain, or worst of all, of fear, the rest of her faculties seemed

merged and concentrated in her *one* sense of *hearing*; and oh ! how harrowing and feverish is every sound, when its lightest echo is fraught with some fragment of our fate. Roséïde would have found it impossible to compute by any known system of chronology the interminable length of that morning; and having ordered that no one might be admitted, she had not even the momentary relief of false hope, by the door opening to admit—the person she did *not* expect. At length, the *pendule* struck three, and the *maître d'hôtel* threw open the doors of the *salle à manger*, saying,

“*Madame La Comtesse est servi ; et monsieur le Comte fait dire ; qu'il dîne en ville.*”

“*En ville !*” echoed she, mechanically, and her heart, that had beaten so tumultuously as the dinner hour approached, now fell fathoms, and appeared literally to stand still; the solitary meal was soon despatched; and as is usual with most persons under similar circumstances, she did her utmost to aggravate her own disappointment by accumulating every irritating circumstance that memory could furnish to *one focus*, namely, that of *imagination*.

“He must be angry, very angry, or else he would have written, he had always done so before when he had not returned to dinner or supper, but, then it is true she had never seen him angry before; *that* was precisely what she had been trying to make him, and now that she had succeeded, (or thought

she had), she trembled at her own work. The day wore heavily and wearily away, the night came on, and she was still alone with her resolves and her regrets,—the one unexecuted, the other unsoothed—and both unheard by him who had occasioned each; darker and darker fell the shadows along that vast and gorgeous room; and the generous gush of truth, and the hot lava of deep yet brimming love, were beginning to feel the influences of those dark, cold, shadows, for they were fast hardening into disappointment and anger. The clock struck nine! Roséide started up from the couch, in the pillows of which her face had now been buried so many hours. She rang for lights, and when they were brought, asked if Saint Germain had not returned? The answer was in the negative; did they know where he was? The maître d'hôtel *supposed* at the Vidame de Poitiers, as Gardoni had taken his things there, for Monsieur le Comte to dress for the Opera, and Narguilé had taken some letters there.

“The opera!” that was, in Roséide’s present frame of mind, the *synonyme* of Mademoiselle Guimard! She drew herself up, her bosom heaved, meteoric coruscations flashed through her eyes, her nostrils dilated, she looked like the incarnation of some wild mythological anomaly; a creation half fallen angel, half Arab horse, goaded to madness; for she had all the fearful beauty of the one, and all the indomitable courage of the other.

"The carriage in half an hour, and send Stephanie to my room,—I'm going to dress," said she, and the servant withdrew.

Poor Roséide ! she was not the first, and won't be the last by many thousands, who, having resolved upon better things, yet finding, on their arrival at a door of salvation, that hostile fate has removed their guardian spirit from his garrison, and therefore left none to whom they could tender their atonement, have been hurled irrevocably back into the abyss out of which they had so recently struggled. With that terrible downward impetus which the reaction towards wrong gives, Roséide ordered Stephanie to dress her magnificently, thinking, in her crude singleness of heart, that if she *was* going to do wrong, there should be no hypocrisy about it, that she would do it as openly as possible ; *that*, at least, would be some paliation of her fault in the eyes of the world. Alas ! she little knew that cold, bitter, or, at best, contemptuous and indifferent world, or she would have known that we gain its suffrages infinitely more by concealing our vices, than by displaying our virtues ; the *small virtue* consisting in the absence of great vice, being the only sort *it* comprehends, and consequently appreciates ; the more active and difficult kinds are only works of supererogation, not exacted by *its* decalogue ; but "*Aquila non capit muscas*," neither will honest and true natures ever take the world.

"What will Madame wear in the way of *man-telet*?" inquired Mademoiselle Stephanie, as she adjusted the last fold of her mistress's magnificent peach-blossom brocade, with *point d'Alençon* robings and *engageants*, and bestowed a final and admiring *là!* upon it and them.

"Oh! any thing; my black wimple, with the calvados hood."

"*Ç'est pourtant dommage! avec une si belle toilette,*" muttered the *femme de chambre*, as she took it out of the wardrobe, and contemptuously flipped its sable tassels and tufts.

"Don't forget to give me my *loup*, Stephanie," said Roséide, flinging the third pair of delicate *blanc rosée* gloves from her that she had torn in putting on too quickly; and seizing a fourth pair from the silver-gilt and richly-jewelled glove-box, which fulfilled their destinies better than their predecessors had done; and then, either forgetting that she had already told her, or not observing that Stephanie had laid it on the table beside her handkerchief and fan, she again repeated her order of "don't forget my *loup*."

"*Encore son loup? tiens! ça sent le rendezvous,*" mentally soliloquised the *soubrette*; and removing the pocket-handkerchief she had already placed with the fan, for *this* handkerchief, *if rendezvous* there was, Mademoiselle Stephanie suddenly recollected with

great fore-thought, (and a truly christian feeling of doing unto others as she would they should do unto her,) had not only her mistress's armorial bearings in full on each corner, but "ROSEIDE DE SAINT GERMAIN" in florid gothic letters at full length on one of them ; therefore she hastily substituted one equally web-like in its texture, equally costly in its lace, but having no other individual tell-tale marks about it.

"*Mais si c'est un rendezvous? c'est assurément le premier,*" continued Stephanie, in her own mind, as she shook out the prudent handkerchief with which she had replaced the heraldic one, and held it in the centre between her finger and thumb, but having come to this conclusion, she did not even ask her mistress what perfume she would have, being far too logical in such matters, at least ; to use any other on the present occasion than one much in vogue at the time, composed of distilled myrtle blossoms and *esprit de rose*, and poetically designated, "*L'Aube D'Amour*" (the dawn of love).

"Will madame take a bouquet?" asked the *femme de chambre*.

"Certainly I'll take it," said Roséide, seizing de Nesmond's from the silver nautilus shell, in which it had floated since morning. This being the FINIS of a lady's toilet, Stephanie placed, with that delicacy of touch and tenderness, a French woman, especially a French Abigail, always feels for a beauti-

ful dress, the black wimpole over her mistress's shoulders, but had almost a *crispation des nerfs* at seeing the careless, not to say rough, manner in which the latter drew its large calvados hood over her head and face, but a shrug of the shoulders behind her back, and an internally muttered "*Dieu ! est il possible ?*" as she took two *bougeoirs* off the toilette to light her to the door, was the only vent she gave to her feelings.

"*Madame, a son loup ?*" reminded Stephanie, as she leant over the gilded banisters watching *La jeune Comtesse* descend, *pour enfin se lancer dans le monde !* as she thought.

"*Oui, oui,*" replied Roséïde, and then continuing her own reflections, murmured, "*oui, fais toi Brébis, et le loup te mange.*"

"*Chez, Ramponneau,*" said she, on entering the carriage.

"*Au Tambour Royal, Madame ?*" interrogated the lackey, almost in a tone of surprise.

"*Oui, Au Tambour Royal.*"

"*Créquy ! voila du Nouveau !*" said the former personage to his coadjutor, as he jumped up behind the carriage and gave the order.

"*Dame ! modes et nouveautés vont toujours ensemble,*" replied the other facetious knight of the shoulder knot.

Those were strange times when, as the Chevalier de Boufflers said, the "*vie de tabouret* and *vie de caba-*

ret' were so intimately blent, as each to bear the impress of the other. The Duchesse on her *tabouret* at Versailles would sometimes utter a word or a look that savoured of the Tambour Royal, but this was only the momentary vacillation of the beam, and at the *cabaret* the balance was equalised, for all its plebeian fumes, or most impervious disguises, could not for a moment tarnish, or even eclipse, that indescribable, but unmistakeable, refined *atmosphere of manner*, if one may be allowed the expression, concomitant upon the high-born and thorough-bred, making (however their fortunes may fall,) as wide difference between them and the delft democracy of the human race, as there is between a hot-house azalia and a hedge-grown daffadowndilly. If Roséïde had never before gone to Ramponneau's, it was not from any horror at those who did, for, like all rare and elect natures, who only see vice through the filtering medium of their own purity, she was essentially *tolerant*, as indulgence for, and extenuation of, the faults of others, are the first-born twins of virtue's numerous offspring. No ; *her* reason for not going was simply from having heard Saint Germain express his dislike of the custom, as one sacrilegious to his ideas of feminine delicacy. When at length the carriage stopped at the garden entrance of the Tambour Royal,—(for although *she* had never been there before, her servants were by far too well bred and *au fait* to all the technicalities of their ser-

vice, *not* to understand perfectly the etiquettes of the egresses and ingresses of Ramponneau's)—Roséide's heart beat violently, and her limbs trembled in such a manner, that she could hardly get out of the carriage; for the efficacy and protection of *one* of the fiats of fashion, at all events she at that moment felt thoroughly grateful, namely, the custom of wearing masks at such places. Under cover, then, of this consolatory piece of black velvet, and drawing her calvados hood still more closely around her, she prepared to pass the rubicon, and enter that strangely listed arena, the kitchen of the Tambour Royal, one of her lackeys first giving her an oblong slip of bone with number one thousand and one engraved upon it in red Roman numbers, which he had received from a porter stationed at the gate for that purpose; for ever since it had been the fashion for the salons of Versailles and the Faubourg St. Germain, to convey themselves by shoals to Ramponneau's. The Duchesse de Noailles had established a rule, that the carriages should drive off to some neighbouring streets, and their owners receive one of these oblong vouchers, by the number on which their carriage might be called, (the servants being given a duplicate,) and so avoid having their names proclaimed either to the mob without or to that within. It was no small relief to Roséide, as she tremblingly entered the smoke-dried precincts of the Tambour Royal, to find that she was as perfectly unheeded as if she

had been Margot Ramponneau's feline favourite, gliding stealthily to her particular constellation, namely, the milky way, where her mistress kept her cream pans ; for, as Jean Ramponneau was an honest man, so was his *cabaret* (after a fashion) an honest place, in which people only looked after their own, and did not concern themselves about their neighbours, and as Monsieur de Nesmond had not yet arrived, the lady who had given him this long-wished-for *rendezvous*, crept silently and unmo-
lestedly along the wall, all her trepidation concealed beneath her mask, till she arrived at an unoccupied bench, under the identical fresco of Mademoiselle Camargo and Monsieur Belhumeur, where the reader may remember on the first night that Valasquez came there to meet Saint Germain, was seated the lady in the *mordorée* dress and black *loup*, who had waited till she had received a note from Monsieur de Nesmond, and had then disappeared through the very garden door by which Madame de Saint Germain had just entered ; it was written, as the Turks say, that they were to clash in some way, for the former lady, she of the *mordorée* dress, was no other than Mademoiselle Guimard. How busy had fate been with both during the four years that had elapsed since then, but in what different ways ; the actress she had placed within the glittering car of sin, and then given it one irrevocable impetus down the gilded but inclined plane of vice, while in the poor

unknown and neglected itinerant *cantatrice*, she had picked up the pure gem fallen amid such ungenial dross, and set it in that bright diadem of love, happiness, and hope, which she often places on the brow of youth, but rarely, *very rarely*, for a continuance on that of BEAUTY, at whose birth some malignant fairy generally presides. Is it that in all beauty, especially in the higher kind, there is a spark of sacred fire, which at once attracts towards it, and entails on it the peckings of those social vultures, known by the names of envy, hatred, malice, and revenge.

In all the gilded and courtly life which Roséide had led since her marriage, there had been no single person, or place, that could in the slightest degree awaken any recollection of *her past*; and even now, forgetting that she wore a mask, so nervously shy was she, that some time elapsed, ere she had courage to look around at the only scene that could have jarred upon any antecedent chord of her existence. At a little table near her, with a solitary cup of coffee before him, sat the young Comte de Caylus, deep in the perusal of Cebes' "*Picture of Human Life*" in the original Greek; nor did he appear in any way overjoyed, at that particular episode in his *own life*, when five minutes later, Madame du Châtelet joined him, with the last manuscript chapter of her "*Institutes Physiques*," which she read to him in an under voice; while, by way of concordance, he drew Leib-

nitz' book from his pocket, and, constantly referring to it, alternately assented, or dissented, as she read. A little further on to the right, were seated two men, playing at *reversis*.

"*Diantre !*" cried the elder of the two to his partner, who, intent upon trying to recollect a bar in the minor of an old Spanish air that he was humming, and which had escaped his memory, had, in his musical zeal, just made some mistake in the game, which greatly irritated his companion, who exclaimed :—

"*Tu es donc fou de cette guenille de Romance ? puisque tu la frédonne toujours.*"

"Ah !" replied the other, "*il y'avait bien de quoi !* if you had seen and heard the young girl that used to sing it here, about four years ago ; oh ! what an angel without wings, she was ! unless, indeed, her magnificent hair coiled in wreaths of rippling gold, like a glory round her head, happened to be her wings packed up for travelling."

"Probably," said the first speaker, "since it appears she has flown never to return, at least to the Tambour Royal ; what became of her ?"

"*Dame ! que sais je moi ? il y'a quelque chose de louche—la de dans, car elle avait une vieille sorcière toujours avec elle, qui la menait Tambour battant méche allumée.*"

"*Moi je crois plutôt,*" rejoined the unmusical gentleman, taking advantage of his adversary's pre-oc-

cupation, to pick up some cards, that strictly speaking, should have found their way to the other side of the table,—“*moi je crois qu'il y'a du Parc aux Cerfs lá dedans, et que c'est Lebel ; qui a mit feu à la méche.*”

“Ah ! *Crrr-é-non !*” cried the amateur of Spanish ballads, flinging down his cards, and raising both his hands to his ears, in a paroxysm of oral insanity, as the shrill and nasal bellowings of a strapping brown *Savoyarde*, with chintz coïf, blue woollen petticoat and stockings, rising from unpainted walnut-tree sabots, aggravated by the double provocation of the cantankerous *untunings* of a hurdy-gurdy, and the lachrymose tricklings of a bag-pipe, by way of accompaniment, now vigorously began to hurl such unmercifully sharp sounds, through the kitchen of the Tambour Royal, that they seemed like some newly invented acoustic currycomb, intended for the universal and expeditious skinning of ears.

“*Au diable ! avec cette Chouette de JAVOTTE ! et la Cornemeuse infernale de son Jean-farine de perè,*” vociferated the winner at *reversis*, in a sort of aguish soprano, to the contralto “*Crrr-é-non !*” of his unhappy and outrageous friend, which order of banishment, was instantly echoed, by all the male voices then present. Unfortunately, Jean Ramponneau had absented himself upon this evening to patronize the opening of a new puppet-show, on the Pont Neuf, *Il Fantoccini di Merionaldi*, Signor Merionaldi

having been an old—not college but *cabaret* chum of his. But, although the salique law was in as full force at Ramponneau's, as it was at Rheims, yet, as women always have played and always will play, a prominent part in all great public measures in France, whether they be only the less important ones of Limonades and *chasse cafés*, from behind the *comptoir* of a *Restorants*, or the more important ones, from behind a revolutionary tribune of ephemeral *Egalités* and *chasse-monarques*, so Margot Ramponneau lost no time in quelling the *émute*, by *fraternising* with the *exactions of all parties*. To the insurgents she cried :

“*À l'instant, Messieurs ; à l'instant je suis en train de les renvoyer,*” while, to the ill-fated bard of the *cornemeuse*, and the nymph of the hurdy-gurdy, she tendered a *louis blanc*, that is, a twenty-four *sous* piece, accompanied by a large dish of broken meat, and a bottle of wine, which only shews how much better the *louis blancs* of those days were *backed*, than they are in our times. It was not till the tumult occasioned by the expulsion of poor Javotte, her father, and their other relatives, that is to say, the hurdy-gurdy and the bagpipe, that Roséïde found courage to raise her eyes and look about her ; nor was it till the street door had closed, upon the banished Savoyards, and all was restored to comparative tranquillity, and that she calmly and leisurely commenced realising the place she was in, that a sort of slow, sickening, and indescribable horror, began to

steal over her. Was she *now* in a dream? or was that nightmare of her past life, which at the convent they had so strenuously impressed upon her, *to be but a dream*, indeed a horrible reality? Everything she now looked upon, led her to conclude that such was the case; for all, all was as familiar to her, as a well remembered face. But where was the horrible old woman, that in that dream, (or nightmare, or terrible reality, whichever it was?) whom she used to call Marie Cadel? drinking, no doubt, as she was wont to do. And, with an intense dread of again having this terrible vision realised; yet, totally powerless against the basilisk fascination of horror, she turned her eyes towards the *comptoir*, on which Marie Cadel *used* to lean, while awaiting her potations; but to her unspeakable relief, no such phantom met her view, but a pretty little fresh, fair *bonnetière* from the Rue Quincampoix, who was in the act of *accepting un petit verre de parfait amour*, from the hand of a gigantic Tambour Majeur. But still,—still, the whole scene was so *horribly familiar to her*, that a suffocating and vague confusion of shame and terror, seemed to mock and taunt her with the notion, that *she* it was who was the singing girl, that had just been so rudely thrust into the street; and then her spirit instinctively turned and clung, as for salvation, to that side of the motly room, where she had first beheld Saint Germain. But at the little round, grey marble table, which he had *then* occupied, was now seated

a young, but coarse-featured, and clumsy-figured man, who, with a pencil as leaden as his own looks, was busied, apparently correcting the proof sheet of a book ; and such in fact was the case ; as it was no other than Antoine Gebelin, who, hot from Lausanne, was assiduously superintending the publication of the second edition of his, “ *Monde primitif, comparé au Monde Moderne,*” which was then making a great sensation, and with which D’Alembert had been so struck, that he had asked in a burst of enthusiasm, at the consummate ability of its execution, “ *if it had been intrusted to an association of forty clever men to accomplish.*”

The sight of Gebelin’s very material and unimaginative face, was at once a relief and a disappointment to her ; a relief that her *nightmare* was not circumstantially verified, a disappointment, that her first and long cherished *dream* of Saint Germain was not substantiated, for the heart is a house ever divided against itself, and for that reason ever failing.

“Then it *was* a dream?” murmured she, passing her hand tightly over her eyes, “since none of those I then dreamt of are here ; yet, how strange ! that I should have dreamt *the place so exactly as it is,*” and again she looked round. But this time it was with more courage, and much curiosity ; and, during the *distracted* absence of the reverie that accompanied her investigatory glances, round this strange, yet strangely familiar place, the poor Vicomte’s *bouquet* shared

the same fate that his vows of eternal love had so often shared before, that is to say, being bestowed in all quarters, they were scattered to the winds; for, such had been the nervous, yet unconscious activity of Roséïde's fingers, among these so lately, lovely denizens of hot-house care, that when she again cast her eyes upon them, she found that she had not left *one* upon it's parent stem, with the exception of a solitary sprig of purple heath, which, having been the sun or centre of this floral system, had resisted the revolution to which its more fragile satellites had fallen victims.

"*Pauvres fleurs !*" sighed their destroyer, as, at length recalled to herself, she looked down at their scattered remains, now withering at her feet; "*mais tiens !*" continued she, with a sort of convulsive spasm, "*TOUJOURS CETTE TIGE DE BRUIÈRE !*"

Here the heavy round ebony clock, over the street entrance door of Ramponneau's, struck *eleven*; she had been there just half an hour, and notwithstanding the overpowering heat of the place, the young blood was cold in her veins, her teeth shocked together, and her limbs trembled,—but it was neither with fear nor with illness,—yet with both, and a something more beside, that she could not define; for many and unaccountable are the fluids of human passion, and their workings, like those of their geological prototypes, when suppressed and inward, murmur heavily and sullenly on, causing when least

expected, and at a long distant point from their source, fearful storms and earthquakes ; while those which foam and boil, and, gushing to the surface, burst through all boundaries, and so find a vent in one fiery torrent of volcanic explosion, cause a momentary destruction of all that is in their immediate vicinity, but do not roll on to future and more extensive devastations. The two men who had been playing at *reversis*, had risen from their table, and having settled their reckoning, the loser by growling out to the waiter,

“ *Tu dira à ton maître que ses cartes ne valent rien.*”

“ *Hein sans doute, Monsieur, préférera des cartes blanches ! quant il jeu gros jeu,*” grinned the *Garçon*.

“ *Tiens !*” cried the winner, laughing, as winners may do, and tossing him a *liard* ; “ *v’la pour ton service ; et voici,* added he, flinging him a *petite écu* immediately after it, “ *pour tes cartes blanches !*” and then, arm-in-arm, the cheater and the cheated, (as it so often happens in this world) walked amicably away together, and made their exit at the garden door. Roséïde resolved to wait no longer for the Vicomte, and enchanted at the idea of getting away without seeing him, and still more without having been seen, rose, in the hope of reaching the garden door before the two *reversis* heroes had closed it ; but scarcely had she made one step forward with that intention, before the said door was thrown wide open from without, and the two men who had just made their

exit stood deferentially, hat in hand, holding it back, to let two new arrivals enter. Roséïde felt as if she should have sunk through the earth, when she perceived one of these to be Saint Germain ! though she only saw his profile, as his head was turned from her, and rather bent down, speaking to a fine hale old man of ninety, thin in the extreme, and rather bent, but with a bright colour, and still brighter eye ; he had large violet-coloured stockings drawn up over his knees, outside his black satin small-clothes ; a long, loose, claret-coloured, flowered damask sort of *robe de chambre*, lined with white damask, and trimmed, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, with a narrow border of sable. On his head he wore a sort of black velvet *barrette*, or round crown-shaped cap, which, with his snow-white hair coming from beneath it, and its long flowing curls resting on his shoulders, gave him a sort of Charlemagne look ; his left hand was passed through Saint Germain's right arm, and although he had a large ivory-headed cane, and a purple enamel snuff-box, studded with diamond stars, that '*long ago* !' had been the gift of Madame de la Sablière, yet he did not lean upon his cane, as he held his right hand interlaced within his left, and his snuff-box and cane within it. Finishing their conversation as leisurely as the old man walked, Saint Germain at length arrived opposite and close to Roséïde, to whom he said, in the most natural voice

in the world, and in a tone of indescribable kindness,—

“A thousand pardons, *M'amie*, for keeping you waiting, but it was really not my fault; and as a compensation, I will present you to a person whose works you admire so much, that you have often said, you would give the world to know their author; *that is, any world but one of his,—car je vous presente Monsieur de Fontenelle.*”

In an instant the old man's cap was off, and pressing his hands to his bosom, and bowing profoundly over them, he said,—

“Ah! madame, there is certainly this advantage in my worlds, that *I never allow Venus to be in eclipse.*”

“Especially,” rejoined Saint Germain, as he begged Roséide to take off her mask, “when she is in a heliocentric position with the sun.”

Fontenelle bowed to the compliment, and Madame de Saint Germain removing her mask, said, extending her hand to him,—“at all events, Monsieur, Persia does not contain a greater heliolater than I am.”

“Ah! Madame!” cried the old man, raising the little hand so flatteringly presented to him to his lips; “such a speech from such lips! is a refutation of the copernican system, that would satisfy all the Jesuits that ever existed, for it is quite sufficient to set the *sun running round the world* wild with delight!”

So totally free from all irony or covert meaning,

was Saint Germain's manner, that Roséïde was puzzled to decide upon his exact meaning. Could he really have mistaken the *rendezvous* she had given to Monsieur de Nesmond in his hearing, and thought she had addressed it to him? or was he under cover of this apparent frankness and *bonhomie*, meditating some cruel retaliation? Oh! no, *he* was incapable of a treachery of this sort, or indeed of any sort; at all events, whatever his *motive* might be, his arrival, and above all, the protecting kindness of his bearing towards her, was an indescribable relief, after the conflicting tortures she had now endured for so many hours; and she longed to be at home, that she might tell him *all*, and promise never again to mistake *him* or herself. In the midst of these conjectures and resolves, that were rapidly passing through her mind, Saint Germain kindly took her hand, and again said,—

“*Encore pardon, chère amie*; I should certainly have been here by ten, as I heard you say you intended coming; but I was unavoidably detained all day, and indeed till within half an hour ago, by business; however, nature's blest system of compensation, always true to itself, caused Monsieur de Fontenelle to alight from his carriage just as I drove up, and being fully aware of the great desire you had to know one whose genius Voltaire justly compares to fertile lands, situated in so happy a climate as without effort to produce the richest and rarest fruits of

every description, *I* diplomatically concluded, that one of his best fruits would be to insure me *your* pardon."

"*Mon ami !*" said Roséïde, with an irrepressible effusion of tenderness, "to require pardon one must be in the wrong, and that *you* never are."

"*Mais si chère,*" replied Saint Germain, with a smile replete with kindness; "*les absens out toujours tort.*"

"*Pas de doute,*" said Fontenelle, "*surtout quant c'est un cas de flagrant léze-gout comme celui, de s'absenter de Madame.*"

Here Madame du Châtelet turned round as she consigned the last page of her "*Institutes physiques*" to her reticule, while Monsieur de Caylus returned Leibnitz to his pocket; she appeared perfectly transfixed with Roséïde's beauty; and then perceiving Fontenelle, she rose, and going up to him with both her hands out, said,

"*Eh bien, dans qu'el monde est Mon grand St. Bernard ce soir ?*" as she looked inquiringly at Roséïde.

"*Mais comme vous voyez marquise, dans le plus beau de tous les mondes possible,*" and he presented the two Saint Germain.

"*Ça c'est si vrai,*" rejoined Madame du Châtelet, returning Roséïde's curtesy, "*que partant de ce soir il faut absolument croire à vos 'Oracles,' mon cher Fontenelle.*"

After a few more complimentary speeches on both sides, Roséïde, who was dying to get home, (and fearing every moment that Monsieur de Nesmond would arrive, as she was in no humour either for his angry or his amatory looks,) she expressed that wish to Saint Germain, and they immediately took leave of Madame du Châtelet and Fontenelle.

"*Pardon belle dame,*" said the latter, "but it is not so easy to get rid of an old fellow, and as *I* was ninety-two yesterday, you must look upon my importunities in the light of the consolidated homage of four young men. Having the happiness of living within four doors of you, in order to enjoy your charming society a little longer, I am going to take the liberty of asking you to set me down, as when *you* are gone, this place will indeed be a world without a sun."

"Thank you," said Madame du Châtelet laughing, "*Vous étiez selon Voltaire à la fois plus habile, et plus galant, mon cher Monsieur de Fontenelle,* when at the Duchesse de Maines, you used to make *bouts, rimés, mûdrigals*, that contained within their four small lines well turned compliments to *every* lady in the room, and not to *one*, however worthy, at the expense of *all* the rest."

"*Que voulez vous marquise,*" said the old man ironically, "those were my *beaux jours*, but I am old now, and my tottering intelligence can no longer

soar into the higher regions of *madrigal improvisé*, aussi, on m'appelait jadis, le philosophe musqué, tandis qu'aujourd'hui je suis le philosophe maussade."

"Qui sait du moins, fort bien dénicher les beaux yeux," rejoined Madame du Châtelet with another laugh, and a parting bow to Roséïde.

"C'est un hommage que je rends marquise aux institutes physiques!" said Fontenelle, kissing his hand to her, as he placed Madame de Saint Germain's beneath his arm, and tried to walk at his steadiest pace in escorting her through the garden.

"What is your number?" asked Saint Germain, "that I may call the carriage.

"Here it is," said Roséïde, giving him the oblong piece of bone.

"A thousand and one," he read out, by the light of a flaring bitumen brand, stuck in an iron scone and attached to the trunk of a tree.

"*Mon cher comte*," cried Fontenelle, gallantly bowing to Roséïde at the conclusion of his speech; "That number seems to pursue you in every possible sense; for you hold a thousand and one in your hand, while you have one in a thousand in madame."

All the way home, the *bel esprit* of the *siècle de Louis Quatorze*, was as brilliant and agreeable as in his palmy days, when, at the Duchesse de Maines' half literary, and more than half political coteries,

(where, as La Fontaine said, the very chairs seemed *hérissées d'esprit et l'on respirait la grâce*, that grace which he has immortalized as being better than beauty,) Fontenelle shone out "the great Orion" of that bright galaxy.

CHAPTER IX.

Φύττις, γνώμων.

—“ *Usque quo Domine?*”

Psalm 13.

WHEN at length Roséïde found herself alone with Saint Germain, and the servants had left the room, and closed the drawing-room doors, she flung herself at his feet and said,

“ Oh, Ernest, forgive me ! I have been very silly, —very wrong—but, oh ! so very, very miserable, that I am sufficiently punished.”

“ For Heaven’s sake, dear Roséïde,” interrupted he, raising her in his arms, and carrying her to the same sofa where she had all that morning waited for him in vain, “ for Heaven’s sake rise, and never kneel to any one but GOD, and least of all to men ; who, whatever faults they may have to pardon in women, have themselves to blame, as *they* are ‘ the great first cause,’ directly or indirectly, of—that barbaric enigma ‘ least understood ’—the fraudulently unjust social position of women.”

“ Oh ! but not *you*, not *you*,” interrupted Roséïde, in her turn, throwing her arm round his neck and

leaning her head upon his shoulder, "*you* are all that is noble, generous, good and kind, free even from the small moth-like frettings of temper, with which other men wear bare their wives' love and life; and I am a wretch,—let them all have said what they would—for one moment to have suspected *you* of wrong," and here, between her sobs, Roséïde made a full confession of her jealousy about Mademoiselle Guimard, and her attempted flirtation with Monsieur de Nesmond, in the hope of exciting Saint Germain's jealousy.

The latter heard her patiently to the end; and then, with a deep sigh, said calmly, after he had kissed her little hand that hung over his shoulder.

"You are indeed, wrong, my poor Roséïde; with beauty such as yours, to fear a rival in any one; least of all, in so plain, not to say ugly a person, as Mademoiselle Guimard; for are you not as Fontenelle said to-night, 'one in a thousand,' my own Roséïde."

"Ah! but ugly as Mademoiselle Guimard is," quickly replied Roséïde, with a woman's logical tenacity on those points, "the men do nothing but run after and ruin themselves for her."

"*Chacq'un à son goût*," smiled Saint Germain, "but I assure you *mine* would be to run *from* her rather than *after* her. But having heard all you had to say, now let me return to my original premises, namely, that whatever follies or faults, not to say, vices or crimes, women may commit, we men, are

always directly or indirectly, the cause of them; you have indeed been guilty of great and most reprehensible folly, for a woman cannot act with the levity you have done to-night, without failing in her duty to the only two beings she owes duty to; namely, God and *herself*. But, had your folly degenerated into vice, *I* should have been the cause of it; for why did I disregard your feelings by not being more demonstrative in my love towards you? as *that* was the manner in which you wished me to love you, why did I not also at once confide in you the cause of my visits to Mademoiselle Guimard? which coming to your ears as they did, were calculated to drive you into precisely the folly you have been guilty of. But above all, why did I first bring you and then leave you, young, beautiful, innocent and inexperienced, without shield or buckler, save the bright but fragile one of innate purity, (which stratagem too often tarnishes if not utterly destroys!) to be a conspicuous target for the skilfully aimed and invenomed arrows of a world, through which *none* can pass *perfectly unscathed*? for there *is none* save the great God of heaven and earth, who “*is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.*” *Human eyes must* behold it when it is brought before them; and verily there is *no* pitch whose contact defileth like unto the molten sin-dregged bitumen of a demoralized and luxurious society. *To all this*, poor child! have *I* exposed *you*; then in what do *I* differ

from the mass of mankind whose iniquity I deprecate, for having *even of the commandments of God taken the lion's share* ; for while one's ears ache with the Mosaic echo, that *wives*, are to "*love, honor and obey*" their husbands, we never hear a word about men's '*loving and cherishing*' *their wives, endowing them with all their worldly goods, and cleaving to them only until death do them part* ;' probably, because no such things are ever done by them, and may therefore be styled *pious fictions*, like those monstrous *legal fictions* which *they* have instituted, constituting married women nonentities in law ; their very souls being merged in their husband's will and pleasure, till the husband happens upon any emergency to require that the wife should beggar herself to satisfy his caprice, craft, or extravagance, when the aforesaid all-wise and equitable law immediately erects the wife into an autocrat, with unlimited power to execute, what in legal jargon is termed an '*instrument*,' wherewith to do herself as much irrevocable harm, as she, or rather, as her lord and master pleases ; so much for the iron tariff of the *law*. Then comes our one-sided code of social equity, *we* exact that our wives' innermost thoughts and feelings should *be bared to our view*, clear and pure, as water seen through a crystal glass ; while of *our own interior world*, to *them* we make an impenetrable *bastile*, from our banker's book down to our broken vows. *This was*

not the code that God in heaven framed, nor the example, which God on earth set us, nor the precepts that Christ crucified, left us, which were to '*love one another,*' and to *bear one another's burdens.* *Have we done so,* even by our brother MAN? Alas! NO! and still less have we done it by our more defenceless sister, WOMAN; on the contrary, we have taken advantage of *her* weakness to inflict upon her all the heaviest burdens of life's weary pilgrimage; while we have abused *our own strong power* to charter our own heir-loom vices. The blessed ONE of Nazareth *who cast out sin, but sheltered sorrow,* bade '*him who was without sin cast the first stone,*' since then, WHICH amongst us has been so? yet which amongst us has ceased from lapidating? My GOD! my GOD! how long are such things to be? how long is thy *word*, which is *life*, to be to *this world* like those vacuums in the heavens, which astronomers term *luminous nebulae*, a *light only existing to shew a void.* Is the tractable physical creation ever to distance the intractable moral one? For the propagation of solar light is 41,518 geographical miles, (or) 166,072 ordinary miles in a second; nearly a million times quicker than the rate of sound. Whereas, the *sound* of thy gospel has now been among men for nearly eighteen hundred years; *but when will its pure effulgent LIGHT penetrate into their souls, and ripen the good seed into the better fruit of action?* Till I, as well as the rest do

in all things the will of our Father which is in heaven, I should indeed have little right to sit in judgment upon your more venial transgressions, my poor Roséide!" concluded Saint Germain, taking her in his arms, and imprinting a kiss upon her forehead.

"Dear! dear Ernest!" said she, looking up into his eyes with a wild and passionate admiration, yet with one of those strange antitheses of feeling of which her existence appeared composed; the gaze had at the same time in it an almost religious veneration, which seemed only to kneel on the creature, in order to bring its worship nearer to the Creator. "Dear Ernest," continued she, "if I could only *always* look at and listen to you, I know, I feel, that I should in time grow *good*, for I should be *so happy!* your eyes seem to light up my heart like sunshine, and your words to flow through it like some clear and gentle river, vivifying and fertilising every better feeling in my nature, for *you*, with all your *immeasurable* superiority, or most likely *because* of it, *you* never humiliate *my* inferiority, *you* never throne upon your authority to make a footstool of *my* dependence; whereas other men, even while they flatter, degrade us, and however bright the flowers of adulation may be that they wreath for us, they are still but the garlands of the victim, and the knife and the flame of the sacrifice ever gleam in the distance. I know you do not like my alluding to that dream of mine, when

I dreamt that I belonged to that horrid old woman, and that I was called Corella; but I must tell you, dear Ernest, that never since I have known the heaven of being your wife have I suffered in mind and body as I did at that place to-night--I mean Ramponneau's, for the place was *exactly* as I saw it in my dream, only at the little table where first I saw you there was seated a heavy-looking man as *unlike you* as night to day; but still the impression was so sickeningly vivid, that I every moment expected to see that horrible garret, in the eaves of the great house where I thought I used to live with Marie Cadel, rise up around me." A scarcely suppressed shudder came over Saint Germain. "And then," continued Roséide, "to mystify me more completely in my abstraction, I had pulled Monsieur de Nesmond's bouquet to pieces, and this sprig of heath, *exactly like* the one I dreamt you had dropped, alone remained in my hand."

"Well," said Saint Germain, with a gentle but melancholy smile, taking it from her, and tapping her cheek with it, "I will henceforward keep and love this little flower for your sake, my own Roséide, as you did the one in your dream for mine; which will prove to that lovely little head filled with so many foolish fancies, that *dreams always go by contraries*, as the old women say, and he put the sprig of heather into his bosom.

"Oh, will you indeed *wear it for love of me?*"

cried Roséïde, bursting into tears of delight, as she buried her face in Saint Germain's bosom, to which he pressed her more closely than he had ever done before. For a few seconds neither of them spoke, and then Saint Germain lifting up her head, said—

“Would my own love like to go to England?”

“With *you*?”

“Of course with me.”

“*Oh! any where with you; but——*”

“But what?” interrupted Saint Germain.

“If I had a choice,” continued she, smiling through her tears, and lowering her voice to a whisper, though there was no one present, “I would rather it was to Siberia we went, for *then* I should be with *you*, and *you only*, and no one would ever look upon you, *but me.*”

“And the snow,” said Saint Germain, playfully.

“Oh! the snow is all the better,” laughed Roséïde, “for *then* you never *could* leave the *beaten track* without my finding you out.”

“Little tyrant!” said he, affecting to slap her hand, which he held within both of his; “the fact is, like the children, you grow naughty when you are kept up too late, so I shall just carry you to bed.”

In another hour Roséïde slept that calm happy sleep which the reaction from great and painful mental excitement to its opposite extreme of joyous security insures, especially to the young.

Saint Germain watched by her as she slept.

“Surely, surely,” murmured he, as he gazed upon the calm and exquisitely beautiful face before him ; “if human love makes us sin, it is a fearful retribution that deprives us of its power, and so leaves our very virtues without a soul for want of it. Beautiful Roséide ! fair young human blossom that thou art ! as yet without blight or canker ! *why can I not love thee ?* why, like the pale orchis of the east, that grows red when planted near the rose of Stamboul, cannot *my* wan colourless heart imbibe love and life from thine ? Oh, no ! no ! it may not be ! the brand is burnt ! the die is cast ! the seal is set ! and I must live, on ! on ! for ever ! *but never LOVE again !* yet GOD IS LOVE ! will *He* then not at length have mercy upon *me* ? Strange ! strange ! appalling difference between men’s natural life and my supernatural one ! I can pity, guide, protect, and admire, but I cannot LOVE ! while *they* can love, and yet persecute, envy, hate, and destroy ! Well ! well ! were the choice still within my grasp, I would even *now*, at the expiration of all these many burnt-out centuries, take all their human failings for one, *only one touch* of their human feeling ! Yet, no !” continued he, gloomily, “that is intense selfishness ; which not even the ill-gotten Promethean spark for which I scaled *eternity* ! has yet been able totally to consume. The impossibility of loving only leaves my *own* heart cold and desolate, but as *I now know* the right, and still the right pursue, I can impart to

all others the genial glow denied to mine ; whereas other men, to propitiate that moloch passion that I envy them ! sacrifice *all* else to it, often *even* the idol they have set up in its honour ! Poor young, loving, trusting, gentle girl ! at all events *such* shall not be *your* fate ; and if the trellis-work *be* dark and rude round which the passion-flower twines, it will not the less serve to shelter it from the treacherous wooings of the ever-changing wind ; lean, lean, then, shed all your fading leaves on me, and though I *cannot feel them*, 'twill prevent their falling and being trampled into the cold unspiritual earth."

As Saint Germain stood gazing at her, Roséïde began to murmur in her sleep that same old Moorish air which on the night he had taken her from the Hôtel de Coligny, had so startled and so fearfully excited him ; and now, as in her rich low voice she distinctly uttered the Moorish words, a dark shadow fell across the room, and Narguilé, the Arab, unperceived by Saint Germain, passed through, and pointing with the look of a fiend to the bed, rubbed his dusky impalpable-looking hands as Roséïde sang—

" *Oh ! thou gentle summer air,
Be thou kind as thou art fair ;
Learn to murmur like the dove,
And bear my soul unto my love ;
Hear my vow, and hear my sigh,
Tell her without her I die !
MIRAMOLIN I would not be,
So SHE but deign to look on me ;
But if her heart be like SIERRA NEVADA,
Then woe, woe is me, and woe to GRANADA !*"

Again the cold dew rolled from Saint Germain's forehead ; again his hair stood on end like so many fossilised snakes ; the veins in his temples swelled like a knotted cordage ; the night lamp was flickering in its socket, and the dappled grey light of morning began to glide stealthily, yet hastily, into the room. A strange transfiguration seemed to steal over Roséïde's features ; for a moment there was a nullibiety of all form, colour, and expression, and then from fair, that they had been, they suddenly became dark, but it was that luminous darkness like to the children of the south, whose blood seems woofed with sun-beams.

“ Néroli ! Néroli ! *mine ! mine at last ! mine for ever !*” cried Saint Germain, frantically flinging himself upon the bed, and clasping the sleeping form before him wildly in his arms, but at *his touch the likeness vanished*. Roséïde, hurt by the violence of his embrace, struggled feebly, and murmured—

“ Ernest, dear Ernest ! save me ! Marie Cadel is dragging me away !”

“ Madman ! fool ! idiot ! tenfold Ixion that I am !” muttered he, between his closed teeth, gently replacing Roséïde's head upon the pillow, and then dashing the dew of agony from his forehead, as the storm drifts the foam from the wave ; with folded arms and eyes bent on the ground, he slowly, but calmly quitted the room, to prepare for his meeting with Monsieur de Nesmond.

*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*

At ten minutes after five that morning, Gustave Agricole Anne de Nesmond left a few drops of his hot blood among the cool daisies and violets of Meudon, from a slight scratch he had received in his sword-arm from the Comte de Saint Germain. At ten the same morning "*Les Nouvelles á la main*" had *chansonnée* 'd the whole affair, with as many additional *facts* as its contributors and *rédacteur* could *improvisés*, and two hours later the Saint Germaines were on their way to England, leaving their name and fame to the mercy of that ever just and lenient tribunal the PUBLIC. The result was, that before evening all Paris had exclaimed with ONE voice (and a pretty shrill one it is when unanimous)—"*Cet horreur de Saint Germain! avec son air Caton tramé Platon! son affaire avec La Guimard n'était rien; mais! d'exiler sa pauvre petite femme en Angleterre!*"

LE MONSTRE!!!

CHAPTER X.

“ As long as men enact the law,
And women must obey !
No wonder such a line they draw,
What we may do and they.
There’s not a flower *they* may not clutch,
They rove from sweet to sweet ;
While we must never stoop to touch,
A daisy at our feet !”

R. Monckton Milnes.

“ This is unfortunately a common case ; and of all the tyranny and cruelty exercised in the world, I believe that of bad husbands and fathers is by much the most frequent and the worst.”—*Dr. Aikin.*

A VERY few weeks after Mr. Dowling’s important discovery of Evelyn’s visit to “ Jenny’s Whim,” Mr. Howard, thinking himself strong in this one compromising fact, and trusting the rest of the evidence he should require to the good offices of bribery and perjury, he instituted proceedings against her, or rather against the Comte de St. Maur, in Doctors Commons ; and we are in truth compelled to own, that the latter, (though the circumstance was totally unknown to Evelyn) had been seen night after night walking under her windows, and hovering at most unseasonable hours about the Mall entrance of Lord Athenreagh’s house ; consequently, between this *fact*

and the *falsehood* of his having been *seen coming out of the house at those hours*, the perjury was easy. Nevertheless, a few weeks before this charming trial was to take place, Mr. Howard, with that *kind consideration* which he was in the habit of evincing for his wife's feelings, paid her a visit. This time, the disguise he assumed was that of an old woman, thinking it no doubt less compromising to the dignity of the male sex to lie, insult, and outrage under the flimsy flutterings of a petticoat, than under the more important and all privileged garments of his own sex, whose *theoretical* superiority *must be upheld*, however the majority of its wearers may degrade it and themselves by their unworthy and unwarrantable conduct. And *soit dit en passant*, there are amongst the male sex no such sticklers, *viva voce*, for their HONOR! and above all for masculine superiority, as those men, whose probity is at par with that of the Newgate Calendar, and whose passions are below those of the brutes. But of this visit presently. Ever since poor Evelyn had had intimation of this new and crowning conspiracy against her, Valasquez had abandoned his stealthy interviews with Maud, and called openly at the house; for, as he truly said, they stood more than ever in need of some zealous and judicious friend, to advise, assist, and protect them against so much active and powerful villainy. "And look, dear Maud," said he, on the first day of his arrival from Paris, as he sat with the sisters,

helping Evelyn to copy different letters and papers, "look at this little phial;" and he drew from his pocket a *very* small chrystal essence-bottle, of white cut-glass, cased with a thick net-work of burnished gold, as if to protect it from accident; and instead of a cork, it had a gold atmospheric stopper. In this little phial were about six drops of a clear, green liquid, in colour and brilliancy bearing an exact resemblance to an emerald.

"What a little gem!" exclaimed both the sisters; "what is there in it?"

"A vast portion of your happiness, Maud, and perhaps all mine, if you choose to avail yourself of it."

"Dear Raphaël!" sighed Maud, shaking her head reproachfully, as her eyes filled with tears; and she pointed first to her father's unconscious face sitting looking at them from out his great chair, and then she glanced towards Evelyn, "surely this is no time for jesting, when, turn which way I will, I see nothing but misery of one sort or other."

"Neither do I jest, my own Maud! how could you for a moment suppose that *I* could be merry when you were sad? for is not *your* grief mine? Never was I more in earnest: *that* phial contains what would restore not only your father's health, but his intellect."

The sisters both clasped their hands; and, unable to utter a word, between doubt and surprise, looked

at him with eager and inquiring eyes, as if their very existence hung upon his words.

"*True!* I give you my solemn word of honour," resumed Valasquez. "When you were in Paris, you heard a great deal about the Comte de Saint Germain's extraordinary knowledge of chemistry?"

"Oh! ridiculous stories," interrupted Evelyn, "about his having given Madame de Vegy and the Princesse des Ursins, as far back as when Louis Quatorze was a young man, an *Eau de Juvance*."

"I don't allude to those instances," said Raphaël, though that of Madame de Vegy *I can vouch for*, as I with my own eyes saw her when I was a boy, and her husband was ambassador at Madrid, looking *eighteen at sixty-two*, but only a month ago, in Paris, there was a compatriot of mine, an old Conde di Montenegro, his age is eighty-nine, thirteen years older than Lord Athenreagh; and he had had, a year ago, a much more severe paralytic stroke than your father's; his grand-daughter came to the Comte de Saint Germain, and having heard of his wonderful knowledge, entreated him to give her something that would restore her grandfather, not only physically, but morally, and that should not abridge his life. Saint Germain smiled, and replied, that at eighty-nine the fraud could not be very extensive even if it did; but seeing the poor girl's despair, he took a sheet of paper, and cast his horoscope, as another person would have summed up a common sum in

addition. "Ah, I perceive," cried he to the Signora di Montenegro, "that your grandfather's years will run out till ninety-six, so for thirteen years it is worth while to restore him to health ;" and so saying, he went into another room, and returned with a little phial, containing a bright green liquid, and cased in a gold network *exactly* similar to this, which he gave to Anunciata di Montenegro, telling her to administer the whole of its contents, *at two separate intervals* of six hours between each, to her grandfather, and that he would be as well as he had ever been in his life ; only retaining a perfect recollection of all he had suffered during the palsy, and a grateful consciousness of his freedom from it. You may be sure, that I no sooner heard this, than my first thought was your father ! so the very next morning, as soon as decency would permit of my presenting myself, I hastened to the Rue Jaques Cœur, where the Montenegros live, to convince myself of the efficacy of this elixir ;—not that *I* for a moment doubted it, for from my own personal knowledge of the wonderful heights and depths of science that the Comte de Saint Germain has attained to, I would unhesitatingly swallow even *aqua tofano* or canteria, if he but assured me that he had rendered them innocuous. On my arrival at the Montenegros, I was ushered up stairs, and who should advance to meet me but Don José himself, without even the support of a cane ! 'My dear friend,' said the old man, embracing me

‘your Comte de Saint Germain is then a god! and my little Annunciata here an angel! since between them they work miracles! and have made of a poor old paralytic valetudinarian, a happy, active, and young man! for positively I don’t feel more than thirty; and to convince the world that *I am not*, I am going to give a ball to this little girl, at which I think I shall dance myself! so you must come to it, Raphaël, if it is only to witness this *tour de force* of the man *your father* used to call *old* José di Montenegro!’ I promised to do so; and then shortened my visit, in order to hasten to the Hôtel de Rôhan Soubise, to obtain another phial of this inestimable elixir from the Comte de Saint Germain; whom, however, I could not help reproaching with unkindness, in never having offered it to me before, when he knew the terrible blow your father’s almost insensible state had been to all my hopes. He smiled, in his own peculiar and unfathomable manner, and said, that he had made it a rule never to *volunteer* any of the numerous specifics, of the secrets of which he was possessed, but that he always gave them freely when asked; he then took from the secret drawer of a curious old ebony and gold cabinet this phial, and moreover offered me a seat in his carriage to England, if I could wait till the end of the week, when he and Madame de Saint Germain intended leaving Paris for London; but the end of the week seemed an eternity to me, so that *oery moment* I hastened home,

and made preparations for quitting Paris, never stopping till I reached London."

Had Valasquez' journey been as fatiguing to him, as the transit from Paris to London was to ordinary mortals in those days, the look Maud gave him, would have amply repaid him for any possible hardships he might have undergone.

"My dear Don Raphaël!" said Evelyn, pressing his hand between both of hers; "don't think me ungrateful; but why did you not instantly write and tell us of the blessing you had in store for us, that we might have time to realise so much unexpected happiness?"

"I could not, for it is only two hours ago that Saint Germain gave me the elixir; and—"

"Two hours ago!" interrupted both the sisters at once.

"That is, I mean," said Raphaël, stammering, and colouring; "that,—that,—two hours after I obtained this precious phial, I started with it myself for England, and thought I should arrive as soon, and more surely than a letter. At all events, I was sufficiently selfish to wish to *witness* the happiness which I knew it would afford you."

"*That*, I am sure is the least reward you can have," said Evelyn; "but you are quite *sure*," added she, "that it's results are *infallible*, and are not succeeded by any *bad* effects."

"And you say," interposed Maud, "that the per-

son who takes it, retains a clear remembrance of all they have suffered ; and, consequently, a profound gratitude towards the person who has restored them to health and strength."

"Yes, yes, dear Maud," replied Valasquez, answering her queries first ; "*that* is the most invaluable part of this miraculous elixir ; for, surely your father will no longer look upon a man with distrust and dislike, who has restored him to health, not to say to life, as existence without health, can scarcely be deemed such."

"And now," said Evelyn, laughing, "that you have propounded what you deem the *most valuable* attributes of this elixir ; perhaps you will have the kindness to answer *my* poor matter-of-fact inquiry, *solely* relating to *my* father's well-being ; has it *any* even the *slightest* *ulterior* pernicious result?"

"None whatever ; since, up to the latest hour of existence, it restores the mind, as well as the body, to a tone of youthful vigour and freshness."

"Oh ! then," exclaimed Maud and Evelyn, both together, "let us not lose a moment in giving it to him."

"You forget," objected Raphaël, "that it is to be administered at two separate intervals, of six hours each. And, if I am to have the happiness of giving it to him, it would be now too late for me to see the result of the last three drops he has to take ; but with your permission, I will be here at eight to-mor-

row morning. Lord Athenreagh must not get up, as the nature of the elixir is to throw him into a profound sleep, from which he will only awaken for a few seconds, *on the stroke of the sixth hour*, that is, as the clock is striking three; I will then give him the remainder of the contents of the phial; and, at nine o'clock to-morrow night, you will have the unutterable happiness of being embraced by a *living*, conscious father, who will be *able* to thank and to bless you both, for the years of unremitting duty, care, and affection, you have evinced towards him."

"Oh! Raphaël!" said Maud, clasping her hands; and those were the only words she could utter; but the tone in which she pronounced them, and the look by which they were accompanied, spoke volumes to Valasquez, while Evelyn exclaimed,

"Ah! my dear Don Raphaël, *if* such indeed be its results, how can we ever sufficiently prove our gratitude to you?"

"I think," said he; "Maud may easily contrive to do so; and, as for you, dear Lady Evelyn—"

"As for me," interrupted Evelyn, "I suppose you mean to say, you impertinent person, you don't care whether *I* am grateful or not."

"On the contrary," laughed Valasquez; "I meant to say, that for the rest of your life, I should force you to do whatever I pleased, by continually reminding you of the obligations you were under to me."

"Upon my word!" replied Evelyn, laughing; "I

see that Coventry, having anticipated you in the marital line, you mean to strike out the new rôle of a tyrannical brother-in-law."

"Precisely so!" said Raphaël.

"Well, at all events, there is one comfort for me," said Evelyn.

"And what may that be, pray?"

"Why, that the same receipt that the cookery books give, for making jugged hare, holds good with regard to brother-in-law."

"In what manner, may I ask?"

"In order," said Evelyn, opening one of Made-moiselle de Scudery's huge romances, and pretending to read from it, as if from a cookery book: "*In order to make a brother-in-law you must first catch your wife!*"

"Oh!" said Valasquez, laughing, as he seized his hat, and rose to depart; "now that I perceive you are becoming *venomous*, I shall go."

"But you will be here at eight to-morrow morning, will you not?" said Maud.

"Can you doubt it?" replied he, as he kissed her hand previous to his departure.

Half an hour after, Lord Athenreagh was taken out for his morning drive; and, as the sisters were sitting *en tête-à-tête*, a servant entered, and said, that an old "woman, who had been sent by Lady Bridget Cheney, wished to see Lady Evelyn."

"Shew her into the dining-room," said the latter,

“and I will go to her;” and, almost immediately, she locked up the papers she had been arranging, and was leaving the room for that purpose, when Maud cried out,

“Stay, Evelyn, I’ll go with you; for it seems to me, as if just now, even the common air was pregnant with danger to you, and, therefore, that you ought not to be allowed to inhale it alone.”

“Thanks, my valiant, though by no means formidable champion,” said Evelyn, kissing her sister’s forehead, as she passed her arm through hers, and they both descended together; “but don’t you know, sister mine, that what *must be, will be*; and, though human hands barb the arrows, the shafts are sent from above.”

“True, my poor Evelyn!” rejoined Maud; “but so are the means of averting them also.”

“Sometimes,” said Evelyn, with a deep sigh, “not always; for some there are, and verily I am one of them, who seem to be the targets of misfortune, and when there is not a fresh place, for her sharp aims to pierce, she speeds them into the old wounds anew. The worst of this is, that the spirit grows too weary and lacerated to kneel; and, when that is the case, it is apt to *faint*. But mine is fortunate, to have loving, faithful, patient arms like yours, Maud, to receive it; for, how many are there, that, under similar circumstances, are trampled into the dust, by unfeeling power; while every wound is made to fester

and rankle, under the world's cold blighting breath of selfishness and indifference."

The sisters had no sooner entered the dining-room, and the door closed upon them, than the pretended old woman, throwing back her hood, and assuming a very masculine attitude of menace, and brutality, discovered the features of Mr. Howard.

"I am come, Madam," said he, addressing Evelyn, "to give you a fair chance of avoiding the disgrace which awaits you."

An indescribable look of loathing contempt, mingled with proud resolution, passed over Evelyn's face, as, drawing herself up to her full height, she calmly replied,

"I have incurred no disgrace, sir, therefore I fear no shame."

"Oh! indeed, Madam! your dignified airs would be amusing, had I time to be amused at them; but you seem to forget, that there is no *real crime*, which ever bears the brand of guilt half so glaringly to the *discriminating* eyes of the world, as the fact of a person's, above all, of a woman's, being friendless, unprotected, and persecuted; especially if her enemies are well backed *by power* and *place*, which latter category, is fortunately the one in which *I* am placed; for, for some years past, I and my family, have been able to render sundry undefineable services to Sir Robert Walpole and his ministry; and there *is no gratitude*, like political gratitude! which has

for its basis *the fear of exposure* ; *this mutual tie* which plunges *the obliged*, as deeply in the mud as *the obligée* is in the mire, forms a gordian knot, which no sword yet made, least of all *that of justice*, can sever. Hence, kingdoms may crumble ! ministries change ! and individuals, the most united fall out. Still, *He* who has rendered *nameless* services to a government, vulgarly and vaguely called *dirty work*, is sure, under all succeeding administrations, (for he becomes an heir-loom to them,) to be the possessor of a species of occult omnipotence, that awes while it puzzles the uninitiated mass. *This omnipotence* some men take out in stars and garters, places and pensions ; while *others*—and to the *latter* wise class *I* belong—prefer constituting themselves a sort of social omnipresence, bending, colouring, and moulding *all persons, circumstances, and results* to *their* sovereign will ; making the voice of public opinion but a hollow echo, whose every inflection is borrowed from their own ; drawing the bandage of justice over her *ears* as well as her *eyes*, and nudging her elbow till she entangles her own beam, and grows deceitful upon the weights ; making of the liberty of the press a cap to fit all wrong heads, and cover all false statements ; standing sentinel over the gilded doors of palaces, and the iron gates of prisons, to open wide the former to the worthless and the wicked, and to incarcerate within the latter the poor and the patronless.—To be, in short, a sort of moral

malaria, breeding, through unsuspected sources, feuds and anger among chief friends, as fens and marshes breed fevers and agues in the healthiest constitutions. *Such*, madam, are the weapons which *I* am enabled to wield against *you* ; and when I once more remind you that you have neither father nor brother, and are therefore completely in my *power*—*power* is the word, for *power it is*—you will perceive that it is not so much an alarm to your timidity as a calm and *friendly* appeal to your judgment that I am making, in urging you to beware how *you*, single-handed, contend with this giant and invisible legion, to which the victory is insured before the combat has commenced ; and the method I am willing to propose to you, to avoid this crushing defeat and exposure, is to remit me by twelve o'clock to-morrow morning the sum of five thousand pounds. The value of a thing consists in the necessity a person feels *for obtaining, or retaining it* ; therefore, were I at Cairo, with your friend Lady Mary Wortley Montague, wishing to dispose of your person in the slave market, I should not be so unconscionable as to demand half, or even a quarter of that sum ; but as you affect to set a great store upon that bauble, your fair fame, I assure you it is cheap at the price I offer it to you ; for upon the receipt of that sum, I will consent to withdraw the proceedings I have instituted against you ; *but if you refuse*, you will stand desperately in need of that said fair fame, for I promise you, (and

you know *those sort of promises I never break*,) that my measures shall be so astutely, so universally, and above all, *so plausibly taken*, that by this time three months, in that great external bubble called *the world*, you shall not possess a single shred or shadow of reputation."

For a moment Evelyn stood aghast, pale, trembling, and breathless; for, accustomed as she was to every altitude of villainy and depth of meanness in the worthless wretch before her, she really was for once perfectly astounded! Maud, mistaking her silence for hesitation, cried,—

"Surely, surely, Evelyn, you will *not* consent to that which, were you the vile thing that that bold, bad man would try to make you out, would still be a meanness; and as it is, would do more to tarnish your unsullied honour than *all his vile*, too ridiculously vile, calumnies could achieve in a century."

Evelyn made no reply to her sister's appeal but by putting out her hand, as people do when they would enact the word *hush*! and slowly advancing a few steps, with her eyes steadily fixed upon her husband, as if she would pierce with one look his craven soul through his dastardly body, enveloped as it now was in the grotesque rags of a cowardly disguise, she said, tearing her wedding ring from her finger, flinging it on the floor, and stamping on it,—

"*There* is my answer, sir; as I spurn that eternal fetter, and cruel badge of my slavery, so I spurn *you*

and your vile offer ! So glaring and clumsy an insult, adopted as it was without any of your ordinary skill and cunning, should have at least been broken to me with your usual dexterity, but truly the execution has been as coarsely gross as the design. With your political arsenal, which you have this morning thought fit to lay bare to me, *I have long been to my cost acquainted* ; but as your object was to intimidate, you should have been more ambiguous and mysterious in the phantoms you evoked ; for it is impossible for the weakest minds to feel afraid of that with which they are familiar, and which they *thoroughly despise* ; but Vernon Lascels Howard, you forget *that by this time I know you too well*, and therefore know that the *truth is not in you !* and were I base enough to purchase that which I have never lost, except in marrying you,—I mean *my good name*,—you would be the first to laugh at my mean credulity ; for your motive in offering me this crowning outrage is to obtain a divorce, by the villainous influences which you have so unblushingly boasted you were possessed of, in order to marry one of your victims—that unhappy young creature, Zillah Zamora, whose portion is one million ; and having formed this daring design, it is not likely that you would forego it for the paltry sum of £5000 ; but it would have been, *ad interim*, a very nice little addition to your current expenses, and above all, would have made a charming history to laugh over at White's and Wills's. You see, sir,

ou pent être plus fin qu'un autre ; mais non plus fin que tous les autres."

The case was so precisely as Evelyn had stated it, that Mr. Howard bit his lip through with impotent rage ; for to a villain, detection or defeat implies ridicule—the only sense of shame to which they are amenable.

"So, Madam!" said he, folding his arms and grinding his teeth, and by way of parrying the charge, returning to it ; "you refuse my *kind—my considerate—offer?* and you madly brave *my power?*"

"*I do, sir ;* trusting to a power that *you* have forgotten !"

"I think not, Madam. There is not a single power in the cabinet, be it paramount or subordinate, that I have not anticipated and secured ; and the bar and the bench of bishops follow as a matter of course, for *they* are state puppets, that never run counter to the skilful hand that directs the cords of lawn and silk, by which they are moved."

"Truly," said Evelyn, "the power I allude to is little in your councils, and less in your hearts ; but nevertheless I will not dread or shrink from the corruption of the courts below, as long as I have an incorruptible judge and unerring advocate *in those above.*"

"Ha ! ha ! then God help you, since to *Him* you trust," said Mr. Howard, with a sardonic grin of scepticism that his friends Voltaire and Bolingbroke

might have envied him, as he pulled his hood over his face, and darting through the glass door, disappeared by the Mall.

“*Monster !*” exclaimed Maud, first fastening and locking the glass door on the inside, and then throwing her arms round Evelyn’s neck ; “ you are right, my own dear sister, *that* is a power that will *not* fail you—that *never does* fail those who diligently seek and *truly rely upon it* ; and oh ! Evelyn, try and banish from your thoughts that relentless, wicked man ; and let us both lay our anger aside, and pray that to-morrow we may not be alone in the world, but have an earthly father to watch over us.”

And side by side they knelt—those two gentle sisters, with their ONE heart, which they offered up to God ; and gradually their sighs ceased, and their tears were dried, as they entered further into that blest sanctuary for wounded spirits—PRAYER !

CHAPTER XI.

“Look round our world ; behold the chain of love
Combining all below, and all above.
See plastic nature working to this end
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract—attracted to, the next in place
Formed and impelled its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued
Press to one centre still, the general good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again !”

POPE.

“The whole arcana of our being, both moral and physical, is one continued series of miracles ; yet the moment the Almighty permits man to stumble upon one of the myriad nostrums for body and mind, with which he has so beneficently and lavishly strewn our planet, *then*, and not till then ; we lift up our voices to proclaim a MIRACLE !”
—ROGER BACON.

ON the following morning, punctual as the clock, Valasquez entered Lord Athenreagh's library as the hour of eight was striking. Maud and Evelyn were both in readiness to receive him, and to conduct him upstairs to their father's room ; where Latimer, seated by his bed side, was replying to his inquiries about his daughters, by saying, that they would be there presently.

“Presently, presently, that was long ago !” with difficulty muttered the old man.

“No, dear father, it is *now*, and *presently* you shall

have something that will bring long ago all back to you."

Lord Athenreagh looked vacantly from Maud to Evelyn, and then fixed his glassy eyes upon Valasquez, making with them that sort of purely organic inquiry, from which all mental intelligence and discrimination are absent; as mad or delirious persons seem in the vague wanderings of their darkened spirit, to interrogate the identity of those, with whom in their lucid intervals they are most familiar.

"The Doc?" said he at last, with an effort.

"Yes, dear papa, and the most skilful one you have ever had, one whom we trust, under God, will quite cure you."

Here Raphaël advanced close to the bed; and the poor invalid, who had the habit of mechanically submitting himself to, and obeying Maud, allowed her, without resistance, to open his mouth, while Valasquez dropped three drops of the elixir on his tongue, which instantly exhaled the most deliciously fresh and fragrant perfume through the apartment, like that of newly mown meadow grass, when it is thickly enamelled with purple clover flowers, violets, daisies, and crows-foot. No sooner had Lord Athenreagh swallowed these drops, than his eyes closed, and his head sank upon the pillow in a sleep, so breathless and profound, that it more resembled that of the dead than the living.

"Good God! Raphaël!" exclaimed Maud, with

terror depicted in every feature, as she gazed at her father's rigid and colourless face ; " if the Comte de Saint Germain should have made a mistake, and have given you a wrong phial ?"

" Not the least fear of *that*," replied Raphaël, in an encouraging voice, as he replaced the phial, containing the remainder of the elixir, in his waistcoat pocket ; and then, walking to the toilet table, and taking a small hand glass off it, held it before Lord Athenreagh's mouth for a few seconds. When he shewed the breath upon it to the sisters, " you perceive," said he, " that although the breathing is inaudible, the breath is *there*."

Re-assured by this, the trio seated themselves round the bed, and Latimer brought in breakfast, to which Valaquez did very tolerable justice ; but neither of the sisters touched any thing, as they seemed to think that the whole success of the elixir depended upon their never taking their eyes off of their father's face. At the end of a couple of hours' silent watching, Maud said in a whisper—

" It may be only imagination, but do you know, I fancy, that already I see the muscles of his dear face relaxing."

" I should not think there was any fancy in the case ;" replied Raphaël ; " for since the whole cure is to be effected in twelve hours, I don't see why some change, that is progress, should not take place in two ?"

"Hush!" said Maud, placing her finger on her lip; "not so loud."

"Oh! I forgot to tell you," rejoined Valasquez, "that a pistol might be fired by the bedside, and it would not be heard by the person under the influence of that elixir, so that we may talk as loud, and discuss whatever subject we please, even to your new persecutions, dear Lady Evelyn, without any fear of disturbing or distressing Lord Athenreagh. I suppose, nothing fresh has occurred since I left you yesterday?"

As poor Evelyn's only reply, was to burst into a flood of tears, Maud related the whole scene that had taken place on the previous day, with the *soi-disant* old woman, pretending to having been sent by Lady Bridget Cheney; and Mr. Howard's last villainous and insulting proposition.

"The dastardly, unmanly, contemptible wretch!" said Valasquez, clenching his hand; "but with all his cleverness, and all his villainy, and in these days they seem to be thought synonymous, the man appears to me a fool! for were you, my dear Lady Evelyn, as infamous as his dear friend Lady Glensborough herself, considering the life of notorious vice he is leading, and has led, ever since he married you, he could not bring his accusations (even were they true) against you into any court in Europe, with the slightest chance of success, much less his barefaced perjuries."

"You forget," said Evelyn bitterly, "the unusual means of victory that he boasts of having at his command; besides, he cannot fail in outraging and injuring me, if he achieves nothing more, and *that* is after all his chief aim."

"But for the life of me, I cannot conceive," said Raphaël, "what line of perjury he can possibly set up; for every one who knows you, also knows that it would be impossible, for the most vigilant malice, to detect in your conduct, even any thing which from bordering upon the equivocal, might be obnoxious to misconstruction."

"Alas!" replied Evelyn with a sigh, "I fear *that* is more than can be said of the actions of any human being; on the contrary, it is often those of our actions, which are woofed with our greatest virtues, that *appearances warp with wrong*; and as Voltaire says, in his lines upon his dream of the Queen of Prussia—

*"Toujours un peu de vérité se mêle.
Au plus grossier mensonge ;"*

and depend upon it, as society is now organised, the *smallest* particle of truth, were it no bigger than a grain of sea sand, is too often sufficient to constitute a solid, and indestructible foundation for the superstructure of the most brazen and colossal falsehood."

"Well, if *that man* has the power of injuring *you* more than he has already done; "I shall deny the justice of Heaven," said Valasquez.

"Nay," rejoined Evelyn; "the more unjust *men*

are, the more I am convinced of the justice of Heaven ; for all the crooked, and gnarled sinuosities of evil *permitted* to impart giant strength and triumph to the wicked in this world, only go to prove that the justice of God, is creation's great enigma, which that omniscient sphinx ETERNITY alone can solve, but which is not the less justice the most even-handed, and immutable, because to our purblind and circumscribed vision, it so often here below wears the transient phases of *injustice*."

"You remind me," said Valasquez; "of Saint Germain, who is the most practical optimist that I know."

"Which only proves," replied Evelyn, "that he is a *real Christian*, notwithstanding the unhallowed doctrines attributed to him by the vulgar."

"Yes, that I can answer for ;" said Raphaël.

"Hush!" cried Maud, pointing to her father ; who now muttered some unintelligible words in his sleep, and then after a deep sigh, seemed to breathe with the gentle evenness of an infant.

Valasquez took out his watch : it was one o'clock. "I have an appointment," said he, "at Wills's at a quarter past one, with Harry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke's nephew, who has just got the living of Cripplegate, and invites people, as his uncle says, to church, with a sort of semi-benevolent, semi-patronising manner, as if he were a *millionnaire* asking poor devils to dinner ; and if you don't go, he re-

gularly makes you a present of his last text, the first time he meets you ; but as Selwyn says, it was a merciful intervention of Providence, that he *only* went into the church, and did *not* go into parliament ; or else he would have wreaked his speeches upon every ill-fated individual with whom he came in contact. Farewell for a short time, I shall be back by half-past two, and I leave you the happy contemplation of that already improved visage ;” said he, pointing to Lord Athenreagh’s calmly sleeping face.

No sooner had Valasquez closed the door, than drawing their chairs close to the bed-side, and keeping their eyes riveted on their father, the sisters relapsed into total silence, without any interruption to their fixed contemplation, than that of every five minutes looking at their watches. At length, when for the last time they did so, at the expiration of an hour and a half, Maud exclaimed :

“ Good heavens ! it only wants ten minutes to three ! and Raphaël has not yet returned, and he has the elixir with him. Evelyn ! Evelyn ! if he should not be here in time ! and what papa has already taken of that mysterious *Flacon* should be fatal to him without the rest, *I* shall have been his murderer !”

“ Say *we* at least,” said Evelyn, with a wan smile ; for she fully participated in all her sister’s terrible fears and misgivings, though, to cheer Maud, she affected to make light of them. “ Say *we*, at least,

Maud, for you have two accomplices, Don Raphaël and myself; but I very much doubt his not being here in the exact nick of time, since his whole fate as well as ours depends upon it."

While Evelyn was still speaking, the door opened and Valasquez entered; throwing his hat and gloves upon a chair, unfastening his sword, and laying it upon a table, he with one hand drew the little golden netted phial from his waistcoat pocket, and with the other took out his watch.

"Five minutes to three," said he, his eyes still fixed on the dial, as he advanced towards the bed. The sisters rose; by tacit consent none of the trio spoke, but each kept their eyes breathlessly fixed on their respective watches, while these five portentous minutes were slowly running out, to complete the maturity of this supreme and fate-fraught HOUR!

"NOW!!!"

cried the three voices simultaneously as

"The press'd watch returned a silver sound."

"Maud, Evelyn, my darlings, where are you?" said Lord Athenreagh, raising himself for a moment on his elbow, looking lucidly around him, and uttering this inquiry with a perfectly clear, and distinct enunciation. But before his daughters could reply to it, Valasquez had dropped the three remaining drops of the elixir into the old man's mouth, and he again sank down in a profound sleep upon his pillow, but his face was no longer pale, rigid, and distorted—

but calm, and flexible, suffused with the genial and roseate hues of health. The sisters clasped each other's hands, burst into tears, and knelt down to thank God. When they rose up, still weeping, but smiling through her tears, Evelyn flung her arms round Raphaël's neck, saying—

“My dear, Don Raphaël, it is well there is a *little* gratitude in *some* of this family, for *that girl there* seems to have no sense of the eternal obligations we are all under to you;” and here Evelyn recollected she wanted her tambour frame out of the octagon room, and went in quest of it. Whether Maud evinced a more grateful feeling to Valasquez, after her sister's departure, I shall not pretend to say; for I really think it is quite scandalous the system of *espionnage*, that authors carry out, with regard to those poor drones of society, *Lovers!* not only retailing every *little* absurdity they *do*, but every *great* absurdity they *think*. All I know, is, that when Evelyn and the tambour frame returned, Maud's eyes were no longer fixed upon her father; and Raphaël's chair had become by some occult operations of electricity, most miraculously close to hers; and strange to say, all the *breast* of his violet and gold brocade coat, was covered with powder, while, on the contrary, Maud's *hair* seemed to have lost all that his coat had gained. A silly fashion that powder, *a very* silly fashion! but silly as it was, I think this little anecdote is alone sufficient to prove—

que ce ne sont pas les amoureux qui ont inventée la poudre !

“ Well, what’s the news at Wills’s to-day ? ” asked Evelyn, seating herself before her tambour frame, without apparently remarking the revolution of the chairs that had taken place during her absence.

“ As usual,” replied Valasquez, “ the town is ringing with a new escapade of Sir William Burdett’s. It seems that the other night, at ‘ *Jenny’s Whim*,’ he, and a lady of easy virtue, (for English society at present, appears to be divided into ladies of easy virtue, as it is called, and ladies of *uneasy* virtue, as it ought to be called, judging by the fuss they make about it,) well, this said *lady*, dressed as a princess of the house of Brandenburg, with her *protector* Sir William, cheated Lord Castledurrow, and Captain Rodney, out of a large sum at faro ; and last evening, Castledurrow meeting the baronet at Ranelagh, went up to him, and said, tendering him a *third* of the sum he had *nominally* lost at ‘ *Jenny’s Whim*.’ ‘ *Sir William, here is the sum, that I think I lost to you last night ; since then, I have heard that you are a NOTED PICKPOCKET ! and therefore, I desire to have nothing more to do with you.*’ The black leg baronet took the money with a low bow, as if he had received the most flattering compliment, instead of a well merited insult—and then, with the most imperturbable *sang froid*, asked Castledurrow if he would set him down at Buckingham gate and before ;

the latter could put his astonishment and indignation into words, he jumped into his lordship's chariot, and coolly told his servants to drive to Buckingham gate ; but no doubt, as Horace Walpole said, who just now told me all this at Wills's, ' the blackguard baronet, will still be smiled on, and prosper in our moral and highminded society.'

"How disgraceful to be sure," said Evelyn.

"Oh ! and another piece of news," cried Raphaël, ' Lady Coventry had a daughter at five o'clock this morning, and then, as Arbuthnot says, fell into violent hysterics, fearing "*My lord, never would forgive her because it was not a son!*" This, and the robbery at Wills's, is, I think, all the news I heard."

"Robbery !"

"Yes, they have had a quantity of plate stolen, and the French coffee roaster, *Achille Levrier*, and the head waiter Dingleby, or Dingleby-hatch, as they call him, are strongly suspected of being the culprits."

"Why do they call him Dingleby-hatch ?" asked Maud.

"Because the gentleman, who is rather of a scientific and experimental turn, as you may suppose by the abstraction of the plate imputed to him, some time ago, undertook to supply the coffee-room with chickens at a reduced rate, by the Egyptian plan of hatching them in an oven ; and by the bye, I think it must have been one of these 'half made up,

scientific abortions that gave rise to another *mot* of Selwyn's. Just as I was coming away, Arbuthnot had asked him to an early dinner at Wills's; and though the doctor used to rail like his uncle, at poor Pope's parsimony, he seems, to have taken it naturally, for he, and Selwyn, when I left them, were sitting down to a mean-looking, fried sole, and an ossified roast chicken, which, evidently having died of starvation itself, seemed determined, as far as it was concerned, that others might do the same. You know how near-sighted George Selwyn is? well, just as they were seated, Arbuthnot, waving his hands in proud humility, as if he had been depreciating the splendour of a turtle feast, said, '*You see your dinner, Selwyn?*' "

George, aiming his glass at the barren prospect before him, and bringing his face almost to a level with the table-cloth, said slowly, with a profound sigh, that set the whole coffee-room in a roar.

"N——o, my dear doctor, I cannot say that I do—for *that* is precisely what I am *looking for*."

"The poor doctor!" laughed both the sisters. "Do you think," asked Evelyn, that he is as clever in his profession as his uncle* was? he is certainly *not* as clever in conversation."

* This Doctor Arbuthnot was nephew to the celebrated John Arbuthnot, the wit of Anne's time, and the friend of Pope, Swift, and Addison. The nephew was reputed to have more wisdom in his profession, though less wit in his conversation, but the successor of greatness of *any kind*, be it social, philosophical, literary, political, scien-

"Why, as a physician, I think he's infinitely cleverer, though as a companion, not comparable to his predecessor ; and he would do well to study his uncle's essay '*On the Effects of Air on Human Bodies*,' for his terribly slouching and ungainly air is as much against him as anything."

Here, the servants entered to lay the cloth for dinuer, which appeared shortly after, rather on a more plentiful scale, than Dr. Arbuthnot's coffee-house banquet to George Selwyn.

"YOU SEE YOUR DINNER?" said Evelyn, smiling at Valasquez, as they seated themselves.

"Yes, *I perceive it*," replied he, with a laugh ; "for it is perfectly visible, *even to the naked eye*."

During the repast, Damson and Phillis, who had remained perdu under their master's bed, first obtruded their two fore paws, and black noses from beneath the valance, then their pretty heads, and reconnoitering with their large, black velvety eyes, and ascertaining that all the inmates of the room were too much occupied to notice *them*, after sundry twitchings of their noses, to make a few hurried extracts of the savoury fumes of the dinner, which they would have been more than dog to resist, they emerged, completely, but stealthily from their hiding

tific, or even military, has as much difficulty in persuading the world into giving it a reputation, as a rusty needle, however fine its point, would have in penetrating through a thick, and closely woven tissu.

place, and then, with one side-long, lingering look at the dinner table, accompanied by a fantasia of sniffing, like canine heroes, as they were, they resisted all further temptation, and sprang nimbly, but noiselessly up on the bed, where they laid down at either side of their master, their noses between their paws, and their eyes fixed with intense anxiety on his hourly improving face ; and there was such a mingled expression of love, hope, and supplication in the countenance of those poor, faithful animals, that it would have made the most arrogantly bigoted as to the *exclusive* privileges of man to invoke his Creator, exclaim with the royal Psalmist, "*qui dat jumentis escam, ipsorum et pullis corvorum invocantibus eum.*"

"Look at those poor darling dogs," said Maud, as soon as the dinner things had been removed, the dessert placed upon the table, and Evelyn had ordered one of the servants to go to St. James's Square, to inquire how Lady Coventry was.

"Look at those dogs !" repeated Maud. "Ah ! Raphaël, if there is such an almost human expression in their eyes, what will there be in those of my dear father, when he wakes, and knows that he owes his recovery to *you* !"

"You do not, I hope, think," replied Valasquez, "that when Lord Athenreagh wakes, *I* am going to remain, to tear from him his gratitude, *vi et armis* in this highwayman sort of fashion. No—no—I will

trust to '*time and the hour*,' to effect some change in my favour, but I certainly won't swindle him out of his good will—and see,"—added he pointing to the two dogs, who were slowly wagging their tails, as without turning their heads or in the slightest degree changing the position of their muzzles, which they had blockaded between their two paws, were sending furtive glances to each of their trio as they spoke, though their eyes, at the end of these transient excursions, ever returned to that only home of a dog's heart, their master's face—"see, both Damsen and Phillis approve of my intention," continued Valasquez; "and I am flattered at it—for surely there can be no better appreciators of honesty, than *the* most honest and faithful creatures in the world."

"Do you think so?" said Maud, with a little look of tender reproach, as she held out one small white hand to Raphaël, which he passionately kissed; and at which mark of spontaneous approbation on the part of Maud, he felt *even* more flattered than he had the moment before done, at the laudatory waggings of canine sympathy, which had greeted the announcement of his upright and loyal feeling with regard to the boon he had bestowed upon Lord Athenreagh. Lovers are proverbially absent; and, as the trio in that still chamber relapsed into total silence, Raphaël, most unaccountably forgot to relinquish the little hand that Maud had

placed in his ; the click of Evelyn's needle against her thimble were the only continuous sounds heard by those mute watchers ; for the rapidly mending invalid's breathing was so gentle and equal, as to be inaudible ; it is true, that every now and then, Maud and Raphaël, parched, no doubt, by the sun-light of each other's looks, extemporised little whirlwinds of sighs, which were echoed by the two dogs, who, notwithstanding their dinners had been left for them in the recess of one of the windows, had refused to leave their watch upon the bed to go to it ; but, though a dog may have the virtue to make his dinner give place to his duty ; yet, *çela n'empêche pas les sentiments !* alias, the appetite, which nine times out of ten, is the *synonyme* of sentiment with man at least, if not with beast ; and so, every time Damson and Phillis looked at their dinner, they sighed, if there *be* such a thing as an aristocracy of sighs—and, I don't see why there should not, as they are the subjects of the three greatest despots in the world—LOVE, GRIEF, and INDIGESTION ! surely, *dogs'* sighs ought to have the precedence of *lovers* ; for those of the latter, proceed from the *heart*, which we have high authority for knowing is “*deceitful above all things*,” whereas, dog's sighs proceed from *hunger*, which, where it exists, is about the most *real* and genuine feeling in nature.

As time wore on, and the shades of evening deepened, Evelyn ceased to ply her needle, Maud

and Raphaël to look into each other's eyes, and all three appeared to suspend their respiration. So painfully intense did their anxiety become, even the dogs, with their unerring instinct, were infected by the mute questionings of the six human eyes that were now rivetted on their master's face. The Louis Quatorze clock upon the mantel-piece, after its silver chime of the *grand Monarque's* favorite romance of '*mon cœur soupire dès l'aurore,*' struck half past eight; the beatings of the watcher's hearts became almost audible. Tarlton and Latimer entered with lights, they placed them on a table at the further end of this large and lofty room, so that the reflection only fell subdued and cautiously upon Lord Athenreagh's face; Latimer advanced noiselessly towards Evelyn, and asked in a tremulous voice, if she would allow Mrs. Pomfret Tarlton and himself to remain at the other end of the room.

"Just to hear his lordships waking up?"

"Certainly," said Evelyn; and no sooner had Mrs. Pomfret glided into the room and taken her stand between Tarlton and Latimer, at a respectful distance, but so as to command a perfect view of their much loved master, than Evelyn perceived, by the door which they had left ajar, that the whole household, even to the stable boys and scullions, had filled the passage, to learn the earliest news of Lord Athenreagh's recovery; for, in those good old unenlightened times, the kindness and liberality of

masters scarcely ever failed to secure the affection and fidelity of servants. Amid this group of anxious and affectionate faces the *silhouette* of *Monsieur Louis*, the French cook, was also visible, and its expression, turned as it was towards Mademoiselle Augustine, might have been termed a *suprême d'affection sautée d'amour propre*; his white cap of office had disappeared, and Dagé, himself, could not have achieved a more incomparable *aile de pigeon*, than that with which *Monsieur Louis* now stormed the heart of Mademoiselle Augustine, for had he not fired a single shot from his *ecrivain publique* arsenal of tender speeches, the *powder* alone would have been sufficient to make her surrender; to be sure, he had in his very name another advantage, for when did a *soubrette* ever yet refuse a Louis!

Click! clock! click! clock! click! clock! it only wanted five minutes to nine! the beatings of Maud and Evelyn's hearts became so painfully tumultuous, that they pressed their hands against them. Valasquez was white as the handkerchief he held to his lips, lest a sound should escape them. The tears were streaming from Mrs. Pomfret's eyes, and she appeared afraid to arrest their downward course, for fear the drawing forth of her handkerchief should sacrilegiously break the awful silence that fate seemed to press like a seal of lead, upon the pending event of that GREAT HOUR! the

two men stood with their eyes and mouths distended, and their right hand tightly grasped by their left, as if to restrain themselves by main force from the slightest movement. The dogs had risen from their recumbent posture, and slowly and stealthily had crept up, till they had placed their heads one on each of their master's shoulders, and devouring him with their eyes, with great self denial refrained from licking his face; though they pantomimically did so, accompanied by so gentle a movement of their tails, that it was more like a whispering than a wagging of those canine joy bells; but soon even their tails became motionless, and Monsieur Louis ceased from ogling, and the eyes of Mademoiselle Augustine were at rest, as the hands of the clock neared the hour of *nine*! At length, the first stroke rang out clear and silvery, not a cheek within that room, nor amid the numerous group in the passage, but became pale as the curdling blood left it, and receded to the heart—*two!! three!!! four!!!! five!!!!!! six!!!!!! seven!!!!!! eight!!!!!!* ————*NINE!!!!!!* proclaimed the Louis Quatorze clock.

“Heaven be praised! what a delightful sleep I have had,” said Lord Athenreagh, rubbing his eyes, till thoroughly roused by the importunate whinings and lickings of the two dogs, when he added, patting them,

"So ho! poor Damson! poor Phillis! good dogs! but where are my other darlings? Maud? Evelyn?"

"Here, dear papa, here!" cried the sisters, throwing their arms round their father's neck, and inundating him with their tears, while Valasquez fell back behind the curtain, ready to make his escape the moment the convalescent should ask for him.

"What's all this? crying! I hope there is no new sorrow in the house, now that I am so well and happy!" said Lord Athenreagh, disengaging himself from their embrace, and looking from one to the other of his daughters.

"Oh, no, what sorrow could there be now, that you are restored to us, dear, dear papa?"

"But the good physician that has restored me, where is he? till I try and thank him, for I remember before last I fell asleep, a good, kind face stood there between you, and gave me something that sent me into that delicious sleep, from which I have awoke, *a young man*! it was neither Churchill nor Arbuthnot, but a strange face; at least, strange to me *then*, but *now* every feature of it is so impressed upon my memory by gratitude, that I should recognize it amid ten thousand! where is he? that I may at least try and thank him."

"Gone, dear papa; but you can thank him another day," said Maud, blushing.

"Another day! not another hour! Send after him,—invite him to supper, as I see it is night, and

I must get up, as I long to walk about. Oh! how delightfully that sounds, to walk about, to have the free unfettered use of one's limbs! and Evelyn, my child, write him a cheque for a thousand pounds, and enclose it in the invitation to supper."

"Very well, dear papa," replied Evelyn, covering her face with her handkerchief to hide the smile that nearly burst into a laugh at this mode of rewarding Valasquez.

"There is no use in asking him to supper to-night," interposed Maud, "for I know he had to go out of town."

"Provoking!" said Lord Athenreagh, "for I feel as if I had no right to this great, this exquisite blessing of health until I had thanked him who, under God, had bestowed it upon me; but what is his name, that I may at least have that much acquaintance with my benefactor?"

Maud was silent, but her face rivalled the crimson curtain behind which she concealed it.

"His name," said Evelyn, "oh—Raphaël."

"Raphaël! Raphaël!" repeated Lord Athenreagh, "I have not heard of a physician of that name. Umph! some foreigner, I suppose?"

"He is not a medical man by profession," said Evelyn, parrying this last question.

"Indeed! then it was the more kind of him; but perhaps I had better not offer him money."

"Indeed, dear papa, I think so," said Evelyn.

"Well, but then," rejoined Lord Athenreagh, "that makes my obligation ten times greater, while it deprives me of all hope of repaying it."

"Where there is life there is hope," replied Evelyn, kissing her father's forehead; "and as you have now both life and health, dear papa, let us hope that you may yet find a method of amply repaying this good man for the inestimable blessing he has bestowed upon you."

"Never, my dear child, never! I feel that I never can repay it; for think of the happiness it is to me to be restored to the full consciousness of these, my two great and unequalled blessings." And as he spoke, Lord Athenreagh alternately pressed his two daughters to his heart.

"Nay, dearest father, don't despair," said Evelyn, smiling, "you know Maud is the oracle of the De Vere family, and perhaps by and bye, by consulting her, you may be enabled to discover some plan by which you may prove to this generous foreigner that you are *not* ungrateful."

"God grant it, dear child; but the sooner my little Minerva, Maud, sets those clever little wits of hers to work the better, for I shall not feel quite myself till I have at least *tried* to repay in some slight degree the great debt I owe to this benevolent foreigner—I hope he's not a Papist, though."

"No, dear papa, he is not," answered Maud, eagerly.

“And yet,” interposed Evelyn, “even if he *were*, when your cure is so *catholic*, I think you should be tolerant to the poor man, dear papa.”

“Ah! well,—yes,—so I ought to *him* if he were one; but he’s *not*, and thank God for that.”

“Nay, dear father,” said Maud, putting her arm round the old man’s neck; “you have better things to thank God for just now; and surely at the moment you have just received so *much mercy*, it is not the time to be unmerciful and intolerant to others.”

“You are right, my good girl, as you ever are, and I am a wicked old fool; but to shew you that I am not too old to mend, thanks to this good Raphaël, you shall take the thousand pounds I intended for him to the convent of the Sisters of Charity at Chelsea to-morrow; tell them it is from that intolerant old high churchman, Lord Athenreagh; and as it is the first time he has ever been charitable to Catholics, I hope they won’t reject it.”

“Thank you, my own dear good generous father,” said Maud, wiping the tears from her eyes; “and I will take the liberty of adding, that though it is the *first*, it won’t be the *last time*.”

“Add whatever you like, my darling, and a grateful father’s blessing be on all you say and do; but who are those?” added Lord Athenreagh, pointing to the distant figures of Mrs. Pomfret, Tarlton, and Latimer in the recess of the window.

“They are Pomfret, Latimer, and Tarlton, dear papa; for all the servants were so anxious to know the result of the elixir that you had taken, that they asked leave to be present at your waking, and all the rest of them are waiting in the passage.”

“Good creatures—good creatures; tell Pomfre and the other two to come here.” Maud called them to the bedside.

“God bless you, my lord! and many, *many* happy years to you!” said the trio, wiping their eyes, and bowing and curtsying down to the ground, with the exception of Mrs. Pomfret, who fairly burst into a bravura of sobs.

“Come, come, my good Pomfret,” cried Lord Athenreagh, taking her hand and shaking it, I can’t allow any tears in this house, at least for the next year to come; besides, you will have quite enough to do without crying, as you will have the goodness to prepare for a ball and supper, which I intend giving my servants this day week; and as you used to be such an admirer of my dancing, you and I will open the ball together; and none of your minuets for me! they are very well for sliding courtiers, and old gouty infirm limbs, but not for brisk youngsters like you and me, Pomfret. No, no, we’ll lead off with Sir Roger de Coverley, Saucy Alice, or Lady Caroline Petersham’s gavotte; and you’ll see I can foot it as nimbly as when Mrs. Masham used to get you admission to the gallery at St. James’s, in Queen

Anne's time, and you said no wonder poor Lady Athenreagh married me, for I was the best dancer at court !”

“ Dear heart !” said Mrs. Pomfret, blushing as red as the ribbons in her cap. “ I was but a silly slip of a girl at that time that knew no better, and your lordship *did* dance *beautiful* ! to be sure ; but I never thought any one would go for to tell you such a thing.”

“ And why not, pray ? Moreover, harkee, Mrs. Pomfret, I shall expect you to say precisely the same of me this day week ! and so off with ye all now ; only *you* stay here, Latimer, to dress me, for I long to be up and *walking about*.”

“ God bless you, my lord, and I shall let them all know your lordship's kind intentions about the ball,” said Mrs. Pomfret, as she finally curtsayed herself out of the room ; and Damson and Phillis jumped off of the bed, and after a sonorous shake, made every reparation in their power to their long-neglected dinners, by a most unusual degree of *empressement*.

The result of Mrs. Pomfret's announcement of the intended ball to the assembled group in the passage, was a unanimous “ *Thank you, my lord ! God bless you ! God be praised for your lordship's recovery !*” followed by a more piano *duo* from Monsieur Louis and Mademoiselle Augustine, of “ *Vive milor, vivent ces dames !*”

On entering the octagon room, Maud and Evelyn

found Valasquez pacing up and down, looking pale and agitated. He advanced towards them, and taking a hand of each, which he alternately raised to his lips, said,

“ Well ; *have I deceived you ?* ”

But before they could reply, he had left the room, and quitted the house—that house which he had filled with so much happiness !

CHAPTER XII.

"Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.

* * * * *

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads.
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race."

POPE.

"*Oh ! les Menées de ces femmes vertueuses !*" So able and skilful a tactician had Lady Mary Wortley Montague proved herself, that, as Evelyn said to her, the glory of the great Marlborough ran immense risks of being thrown into the shade.

"Very likely, my dear," replied Lady Mary to this compliment, as they were one morning closetted together, discussing Maud's engagement to Valasquez, after a great dinner at the Duchess of Queensberry's; "very likely, now that the great Marlborough has himself become a shade ! for fame is such a sympathetic, tender creature, that she generally perishes with the individuals she delighted to honour, and only in rare instances plays the phoenix to them in future ages ; *mais rêvenons à nos moutons.*

I am delighted that Lord Athenreagh does not in the least suspect that it is *I* who have arranged the *dramatis personæ* of every dinner he has been to for the last month, and tuned the conversation to the praises of that most excellent young man, Don Raphaël, till you have ventured to tell him that it is to this worthy Don Raphaël that he owes his life. The fact is, my dear child, that one of the many great errors stalking through our rotten social system is, that while there are no mean stratagems and poisoned weapons that one's enemies don't resort to, to wreck us, from rank falsehood down to vague whispers, one's *friends* sit still philosophically bearing *our* heaviest blows, or piously and patiently trusting to Providence to redress *our* most bitter wrongs, only amiably sorry when we *injure our cause* (the cant phrase of those who do nothing to serve it, beyond the aforesaid patient and perfectly resigned endurance of *our* persecutions,) that is, when we are so violent and imprudent as to express in an irritable and unbecoming manner the keen sense we are writhing under of our own wrongs. Now, said I, to myself, if my Lady Glensborough, under cover of that most hollow and abused of all titles, *friend!* can wreck poor Maud de Vere's whole life, and forge such black falsehoods to defame a man who has never injured her, and whom she has never seen, surely, my dear Lady Mary, *you* who pique yourself upon your love of justice, might stir yourself and exercise

a little *counter manœuvring* in the good cause, for mere *intentions* have never yet served any purpose, and never will, beyond paving the thoroughfares of a certain nameless region ; and as all such mere *intenders* are likely, sooner or later, *de battre le paré dans ces lieux !* it is to be hoped they may then and there meet the only reward they can aspire to ; but you, Mary, ought to *choose the better part*, and separate the wheat of *deeds* from the tares and chaff of talk, professions, and intentions ; and so, dear Evelyn, in Lord Athenreagh's anxiety to be personally acquainted with Don Raphaël, notwithstanding his *chronic fear* of Lady Glensborough, you see the result of my labours."

"Oh ! my dear kind Lady Mary," said Evelyn, smiling, "your letting loose Lord Halifax and young Lord Oxford on papa yesterday, to sing the praises of Don Raphaël, and the Duchess of Queensberry chiming in, was a master stroke, for poor dear papa has *such* an opinion of the *old set*, he thinks *even* more of them than of Lady Glensborough."

"I am aware of it, my dear ; *she* is only the Queen of Sheba to Lord Oxford's Solomon ; but Lord Halifax is my *cheval de bataille*, there is nothing for insuring success like surreptitiously introducing a plan or an idea into the head of a pompous self-important blockhead, provided said blockhead be of sufficient weight in the world to move and be moved by the lever of **POWER** ; for then he immediately

adopts the plan or idea as his *own* ; and with the tenacious obstinacy of all shallow minds, never rests till he sees it carried out. So depend upon it, *I* having confided the matter to his superior judgment, Lord Halifax will neither slumber nor sleep till he sees Maud married to Don Raphaël, *only* you must be prepared for his *revising* and *correcting* Valasquez *in toto*, till his lordship fancies him completely his own creation, as he did poor Pope's Iliad."

"Yes," laughed Evelyn; "but we can adopt Pope's plan, of keeping Raphaël by us a few months, and then presenting him unchanged to Lord Halifax as the *perfect work of his emendation*."

"True,—a very good idea; but finish what you were beginning to tell me when first I came in, about your father having actually written to Don Raphaël this morning to invite him to the house, that is charming, and surpasses our most sanguine expectations. Of course he came directly, or, as lovers themselves express it, "*flew*."

"No; he is true, kind, and consistent to the last; and all in thanking papa cordially for his invitation, and expressing his happiness at what he modestly calls the little service he had been able to render him, he said he would not enter this house till he was the bearer of good news; for you forget, dear Lady Mary, that to-day *my fate is to be decided*, and that charming action is to be brought against the Comte de St. Maur."

"No, my dear child," said Lady Mary, as a shade fell on her fine features; "I do *not* forget a single bar of that most disgusting and iniquitous affair; and it was the full recollection of it that brought me here so early this morning, and not to be my own trumpeter about my victory at the battle of Queensberry yesterday; for do you know, that dear good fellow Taaff, who never loses an opportunity of doing an act of kindness or of justice, came to me at twelve o'clock last night, rubbing his large honest hands in the greatest glee, to tell me that he had discovered that Mr. Howard's chief perjurer in this disgraceful business was a low fellow of the name of Dowling, a notoriously bad character of the London mob, and of great celebrity in the archives of Sir John Fielding's office? and Taaff thinks, by bringing respectable witnesses to prove that this fellow is not to be believed on oath, he will completely circumvent the machinations of the enemy."

"I am sure I am very grateful to him," replied Evelyn; "and beg you will tell him so; at the same time I feel so proudly indignant at the whole business, that, to tell you the truth, I am perfectly indifferent as to whether it ends *for* or *against* me."

"No you are *not*, child, nor is it right of you to say so," replied Lady Mary; "it's ungrateful, to say the least of it, when all your friends are fretting their hearts out, and working like horses for you."

"Don't mistake me, dear Lady Mary; my indig-

nant indifference to the result of this crowning insult of Mr. Howard's to me, enhances, if possible, the gratitude I feel to all my kind friends, for their clever and zealous exertions in my behalf." And Evelyn, to give a practical illustration of her much-vaunted indifference, seated herself at her embroidery frame, though her little fingers trembled so violently that she could not succeed in passing the silk through the eye of the needle, though had it had a sharp point, she would have perfectly succeeded in running it through her fingers; while, by way of changing the conversation, she said, "I had never seen Madame de Saint Germain till yesterday at dinner, at the Duchess of Queensberry's—what a lovely creature she is! and how charming *he* is!"

"Yes, she is the most *ideally* beautiful person I ever saw," assented Lady Mary, "but as for him, charming as he is, and that he *is* charming, no one can deny. I have greatly recovered from my enchantment about him, since that duel he had with de Nesmond about the Guimard. And with such a wife! oh, men! men! poor Nebuchadnezzar, *his* fate was invidious, for ye have all sufficient of the beast in ye to be sent to grass."

"With respect to that duel, there was more in it than met the eye," said Evelyn; "for Don Raphaël, who is very intimate with the Comte de Saint Germain, says that it was only another inch cut off the tail of Alcibiades' dog to stop the mouths of the good

Parisians, which Monsieur de Nesmond's vanity and unfeigned admiration of her had set talking a little too freely about Madame de Saint Germain."

"I am delighted to hear it," said Lady Mary, "for it is terrible to have one's devotions, or *dévotionnettes*, (as the poor dear Cardinal de Fleury used to call them), stopped by having one's idol's feet of clay hurled at one's head, while *its* golden head rolls into oblivion amid the sacrilegious jibes of the infidel vulgar. But now you have given me a clue to this duel, I think I shall raise *my saint's* pedestal higher than ever."

"Or what will be more german to the matter," said Evelyn, "meet him and his beautiful wife here at dinner next week."

"With pleasure; but where on earth is Maud all this time?"

"Out, driving with papa; for since his recovery, he cannot bear her out of his sight."

"That is very natural; but still I wonder at either of them leaving you this morning."

"I wished to be alone; besides, they both fret and fume so dreadfully about this disgusting trial, that I really feared my father would have a relapse, and poor Maud gets quite ill if she stays at home."

Here a knock was heard at the door of Evelyn's dressing-room, for it was there that the two ladies were sitting.

"Come in," said Evelyn, and Mrs. Pomfret entered with a *consommé*, which she entreated her ladyship to take, or she would certainly be starved, as she understood she had eaten no breakfast. "And here, my lady," continued the worthy woman, "is a note from Don *Raffle*, which Mr. *Isabee*, his *valley*, has just brought."

While Evelyn was perusing Raphaël's note, Lady Mary said to Mrs. Pomfret, "Well, Mrs. Pomfret, I congratulate you upon Lord Athenreagh's complete and miraculous recovery."

"Miraculous! indeed your ladyship may well call it! Ah!" continued the housekeeper, lowering her voice, with a pantomimic shrugging of her shoulders and shaking of her right hand, as she wiped her eyes with the corner of her snow-white muslin apron, "ah! poor dears they'd have all a been too happy if it had not been for this new piece of villany of that good for *nothink* monster of a man. Dear heart! dear heart! don't your ladyship think the men is terrible bad now-a-days?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Pomfret, I do; but from all we can learn of past times, I don't recollect the days when they were ever otherwise. King David himself might have done better, and could not have done worse; and ever since his time, the men seem to have harped upon the same string, without, like him, singing psalms to it."

“And lucky, too, my lady ; for *lawk* ! what a din there would be with them, worse than the cats.”

“There is no answer, Pomfret,” said Evelyn, who had now finished perusing her note.

“Now *do*, my lady,” said the former, uncovering the broth-basin, “just try and take a little.”

To get rid of her importunities, Evelyn swallowed a few spoonful of the soup, which, little as she appeared to appreciate it, was so *appitisant*, that Lady Mary begged Mrs. Pomfret to send her up some ; and, delighted with this commission, she left the room, when Evelyn put Valasquez’ note, (which ran as follows), into her friend’s hand.

“For heaven’s sake, dearest Lady Evelyn, don’t be cast down, *depend upon it*, all will end triumphantly for *you*, and to the eternal unmasking and discomfiture of your cowardly enemy. I have just seen the Comte de Saint Germain, who knows St. Maur, and, besides, says, that he is in possession of *certain facts*, that will shiver all Mr. H.’s perjuries to dust, were they of adamant bound with brass. Selwyn, who is at my elbow, says there can be no doubt about the *brass*, however deficient the adamant may be ! and Taaff, (who is the best fellow I know, and who is now drinking your health in an infusion of the finest gunpowder, which accounts for his exploding like a rocket,) says *he is so sure* of your triumph, that he thinks single-handed he could gain your cause, even if its success depended not upon its truth, and

justice, but upon *his* pleading it in *French* !! surely, conviction never tugged at a human conscience with a stronger fang than this ! We all hope like a victorious army, to march upon the Mall, with flying colours at between three and four to-day. Till then and ever, believe me, dearest Lady Evelyn, most faithfully yours,

“ RAPHAEL VALASQUEZ.

Wills's Coffee House, Thursday morning,

July 14th, 1745.”

“ He is a charming young man that Valasquez ; but still I pin my faith upon my dear ragged colt Taaff,” said Lady Mary, after she had finished reading Raphaël's *billet*. “ Pray, my dear child,” resumed she, after a short pause, “ do you know if your father intends going to that woman's to-morrow ?”

“ What woman ?” asked Evelyn, abstractedly, for her thoughts had been wandering into the past, and, when that is the case, who can return to the time present without a sigh, be it to the memory of by-gone joy or sorrow ?”

“ Why Lady Glensborough ; you know she gives a sillabub every Friday at Richmond, and *on dit*, that it is likely to be her last, for Lord Glensborough is so dipped, that he will soon not have as much ground as one of his cows require to stand upon, let alone her ladyship's seven or eight hundred dear friends ; but I must say, I think he will shew very bad taste, to say nothing of *feeling* if he does go.”

"I have not the least idea," said Evelyn, "but I dare say he will, for he thinks that Maud and I are prejudiced against, and unjust to Lady Glensborough; and you know men never enter into one's feelings, about any injury or insult, *less* than a blow aimed by a Hercules club, in the presence of a score of witnesses; and, that being plain to their physical organs, they will *then* allow us to feel aggrieved, provided we do not *express* the feeling *too* loudly. But, dear Lady Mary," concluded Evelyn, with a laugh, "don't eat up all my roses, and you shall have some luncheon, which I dare say is nearly ready;" and, so saying, she pushed away a Benvenuto Cellini large silver lily cup, filled with moss roses, which Lady Mary, in an absent fit, had been pulling to pieces, and eating leaf by leaf.

"No," said the latter, making a snatch at the cup, and affecting to cry like a child; "leave me my *tartines à la sybarite*. Heaven knows! one has not too many of them in this world."

Here Mademoiselle Augustine entered, with the soup that Lady Mary had ordered; and, after handing it to her, the soubrette turned to her mistress, and said,

"*Midi, vient de sonner, et le second déjeuner de Miladi est servi.*"

"There, dear Lady Mary, luncheon is ready, and we had better go down."

“Not unless you want to eat, my dear, we are very well here.”

“No ; but I wish to be down, to meet papa when he comes in.”

While she was speaking, a thundering knock announced Lord Athenreagh's return ; and the two ladies, linked arm in arm, descended to the dining-room to meet him.

CHAPTER XIII.

How often the fates of many generations lie cradled within the small circle of a single hour !

“REALLY, my dear Lord Athenreagh,” said Lady Mary, as soon as she had kissed Maud, “in that elixir that Don Raphaël gave you, I suspect that he must have got the Comte de Saint Germain, to mingle some of his far-famed *Eau de Juvence*, for you really do not look an hour older than you did, five-and-twenty years ago, when we all met at my Lord Keeper Sommer’s, at that farewell breakfast he gave you, the day before you sailed for the Nore, and went to take the command of the *Prince of Denmark*.”

“Well, my dear Lady Mary,” rejoined the peer, his eyes twinkling with delight, at being reminded of his beloved *Prince of Denmark*, and those palmy days, when, like the lion on the national flag, that waved at the masthead of ‘*the good ship*,’ his own heart never bounded more lightly than in ‘*the battle and the breeze*.’ Well, my dear Lady Mary, if *I* have swallowed a few drops of this *Eau de Juvence*, you must have been plunged into the whole fountain *heel* and all.”

“Of course, heel and all,” laughed Lady Mary ; “for a respectable elderly gentlewoman, with eight-and-forty winters’ accumulation of wrinkles and

crows-feet, is sure to *put her foot* in it, when she attempts the youthful."

"That depends upon circumstances," said Lord Athenreagh; "for I take it, that youth is like Shakspeare's definition of greatness, 'Some are born young, some aspire to youth, and some have youth thrust upon them.' You, my dear Lady Mary, are among the *latter* number, for, that old churl Time, is the only one of our sex who, instead of *running after you*, seems to fly from you."

"Only in your presence, I fear, my dear Lord Athenreagh, for *you* have so long been in the habit of *routing the enemy*, that your gallantry runs even that formidable and all-conquering foe down."

"My dear Lady Mary," said Maud, laughing, "if you go on flattering this young man in that outrageous manner, Evelyn and I will have to hang out signals of distress, as his brain will be so turned, that he will never be able to carve those plovers, and we shall die of starvation."

"Well, then," said Lord Athenreagh, smiling, as he turned to Lady Mary, "we had better hoist a flag of truce before we submit to the indignity of being boarded by that small craft there in the offing. And what will my darling have?" continued he, addressing Evelyn, and drawing her head kindly towards him, as he patted her cheek and kissed her forehead.

"Nothing, dear papa, for I have had some soup, and am not hungry."

Lord Athenreagh sighed as he looked at Evelyn's pale cheeks and dim eyes, and then looking full at Maud, (though he addressed himself to Lady Mary), as much as to say, *at all events I'll try and make one of my children happy*, remarked, as he dissected the golden plovers, and helped her to a wing and breast; "really from all I hear in every quarter, and especially from what Lord Halifax said of him yesterday, at the Duchess of Queensberry's, that Don Raphaël must be a most excellent young man. I can't imagine where Lady Glensborough could have heard so different an account of him. I wish she had *not*, for with all my gratitude for the inestimable service he has rendered me, it haunts me."—

"Lady Glensborough *never* heard any such account of him," said Lady Mary warmly.

"Oh! my dear Lady Mary;" remonstrated Lord Athenreagh, waving his hand and shaking his head, "*You*, I fear, are as prejudiced against that charming woman as my girls are. She never could have *invented* such things; she *must* have heard them."

"I am sorry to differ from you," said Lady Mary, "but I can neither subscribe to the *impossibility* of the former proposition, nor the *possibility* of the latter."

"And *I* cannot," rejoined Lord Athenreagh with more asperity in his tone than his daughters had ever before remarked, "*I* cannot forget the many acts of kindness that I and *mine* have received from

Lady Glensborough for years ; I know that envy of her superior attractions makes the world malign her ; but, fie upon the nasty, mean, hollow heartless world, *why does it at the same time court her ?* as long as it does so, *all* its malice can forge against her, will only sink *it*, and raise *her* in my estimation."

"You are quite right," said Lady Mary, holding out her hand to the warm hearted, single minded old man, "and I like you if possible ten thousand times better for being staunch to your friends ; and as long as you *think* they have a virtue, standing by it, or an injury, combating it ; but the Arabs, among their many excellent proverbs, have one super-excellent, which is—'WHEN YOU ARE ANVIL, ENDURE PATIENTLY ; BUT WHEN YOU ARE HAMMER, STRIKE BOLDLY AND FIRMLY.'"

"I don't quite see the application ?" objected Lord Athenreagh.

"Why, at present," said Lady Mary, "you fancy that you are under obligations to Lady Glensborough, and therefore, like the anvil, patiently endure every blow she chooses to aim at you or your family,—even such a one as has fallen upon poor Evelyn this day. But it is to be hoped when all her machinations are at length unmasked, you will vigorously strike her out of the list of your acquaintances."

"Surely, my dear Lady Mary," cried Lord Athenreagh, warmly, "even if all the calumnies about Lady Glensborough, and that wretch, Howard, were

truths instead of calumnies, *she* could have no motive for overwhelming my poor child with this unheard of insult; for even should Mr. Howard succeed in his daring villainy, and were he free to-morrow, *she* could not marry him,—seeing that Lord Glensborough is not only alive but likely to live.”

“No, nor she has no motive either, for all those wicked falsehoods with which she has poisoned your mind against that in every way estimable young man, Don Raphaël,” said Lady Mary, backing her chair and fanning herself with a supercilious smile.

“Certainly not! why, what motive *could* she have?” retorted Lord Athenreagh.

“How do I know? it is not easy for a simple mortal to unravel the tangled web of intrigue in the wily labyrinths of so fertile a brain as my Lady Glensboroughs; but perhaps, *one* of her motives was, that *if* she prevented Maud’s ever marrying, her fortune might ultimately revert to Mr. Howard.”

A sudden light seemed to dawn upon Lord Athenreagh; but not liking to own that he perceived it, and so give his opponent an advantage over him, he had recourse to a common *ruse* among very sensible (!) people, that of uttering an irrelevant platitude.

“At all events, you will own, my dear Lady Mary, that when a man shines among the stars of so profligate a court as that of Louis Quinze, it is not difficult to believe such reports as those Lady Glensborough heard of Don Raphaël.”

“Very likely,” said Lady Mary, “but *if* such are

the grounds upon which you think yourself justified in entertaining a bad opinion of Don Raphaël, then might any one with equal data, talk, and think lightly of your daughters for figuring at such a court as that of his Most Gracious Majesty George the Second; for take the mere vice and profligacy of the latter, and weigh it in a scale against that of the former, even throwing in the unequal odds of all the wit, grace, and refinement of the French court, and ours will outweigh it in grossness and coarseness alone by several millions weight of perdition. But Heaven bless us, we English, are strangely given to self-laudation upon the very points where we have least cause to exult.* Our Lady Baths and Miss Skerrits blush through their rouge at *such creatures*! as Mesdames de Châteauroux, and Pompadour; and our coffee house bullies and Ranelagh rakes, vote themselves precipitate of Cato! and sublimate of Joseph! because they are not *talons rouge*; while our honest cits go and gape at the armoury in the tower, and shudder at the inquisitorial instruments of torture, piously thanking their God that *they* live in a free country where such abominations are unknown!

unaware in their innocent and truly national ignor-

* Lady Mary was quite right; and would have *still* been so, had she only made this observation yesterday!—witness the jubilations of “*Fathers of Families!*” which really quite amount to FAMILIES OF FATHERS! in “The Times,” who have lately been returning thanks that ENGLAND did not give birth to MARIA MANNING! modestly forgetting our own most plentiful indigenous crop of RUSHES, and GREENACRES, MRS. BROWNRIGS! and MRS. HARRISES!!! of TAUNTON, (*not Camp*), celebrity!

ance, that it was in this very blessed free country, that the most horrible of those instruments of torture were invented—from the *scavenger's daughter* down to the thumb screw.”

Here luckily for Lord Athenreagh, who always found Lady Mary in any thing like argument too mathematical for his logic, a servant entered with a card. After putting on his spectacles to peruse it, he threw it on the table, exclaiming, “Tush! what ridiculous affectation! I suppose suppers will be abolished next, and we shall dine at nine or ten at night. It is from my Lord Chesterfield, to dine with him this day fortnight at *five o'clock*!”

“Preposterous, indeed!” chimed in Lady Mary.

“Let us sit in the library, if your ladyship has no objection,” said Lord Athenreagh, rising from table, and opening the door of the adjoining room, “for,” continued he, as he offered his arm to Lady Mary, “young as I have grown, I don’t like going up and down stairs oftener in the day than I can help.”

But Lord Athenreagh’s real reason for remaining below stairs was, that the news of the result of Mr. Howard’s conspiracy might reach them the sooner. As the time wore on, the conversation gradually flagged, till it subsided into total silence; the very dogs seemed nervously anxious and on the alert, pricking up their ears at the slightest sound, answering it with a low and almost inaudible growl, and going to the doors and sniffing with their noses quite

under them ; every now and then the trio stole an anxious glance at Evelyn, but she studiously avoided meeting it, and the expression of her face was painfully compressed. Lord Athenreagh listened, till his ear almost ached, for some signal in the hall ; but he might have listened till doomsday and heard nothing, for the servants, equally anxious, were standing in a bevy at the hall door wide open, and all the maids every two minutes flitting through the vestibule, with Mrs. Pomfret at their head, asking this male squadron of *sisters Anne who they saw coming*. After at least the tenth voyage of discovery to the library doors, instead of returning to the rug, or jumping into easy chairs or on the sofas, Phillis went and put her head upon her master's knee, while Damson, walking over to Evelyn, slowly wagging his tail, laid his head on her lap, looking wistfully and lovingly up in her face with his great, large, soft, kind, honest eyes.

“Poor Damson !” said she, taking both his velvet ears in her hands, and as she stooped down to kiss his head, her long pent-up tears gushed out ; in another moment the dog's paws were round her neck, while he was whining and kissing her with all that genuine and affectionate sympathy, of which those good and faithful creatures are so lavish. In the midst of these canine consolations, a great commotion was heard in the hall, and the next moment the library doors flew open, and Taaff rushed, or rather

leapt, like a huge carp into the room, waving his hat, and exclaiming, "HURRAH! IT'S ALL RIGHT!" as he presented one hand to Lord Athenreagh, stretched out the other pantomimically to Evelyn, while his left leg he protruded towards Lady Mary, who was sitting at right angles to her, so that his person, split into this ungraceful trinity, represented a complete *charade en action* of the Isle of Man arms. He was followed by George Selwyn, who, gracefully waving his perfumed handkerchief, walked up to Evelyn, and after raising her hand to his lips, and then gently but cordially pressing it, said in his blandest tone--

"VICTORIA! my dear Lady Evelyn! and I could not resist being the first to congratulate you, and to tell you how sincerely I rejoice in your public triumph of to-day."

"That is truly kind of you," replied Evelyn, pale and agitated, but trying to smile through her tears, "for you know the whole town always echoes whatever *you* say."

"About Lady Evelyn Howard they cannot do otherwise," bowed Selwyn, gallantly, as he seated himself on the sofa beside her.

"Well, now tell us all about it—*every word, from beginning to end*," cried Lady Mary, rising, and placing both her hands upon Taaff's shoulders.

"*He'll* tell you!" gasped Taaff, pointing to Selwyn, as he sank into a chair, elongated his very dusty

shoes, mopped his face with his handkerchief, the lace of which was all torn, and then used it as a fan. "He'll tell you, for I ran all the way from Westminster Hall, under a sun that seems to have grilled me into broiled bones and devilled kidneys."

Lord Athenreagh rang for wine and water, which was immediately brought; and as soon as the servants had left the room, and Taaff had plunged an enormous lump of ice into half a tumbler of sherry, and remarked, *en passant*, that it would be a great improvement if in the dog days people would ice sherry and madeira, white hermitage, johannisberg, and steinberg, till it was *solid*, as the French do champagne, and then let it *gradually thaw*, he turned to Selwyn, saying, "Now for it, my boy, and begin at the beginning, as Lady Mary told you."

"Well, then," commenced Selwyn, "to begin at the beginning, there was the greatest possible excitement throughout the court during the examination of the principal witness for the plaintiff, one Mr. Richard Dowling, who *swore* that he was in habits of the greatest tavern intimacy with Charles D'Artignac Xavier, Comte de St. Maur, who was constantly at '*Jenny's Whim*,' where your ladyship frequently came to meet him," (here an indignant flush and expression of unutterable contempt passed over Evelyn's face,) "especially on the evening of the 24th of May last, when you were closetted for two hours up stairs with him at '*Jenny's Whim*.' But

not to dwell longer upon all these infamies, I will briefly tell you, that when the case for the prosecution was closed, and the examination of witnesses commenced on the part of your ladyship's counsel, our friend Taaff, there, clearly proved that it was out of the question Mr. Dowling *could* have played cards with the Comte de St. Maur at 'Jenny's Whim' on the evening of the 24th of May, as on that evening the Comte had accompanied him and Lord Glensborough to a ball at Lady Bridget Cheney's, and having all three taken shelter at '*Jenny's Whim*' during a thunder storm, at which their horses were frightened, he, Taaff, had despatched the amiable Mr. Dowling all the way to Pall Mall for his snuff box, which he had forgotten. At this there was a triumphant murmur through the court, but the great Dowling, nothing daunted, passed up a note to Mr. Howard's leading counsel, stating, that upon referring to his memoranda, he found he had made a *mistake*, and that it was on the evening of the 26th, and *not* the 24th, that he had played with the Comte de St. Maur at '*Jenny's Whim*,' &c. &c.; but that he could *swear* to the *facts* being as he had before stated; and it was evident, what with the packed jury and the glaring favouritism to Mr. Howard, that this was to be one of those iniquitous cases *decided before hand*, every one began to tremble, as they perceived the turn in favour of the plaintiff, which this fresh perjury on the part of Dowling

was permitted to give the proceedings; and there can be no doubt that the enemy would have gained the day, but for a master stroke of that charming fellow, Don Raphaël Valasquez," (here every eye except Maud's, Selwyn's, and Taaff's went round the room in search of Raphaël, who was not there, having remained in the dining-room till Lord Athenreagh should ask for him,) "who was in court with the Comte de St. Maur," continued Selwyn; "and at this juncture made the latter go over to the witness box and say to Mr. Dowling, as he took out his watch and held it up to him, '*Come, the time will be expired in half an hour, and you know you promised to give me my revenge this morning at half-past two, or forfeit ten pounds.*'"

"'Be off, will you?' was Mr. Dowling's uncourteous reply to this friendly invitation.

"'Not till you promise to keep your appointment, or pay me the ten pounds.'

"'I never made you *no* promise; I'll pay you no ten pounds.'

"Here your ladyship's counsel interposed, and said Dowling had better pay the ten pounds forfeit for not keeping his engagement, as the proceedings of the court could not be interrupted.

"'Lor love yer worship, *I never seed the chap afore*, he's an unposter, but not sharp enough to bamboozle me out of ten pounds neither, with all his *imperence*.'

“ ‘Will you *swear* that you never saw me before? Can you have the face to do so?’ said St. Maur.

“ ‘*In course* I can,’ retorted Mr. Dowling; ‘and I hope I may swing at Tyburn, and that every one in this *ere* court may ride *osses foaled by acorns afore* the year is out, if *ever* I laid eyes on you till this blessed moment.’

“ ‘If you will take your affidavit to *that effect*,’ said your ladyship’s leading counsel, insidiously ordering the book to be passed to Mr. Dowling, ‘I am sure, the gentleman can require no more; and will be satisfied that he has mistaken you for some one else.’

“ ‘Take my davey of it—to be sure I will, in a jiffey!’ cried that worthy, seizing the book, and kissing it; and after he had sworn, in the presence of the whole court, he turned to St. Maur, and said—

“ ‘And *now praps* you’ll be so good as to tell me your name?—for I should like to be personally *quointed* with a *cove as makes* £10 bets so glibly.’

“ ‘Oh! certainly;’ said St. Maur, taking his card case from his pocket, giving one card to Mr. Dowling, and another to be handed up to the judge; ‘my names are CHARLES, D’ARTIGNAC XAVIER, COMTE DE ST. MAUR.’

“ ‘Wh—e—w! blown by jingo!’ whistled the elegant Dowling, whilst ONE loud and unanimous—*Hurrah!* rang through the court.”

“ Hurrah! Hurrah! hip! hip! hip! hurrah!”

echoed Taaff, now resuscitated by his iced sherry ; and standing up, as he roared with the whole strength of his stentorian lungs, and whirled his handkerchief round and round his head.

“Nor is that all ;” resumed Selwyn, as soon as Taaff’s jubilations had in some degree subsided, “while every one present, save the crest-fallen plaintiff’s counsel, and partizans, were rejoicing at the *exposé* and discomfiture of Mr. Dowling, and his patron, the Comte de St. Germain came forward, and said that he could throw a still further and more satisfactory light upon the unhappy proceedings of that morning, as he could explain, by a written deposition, which he held in his hand ; and begged to submit to the judge, the true cause and object of Lady Evelyn Howard’s visits to ‘*Jenny’s Whim.*’” Here Evelyn grew alternately red and pale, and looked aghast with astonishment. “At this announcement,” continued Selwyn, “the silence throughout the court, was so breathless, that to use the common expression, you might have heard a pin drop ! and the excitement became almost painfully intense, as the judge read out the statement that had been handed to him by the Comte de Saint Germain, which was nothing more than the full confession of a young French Jewess, stating how, in the most cold-blooded manner, she had been beguiled from the house of her father, the rich Zamora of Paris, by Mr Vernon Howard’s personating the

character of an unmarried and adoring lover, and afterwards entrapped into a mock marriage, at the house of the late Mrs. Woffington; and how, as soon as she had discovered this villainous fraud, she had made her escape from that vile house, and in a fit of desperation, had been upon the brink of throwing herself into the Thames! when she had been rescued by a benevolent stranger, and conveyed to 'Jenny's Whim,' where she found her father, who had become (from her loss), and still continued, a drivelling idiot! that, having formerly known the French woman, who now keeps 'Jenny's Whim,' she and her father had found an asylum there, for four years and a half, and that one evening, about five months ago, as a faithful dwarf, who had been brought up with her from a child, was gathering wild flowers by the river's side, he chanced to meet Lady Evelyn Howard; and telling her how ill he had left some one at home, she, thinking it was some case of poverty, as well as illness—had, with her usual humanity, followed him to 'Jenny's Whim,' where the writer of these facts, made a full confession of them to the good Lady Evelyn, who had been like a ministering angel to her ever since; and the only moments of comparative peace that she had known for those four long miserable years, she owed to the gentle and unremitting consolations of that angelic lady; and it having reached her ears, through the benevolent individual who had saved her from

committing suicide, that this foul conspiracy had been got up against Lady Evelyn, on account of her charitable visits to her, she could not rest till she had made a full statement of her horrible history, to exonerate so admirable and irreproachable a person; the more especially, as she quite understood, that from her fortune being large, Mr. Howard, could he disembarass himself of his innocent and much injured wife, would have the meanness to try and marry her! or rather her *money in reality*; but that she would die, sooner than give him an opportunity of crowning his iniquities with this piece of sordid baseness. This deposition was signed ZILLAH ZAMORA, and it was quite impossible," concluded Selwyn, "when it was finished, to tell which predominated in the court, the cheers, the groans, or the hisses—each were so tumultuous."

"My own Evelyn!" cried Maud, throwing her arms round her sister's neck, and sobbing on her shoulder; "naughty girl! never to have told *even me* of your visits to 'Jenny's Whim;' if I had gone with you, it would have saved you all this!"

"I had no right," said Evelyn, calmly, "to betray poor Zillah's secret *to any one*, and you see how nobly and generously *she* has now blazoned it—to save me?"

"Right, right, my own brave girl!" said her father, folding her in his arms, while the old man's tears coursed rapidly down his ruddy cheeks;

“right, my darling! always stand to your colours especially, when they are God’s standard of *Truth and Justice!*”

Taaff’s eyes, now beginning also to be very troublesome, he said, as he hastily, but stealthily *aggravated* them with the torn point of his pocket handkerchief—

“Pon-honor! it will be a scandalous shame, my lord, if you don’t ask Selwyn and I to stay to dinner—and drink Lady Evelyn’s health, and——”

“Not many happy returns of the day! my dear fellow,” interposed Selwyn.

“And, why not? since she has gained it so completely,” retorted Taaff.

“Most assuredly, it would be a shame, if I did not,” said Lord Athenreagh; “but,” added he, as he extended a hand to each of them, “it seems to me, our party will be incomplete, without another person, to whom I, and Evelyn, owe so much—I mean our good friend Don Raphaël, for *such* he has truly *proved himself*.”

“All right!” war whooped Taaff, making but *one* bound to the dining-room door, and flinging it wide open; “come along old fellow,” said he, towing in Valasquez; “Lord Athenreagh has a little account to settle with you, and the sooner it is done the better; not to keep the dinner waiting, which is always productive of the three greatest misfortunes in life—*first*, not to say *worst*, it spoils the dinner;

next, it spoils the cook's temper, and lastly, it spoils the appetite!" Lord Athenreagh never moved, as Raphaël advanced up the room, (paler, and more agitated than Maud herself,) but seemed to study him from head to foot, as well as the brief space would allow; and when Valasquez came close to him, and had bowed, amid the sudden and nervous silence of the whole group, the old man took his hand, and pressing it kindly between both his own, said, in a slow and distinct voice, as he looked steadily in Raphaël's eyes the while—

"Young man! I never could make a speech in my life—even on the quarter deck of the *Prince of Denmark*! but all I can say, is, that, as *you* seem to have a decided vocation for saving the lives, and the HONOUR of the De Veres, I think I cannot shew my gratitude to you better, than by confiding to your care, for the rest of your days, the happiness of the one, and the guardianship of the other, in the form of this little girl; and lest you should not deem *that* sufficient," concluded Lord Athenreagh, as he pushed the now blushing Maud into Raphaël's arms, "accept her father's blessing! and an old man's friendship into the bargain."

"Bravo! Hear! hear! hear," cried Taaff, tossing up his hat, "*ici on fait nose and festings!* as they say in France—Eh, Lady Mary?"

"No; they don't say anything like *that*, Taaff!" laughed Lady Mary.

“Oh! hang the pronunciation—but they *do* it, and that’s better,” said Taaff.

And truly, never did a more joyous, and thoroughly happy party make the frescoed walls of “*La Couronne de Fleurs D’Oranger* (the Paris “*Cadran Bleu*” of that day,) echo with their mirth, than the one that now assembled in Lord Athenreagh’s dining-room, the brilliancy of whose sallies, actually seemed by some electric mystery to regild the faded glories of its arras. Evelyn, however, was not amongst them—for’ all intense feelings, whether of sorrow, happiness or gratitude, have angels’ wings, and finding no sympathy on earth, require to soar to HEAVEN!

CHAPTER XIV.

"In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another; for, although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually."

ROBERTSON'S HISTORY OF CHARLES V.

"Ambiguas in vulgum spargere voces."

"——— Nature does
Never wrong : 'tis society which sins,
Look on the bee upon the wing among the flowers ;
How brave ! how bright his life ! then mark him hived,
Cramped, cringing in his self-built social cell.
Thus is it in the world-hive : most where men
Lie deep in cities as in drifts—death drifts
Nosing each other, like a flock of sheep ;
Not knowing, and not caring whence, nor whither
They come, or go, so that they fool together."

FESTUS, *page 81.*

ON the following morning, after the events recorded in the last chapter,

"Close by those meads for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,"

the grounds of Lady Glensborough's beautiful villa at Richmond, which she had christened the *PLEIADES*, (from the living constellations she was in the habit of collecting there,) were thronged with all the *élite* of the then London world. On its verdant

lawns sloping down to the silver river, where the cool wave laved their emerald margins—

“Beaux banish'd beaux,”

and in every avenue of each approach to the house,

“Coaches, coaches drove.”

The sun had donned all his best gala beams, which, even in England, he *sometimes* condescends to do in July ; but still, notwithstanding the splendour of the dresses, (*then* equally gorgeous, and diversified in both sexes), and the exhilarating freshness and balm of the flower-laden air, the harmonious cadences wafted upon every breeze, from invisible hands, amid the trees ; the gay pleasure barges, undulating on the bosom of the waters, with their embroidered awnings, and silken penants ; the pretty little arcadian-looking Alderney cows, bedizened like birth-day belles, in pink and blue, and silver *pompons*, whose snowy contributions, flowing upon the golden sack, within huge China bowls, gave it's name to these *fêtes*. Still, notwithstanding all these adjuncts and elements of joy, our national moral fog of *unamuseability*, sur-charged with little icy globules of *nolo mi tangeri*, and vapid exhalations, from our social, or rather unsocial sheep-walk of *the never-dare-to-please-yourself-but-copy-some-one-else-Anglo-Saxon-anti-demonstrative-association!* cast its usual leaden influence over the otherwise enchanting scene. *Here*, a *chevaux-de-frise* of fierce dowagers, (sufficiently high-born, any poor uninitiated *foreigner* would have *thought*, to guarantee them from that most essentially *parvenu* taint of vul-

garity, the fear of losing *caste* by the slightest intercourse with those, whose roots are only a quarter of an inch less deep, in the exotic parterre of fashion than their own), were *brusquely* withdrawing their very garments from even the transient contamination of some unknown, or *less known* brocade, seated on the chair beside them, it's wearer looking too unassuming to be, by any possibility, any one *worth being civil to* ; while there, inanimate as a group of Calypso's nymphs, in *goblin's* tapestry, were a tuft of pretty blooming, budding girls, luxuriant in all that makes the doll, hair, feature, and complexion deficient in what alone constitutes the *woman*, soul, feeling, and intelligence. Some of them, as far as mere physical beauty went, might have even aspired to being statues ; but statues must, or, at least, *ought* to be graceful, and grace, as Hogarth said of Albert Durer, not one of them, " ever by accident deviated into."

The unknown brocade, whose fresh and elegant contact with her own more frowzy, but unquestionably more *long* established fardingale, which had caused one of the rampant-looking dowagers to establish a sort of impromptu quarantine, between her faded turlowes, and *it's* gossamer *Boullionnees à la Flore*, which some truant zephyr seemed just to have blown into existence, belonged to Madame de Saint Germain ; and the way the bristling dowager contrived this quarantine, was, by *politely* seizing an empty chair, and *pounding* it into the green-sward

Perhaps from "Gossamer" - puffed (it is a dress).

between her and poor Roséïde, with an emphatic jerk, her looks saying as plainly as her own face, which was plain enough, heaven knows ! as she glared upon Roséïde with an ill-bred stare : “ *Who on earth can you be? and, above all, how did you manage to GET here, since I never saw you anywhere before!*” Poor Madame de Saint Germain ! albeit, as yet, unaccustomed to English manners (!) and the rather nutmeg grater tone of our *haute volée*, got up and walked away, with something very like tears in her eyes, the dowager adding a codicil to her former *good-breeding*, by *instantly* removing the barricade chair, as soon as Roséïde had abdicated hers.

“ Oh ! Lady Jelly !” said a calfish-looking young man, seating himself beside her, on Madame de Saint Germain’s chair, but in a manner so awkward, as nearly to convert his sword into a spit, and himself into one of those classic birds, which once saved Rome, without, however, endangering themselves, as in the present instance, “ I have a message for you from the Miss Trevor Bouveries ; only one of them can come to you next Wednesday, as the other is very ill.”

“ Which of them is ill ?” asked Lady Jelly.

“ Why, as ill-luck will have it, Louisa, the one who sings so devilish well.”

“ Well, then, you may just tell *the other one*, my dear Lord Fitz-Foozle, that I won’t have her, as *I only want the singing one.*”

Something between the first and the second thing.

"No, dang it, I *caunt* do *that* ! my dear Lady Jelly, it's so cursed rude."

"Nonsense Fitz ! one would think they were the Comtesse Walmoden, or Miss Skerrit, that you are so much afraid of offending them ; and, indeed, the latter will soon be nobody, for they say Lord Orford is not expected to live through the night."

"No, I *ain't* afraid of offending them," replied Lord Fitz-Foozle, defending himself with spirit, from the calumny which attributed to him any good feeling. "I *ain't* afraid of offending them ; but they *are* devilish nice girls, have devilish good fortunes, and give devilish good parties."

"Well, there, don't talk nonsense, and I'll write to them myself," said Lady Jelly, beckoning to a servant, who was handing ices at a little distance ; and, despatching him to the house for pen, ink, paper, and a blotting book, which she had no sooner obtained, than she put into writing, if possible, more coarsely and vulgarly than she had uttered it, the message, which to their credit be it spoken, Lord Fitz-Foozle's nerves were not strong enough to be the bearer of. Lady Jelly was rather a common type in English society, one of those aristocratic *friprières*, who don't allow their poverty to lower their pride a single peg ; and, who by *scraping up every thing*, from acquaintances down to autographs, base their position upon insolence and assumption, and so take fashion by storm. She knew that in default of money,

music is the best bait for hooking the flat fish of the *beau monde* ; consequently, there was no meanness too low for her to stoop to, in order to harpoon both professionals and amateurs, to what she called her “ *break-fasts*,” but which George Selwyn had re-christened her *keepfasts* ; but, knowing how bad, eating, and drinking, are for the voice, on account of the vocal sinners, she starved the inharmonious ones equally ; for, except a scarcity of strawberries, and a deficit of weak tea, nothing edible was ever to be discovered, from the Dan of one of Lady Jelly’s Wednesdays, to the Beersheba of the next. But, still the amateurs flocked to them, in the hope of finding partners for Ranelagh, or for life, as she piqued herself upon getting the best men in London ;* and the poor professionals were equally punctual in *their* attendance, in the hope of finding patrons, at once more liberal, and more lady-like than Lady Jelly.

“ Have you seen Lady Glensborough yet, Fitz ?” inquired the latter of her companion. “ *I* have not been able to meet with her.”

“ Nor I,” said Lord Fitz-Foozle, “ but then to be sure, I have not been into the house yet.”

“ I am so sorry, for poor dear Vernon Howard’s

* At this time, according to the system of man-worship, which has always prevailed (and still prevails) in England, Lady Granville had established it into a rule, that ladies only were to receive *invitations*, as men were *sensé* to be *welcome everywhere* ! without, no matter what their character or conduct, or the want of them, might be ; though indeed, then, as now, the *latter* appeared to be rather a passport than otherwise.

*The measure of sense - intelligent
Pleasure the measure - sense to be understood*

defeat yesterday," resumed her ladyship, "he is so handsome, and so agreeable, and can do more with the opera singers for me than any man in town."

"Well," rejoined Fitz-Foozle, leaning back in his chair, elongating his legs, slouching his hat over his eyes, to keep out the sun, which was now darting its rays through the broad leaves of the luxuriant catalpa, under which they were sitting, and then folding his arms ; "Well, I heard all the fellows at White's last night, saying quite the contrary, that it was a dévil of a shame, and that Howard ought to be sent to Coventry, or included in the hanging bet, about Sir William Burdett, entered on the books at Wills's last month."

As this gave Lady Jelly an idea, that, probably her dear Vernon Howard's star *might*, at length, be on the wane ; and, his victim's getting into the ascendant, she did not think it politic to waste any more friendship in defending him ; so, to change the subject, she remarked,

"How lovely Lady Coventry looks to-day ; and, as they seem so well together, I suppose '*my lord*' has forgiven her shameful conduct, in not having given him another son."

Here, Horace Walpole, who was lionising the Prince de Craon, then in England, was seen emerging from an alley, with the latter, arm-in-arm, they suddenly stopped ; and the Prince, levelling his glass at the before-mentioned tuft of young ladies, said to his companion,

“*Charmautes ! si elles n’avaient pas l’air tontes si bête !*”

Horace, who was proud of his French, and, therefore, never lost an opportunity of justifying his partiality, by making it the vehicle of his wit, replied with a shrug :

“*Que voulez vous ? Mon cher Prince ; c’n’est que par la bêtise que nos jeunes demoiselles brillent.*”

“*Allons donc ! vous êtes par trop sévère sur le compte de vos jeune misses : il faut être juste, mon cher, il y’a des bêtes, par tout, nous aussi ; nous avons nos Agnés, même a Paris !*” said the Prince, with that *politesse de cœur*, which never allows a Frenchman to say a rude thing gratuitously, of a whole nation, however individual absurdity may wring one from him.”

“At all events,” said Walpole ; “in France, they do with their folly as they do with their food ; however bad it may be, they dress it so exquisitely that it becomes palatable. Whereas, *our folly* always savours most nauseously of our fat mutton chops, and our rawness of manner of our under-done beef-steaks.”

Here Lady Jelly sprang from her seat, for knowing that Horace Walpole was the *cornac* of the Prince de Craon, she wished to secure an early introduction to him—to harpoon him for her next Wednesday. So seizing the owner of Strawberry Hill’s hand, she said—

"My *dear* Mr. Walpole, I am so *charmed* to see you here, for that tells me that Lord Orford is better?"

"Thank you, my father is considerably better;" said he, with as much grace and *nonchalance*, as if he had been only adding another name to his catalogue of royal and noble authors; though he was well aware at the time, (for Arbuthnot had only announced it to him two hours before,) that his father could not possibly out-live the night. What, then? fathers *must* die, and sons — — dine!

"Pray, introduce the Prince de Craon to me," *soto voce* 'd Lady Jelly, quite forgetting in her eagerness for that event, the *neat and appropriate speech* that should have followed poor Lord Orford's *health*, as just given by his son. While this introduction was taking place, the prince bowing, and the lady *bobbing*, for curtseying was not better understood in England then, than it is now, Lord Fitz-Foozle began to be attacked with the general epidemic *and grow tired of his own company*, so spying Lord Granby and George Selwyn, who were on their way to a temple, which Lady Glensborough had had built especially for music, on the model of the Pantheon, at Rome, he vociferated—

"Hollo! I say, Granby; Selwyn; where are you off to?"

"Off our guard apparently;" muttered Selwyn, as they turned back, resigning themselves to their fate

with not the best grace in the world, for Selwyn visibly shrugged his shoulders, while a frown rolled like a dark cloud over Lord Granby's handsome face.

"Stand, and deliver!" cried Selwyn, recovering his good humour, as he pointed the head of his jewelled cane like the muzzle of a pistol in Fitz-Foozle's face.

"What's the fun?" asked that young gentleman; mechanically obeying the first part of the command, and standing up, more it must be confessed to stretch his limbs than to comply with the mandate.

"Ah! how do, Walpole?" said Selwyn, extending one finger to Horace, before he replied to his lordship's question.

"Why," said George, eventually answering it after this little parenthesis; "I am collecting a subscription to enable Dingleby Hatch to get Wills's plate out of pawn, and so prevent his being sent to Newgate, as Wills's has promised not to prosecute, if the plate is restored. So out with your guinea, and you too, Walpole?"

"I shall do nothing so immoral;" said Horace, jingling with the conscious probity of wealth, the gold in his well-filled pockets as he spoke; "I cannot imagine how you should even wish to prevent such a rascal as Dingleby being sent to Newgate?"

"My dear fellow," rejoined Selwyn, lowering his voice and looking cautiously around with a comically solemn expression of face; "I don't, as you may

suppose, care a rush about Mr. Dingleby's being compelled to *retire from public life*; but if he is sent to prison; *only think* what an opinion he'll *give the people in Newgate of all of us!*"

"Ha! ha! ha! that's worth two guineas at least," laughed Walpole, flinging them to him.

"I wish you could persuade every one else to be of the same opinion, and I should halve the profits with Dingleby," said Selwyn, pocketing them; "now, Fitz, my boy," added he, extending his hand, "it's your turn?"

"No, no, I'll be hanged if I do!" said that young gentleman, buttoning up his pockets, for like many others of his calibre, all the wisdom he lacked in his head, abounded in his purse; "no, no," matter-of-factly he, sticking his hat on one side, and his arms akimbo with the air of a Brummagem Socrates. "*I, for one, don't care a d——, what Dingleby says of me; and after all, whatever he may have to say of any of us. We are not as bad as the people in Newgate, because none of us ever have been there.*"

"Never despair! Fitz, live in hopes, my boy, a time *may come when justice will be done to us,*" said Selwyn, paternally, laying his hand on the lordling's shoulder, infusing a look of maudlin sensibility into his whole face that threw Lord Granby and Horace Walpole into perfect convulsions of laughter.

"But, *I don't want justice to be done to me;*" persisted Fitz-Foozle, having some vague, but not, on

that account, less alarming misgivings that this reply of Selwyn's was one last strong appeal to his pocket.

"*That* only proves, my dear fellow, the moderation of your wishes, and that you expect *nothing* from any one, which is *true* philosophy, and for which reason, you will always find *me* a friend upon a *pinch*," said Selwyn, solemnly, as he presented his open snuff box to this charming young man.

"Oh! Selwyn, Selwyn, you'll kill one!" cried Lord Granby and Horace Walpole, as they wiped the tears from their eyes.

"My dear Lord Granby, how came neither you nor Mr. Selwyn to be at Lady Caroline Petersham's drum on Sunday?" said Lady Jelly, who had just released the Prince de Craon from the 'unknown tongues.'

"Why, we couldn't manage it," said Lord Granby, "for we had long promised Harry St. John to go and hear him preach, one evening, at Cripplegate; and he carried us off to sup with him at the Mitre afterwards."

"Do people go? and is it worth going to?" yawned Lady Jelly, as if she were asking about a play or a puppet show.

"*He says*," smiled Lord Granby, "that he has immense congregations of a morning; but the evening we were there, we were unlucky; for, as Selwyn said, it was literally St. John preaching in the wilderness."

"Very good," said Lady Jelly ; and so she would have pronounced it, if Selwyn had said, what a clock is it ? For like most English people, incapable of discerning, or appreciating either wit or talent herself, she confidently took it for granted that *every thing a wit*, or a popular author, said *must* be good. "Pray," continued she ; "have you seen Lady Glensborough yet, for I have not ?"

"Yes, I made my bow to her when we first arrived ; she was in the billiard-room."

"And how is she looking ?"

"Very handsome, but odd."

"What do you mean ?" re-interrogated Lady Jelly,

"I don't exactly know how to tell you *what* I mean," said Lord Granby ; "but she looks so wild about the eyes."

Here Lucy Lumly, dressed in the very extreme of the most juvenile of the prevailing mode, and painted and patched *à l'envie*, rushed past, as if she had been at a steeple chase, saying to Lady Jelly :—

"I can tell you, if you want to hear this new star that all the town are running mad about, the Comtesse de Saint Germain, sing, you must run for it, for the Temple is now crowded to suffocation !"

Lady Jelly bounded from her chair, as if she was electrified.

"The Comtesse de Saint Germain !" cried she, "is she here ? I'd give the *world* to see her ! and she sings too ! how delightful ! I must get Lady Glens-

borough to introduce me to her, for I shall *die*, if I don't secure her for next Wednesday!" And, so saying, Lady Jelly waddled off without, to their infinite delight, levying contributions upon the arms of any of the gentlemen, she was in such a hurry to reach the Temple. While Lord Granby, laughingly, caught hold of Lucy Lumly's *sacque*, as she was darting like a superannuated Procris away from him through the trees.

"Barbarous Lucy!" said he, in a mock-heroic tone; "you are not going to fly from me in this inhuman manner without one word; at least, allow my arm to support your fragile form!"

"Get away! get away!" squeaked the fair Lucy, using her hands like two paddles, "I hate whimsical people!"

"You mean you do not like any whim, but '*Jenny's Whim*!'" retorted Lord Granby.

"Get away! get away!" persisted Lucy, valiantly defending her unattacked charms; "get away, go to your Lady Caroline Petersham; *I* don't want you!"

"No, *Lucia Mia! Petersham* is too far from *Richmond*, while the latter contains *you*!"

In a similar strain of rhodomontade they reached the Temple, Lucy always in advance, and Lord Granby,

"Like panting Time toiling after her in vain!"

Lady Jelly had elbowed her way as far as the first step of the door, but to penetrate an inch farther,

was morally and physically impossible, unless the crowd had been of the same yielding substance as her name; but she was quite near enough to hear the rich round volume of Roséide's voice, warbling first like a bevy of diamond nightingales, so clear, brilliant, and soaring were the *roulades* in the Italian *Carattinas* and *Barcaroles* she was singing; and next in the mellow twilight tones of what was *then* an unknown novelty in England, namely, old Spanish ballads.

“*Charming! delightful! perfect! exquisite!*” burst from every side amid the most deafening applause, as soon as the lovely *cantatrice* was at length allowed to repose herself.

“My dear Lady Glensborough,” said Lady Jelly, zig-zagging her way like an enormous sand-bag through the now dispersing crowd, and seizing both the hostess's fair hands, “*pray* present me to that *charming* Comtesse de Saint Germain. What a voice! what science! what taste!”

This panegyric was uttered in a stage whisper unpurpose that its subject might hear it; and hear it she did, as it was delivered in Lady Jelly's best French; but as Roséide heard it, a smile of such quiet, but keen, satire, played round her beautiful mouth, and lightened in her eyes, that any nerves less tough than Lady Jelly's, made shame-proof as they were by sixty years of bearish rudeness on the one hand, and servile meanness on the other, would have been blasted under the electric fluid of this look, but fortunately *her* cast iron impudence served as a con-

ductor, and she weathered the introduction without flinching, and proffered and pressed her invitation in the most abject manner.

"I thank you," said Madame de Saint Germain ; "but every Wednesday, while we remain in London, we are engaged to Lady Evelyn Howard, and——"

"Oh !" interrupted Lady Jelly, with the most frantic eagerness, "I'll change my day—to *any* day you will name."

"On no account," replied Roséide ; "for I don't think we have a single disengaged day, or even hour, while we remain ; besides," added she, with an *espiègle* smile, which, gentle as it was, had the effect of a sledge hammer even upon Lady Jelly's well seasoned impenetrability. "Besides, I perceive, madame, that *you* have such a dread of the plague, that you are even afraid of the slightest contact of an oriental brocade ; and as all mine are unfortunately fresh from Damascus, I should be truly sorry to expose you again to the painful degree of alarm that you evinced when I sat near you on the lawn a short time ago."

So saying, Roséide waved her most graceful and willowy curtesy to Lady Jelly, and passing her arm through Lady Glensborough's, walked away, leaving the former lady to lament, for the first time in her life, her coarseness and ill breeding, and to arrive reluctantly at the painful and too late conclusion, that people *might* not only be *comme il faut*, but

even *distingué*, and *worth knowing*, although their faces were *not* as familiar in London society as the dulness which pervades it.

Lord Granby was right; there was not only a most extraordinary wildness in Lady Glensborough's eyes, but strange wanderings of uncertain and vague expressions that flitted from time to time over her handsome features, like mental *ignus fatui*; and occasionally a keen observer might have detected the sharp but powerfully mastered spasm of physical agony, yet never had Lady Glensborough been so sparkling, so brilliant, but it was not the sacred fire burning purely and steadily within the watched precincts of the hallowed lamp, but the wild lurid glare of the consuming flames, playing round the forfeited life of the condemned victim!

"Is it true, Selwyn," said she, with a forced laugh, as in her transit across the lawn with Madame de Saint Germain, she met him lounging near the library windows, "is it true that Harry St. John has made you his clerk, which prevents your attending Lady Caroline Petersham's Sundays? If so, I wish you'd contrive to purloin some of the parish rates for me."

"I say *amen* to whatever your ladyship ordains," bowed Selwyn, in the same jocular strain; "but as we have no penance in the Protestant Church, notwithstanding your kindness in inducting me into the

clerkship of Cripplegate, I must decline the penance of attending Lady Caroline's drums."

"You are right, George; so now make yourself agreeable, as you always do. What news is there? as parish clerk, you ought at least to collect a tithe of all the tales going."

"At that rate, my dear Lady Glensborough, it would be *ten to one* that they were all false."

"Very likely; *mais cela ne gâte rien*; do you know I have not been to town for a whole week, so I am craving for news of it, as from a '*far country*?' "

"Well, really, I know none, except that London is like the tenth chapter of Ezra, '*full of strange marriages*;' the two Bolton girls are going to be married, one to a man of eighty, another to a boy of eighteen; Jemmy Lumly, too, they say, has been accepted by old Miss Mauleverer and her fifty thousand pounds, and Lady Maud De Vere is to marry Don Raphaël Valasquez immediately."

"With her father's consent?" asked Lady Glensborough, as another sharp spasm slightly distorted her face.

"With his *full consent*; for Lord Athenreagh is *delighted* at the match. We had a *dîner de fiançales* there yesterday," said Selwyn.

"That's right," replied Lady Glensborough, drawing a long breath.

Here the excited tones of Lord Coventry's voice

were heard, stammering out to his wife in the library—

“La—la—lay that book down, Lady Coventry; haven’t I forbidden your reading poetry and nonsense, madam, espe—pe—pecially that obscene trash of Pope’s?”

“Indeed, my lord, I was not reading,—I never read; I was only looking at the pictures,” whimpered poor Lady Coventry, with perfect truth; but naught mollified, her lord and master seized the offending volume, and dashed it to the ground.

“My dear Lord Coventry!” said Lady Glensborough, entering the library by one of the windows, “I am aware of your veneration for the privileges of a ‘*free-born Englishman*,’ therefore far be it from me to interfere with your using your *wife* in any way you think fit, but I must beg a little mercy for my poor books, not for their contents, for you have just favoured us all with your *lucid* though somewhat severe and unmerited criticism upon poor Pope; but upon *that* score you are also free to think as you please; but for my bindings I must once more intercede.”

“Oh! I beg pardon,” said Lord Coventry, his whole face growing purple as he picked up the volume, and put it into Lady Glensborough’s extended hand.

“What is it,” asked she, as she took the book, “that has so strongly excited your indignation, for I

fancied poor Pope had been censure proof on the score of the morality of his writings?"

"Oh! *did* you?" cried Lord Coventry, with his usual good breeding, snatching the book out of her hand, and turning over the leaves till he came to the passage he was in quest of, and then pointing to it, his voice and fingers trembling with rage, "*read that!*" he cried, "and *then* tell me if you think *that* a proper sentiment for a woman to cast her eyes upon, whom *I have done the honour of making my wife?*"

With the most extreme composure Lady Glensborough read out—

"Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove—
Make me mistress to the man I love."

"Horrible! wicked! infamous! just like him!" muttered Sir Horace Belarmin, his eyes glaring, his teeth set, and his hands clenched, as he leant in the embrasure of a window, his figure only partially concealed by the curtain.

"Ah! poor Sir Horace!" whispered a rotund and rubicund dowager to George Selwyn; "they say he has never been right since Peg Woffington's death. What a woman to go mad for! and there was *my Barbara* would have had him if he had asked her."

"Poor Belarmin!" said Selwyn, looking pathetically towards the love-sick baronet, and thereby

completely mystifying the innocent dowager; "I think if I had only madness and folly to choose between, I should prefer madness."

"Well, what do you think of your friend Pope *now*?" said Lord Coventry, returning to the charge.

"Nay, really," interposed Horace Walpole, defending the dead poet the more warmly for not having known but only having "*seen him*;" "I cannot see that Pope is in the least to blame for those lines, for that, such as it is, was *Heloise's own* sentiment."

"*I*," said Lady Glensborough, gravely, "am quite of Lord Coventry's opinion, the sentiment is shocking," (and here she spread her fan before her face,) "and the lines are ditto; how much better, for instance," continued she, clearing her voice so as to call general attention, "would it have been had they, and it, ran thus—"

There was a dead silence, and Lady Glensborough, with an emphatic and measured tone, enunciated the following parody—

Not with great Cæsar would *I* deign to mate !
Make *me* widow to the man *I* hate !

Vociferous laughter and applause followed this sally from *all* the *unmarried* men and *most* of the married women present, but Lord Coventry thumped down his hat upon his head as if he intended to brain himself, while he sternly ordered Maria to "*come away*," already fancying that he saw her visibly turning into

Lady Essex, or the Marquise de Brenvilliers, and the rest of the party soon after, hearing the sillabub bell, followed George Selwyn's advice, and started without loss of time for "*Cows.*"

Verily ! society has as many COSMOS as the planetary sphere above us, but it would require more wonderful telescopes than have yet been invented, to penetrate into all the arcana of the former ; all that is certain is, that *its* eclipses are more frequent than the celestial ones, and their real causes less ascertained ; for how often, over the luminous circle of some brilliant *fête*, do the opaque bodies of sorrow and misfortune roll their partial eclipse upon the fates of individuals ! And so it was on the present occasion ; for while the beautiful groves and dells of the *Pleiades* echoed the buoyant laugh and the sprightly sally, and—

The sweet summer air, like to some spruce gallant,
Drunk with his golden quaffings from the sun,
Pursued the young leaves, that shrank from his embrace ;

—Lord Glensborough was closetted in a small oak-pannelled breakfast-room, at one side of the hall, with the Comtes de Saint Maur and Saint Germain ; on a large black octagon table of carved and highly polished black oak, were strewed numberless papers, letters, parchments, and title deeds ; while, at the lower end of it, there stood a French *avoué*, in a black coat, and black silk buttons, plain cambric

jabot and ruffles, a round full-bottomed wig, and plain steel-hilted sword, knee, and shoe-buckles; open before him was a *chagrin* casket, with silver lock and hooks, lined with green velvet; and within it were several discoloured letters, tied together with a piece of rose-coloured ribbon, edged with silver; over it hung a string of pearls, to which was attached a small medalion-sized miniature of the Regent Orleans, set round with brilliants, with his initials P.D.'O., in small pearls, upon a purple enamel back. Besides this picture, there was also another of the same size, and similarly set, of a lady, exceedingly dark, and in rather a masculine attire, without powder, but of singularly handsome, and regular features; on the back of this portrait, instead of initials, was a very plump and somewhat saucy-looking crow, executed in very black hair, (no doubt that of the original of the miniature,) perched upon a diamond heart, and, round it, or rather above it, were the words,

“*Mon Petit,*”

in diamond sparks, an allusion, no doubt, to the Regent's pet name for Madame de Parabère of “*Mon petit corbeau,*” for this was a portrait of that lady; and the black guardian angel that now hovered round these remains of that once celebrated personage, was Monsieur Dévers de Galimatias, de la Cour Royale, entrusted with them as far as London, by the executors of Madame de Parabère. On his

right hand side, at another compartment of the octagonal table, stood a portly personage, in a snuff-coloured coat, Bristol stone buttons, *bag wig*, *iron parits* sword handle, paste knee and shoe buckles, Dresden lace ruffles and frills, and a large Dresden china enamel-headed cane, very yellow, white silk stockings, but, though drawn up to a most aristocratic degree of perpendicularity, yet, ultimately *fraternising* most closely with the black satin unnameables, that met them beyond the prison of Ham, vulgo below the garter. This personage, as he placed two fingers of his right hand upon a brown deed box, with a large white coronet, and the name of "EARL GLENSBOROUGH," upon it, while his left hand was buried within the folds of his Dresden lace shirt frills, and his right shoulder and his right leg advanced, like those of the statue of a Roman emperor, in an old Italian garden, seemed to be labouring under a plethora of his own importance; and no wonder, for he was no less a personage than Benjamin Spinout, Esq., solicitor, of the firm of "FLEECEUM, SPINOUT, AND DONOTHING," the very oldest established law firm in all England; and, consequently, forming part and parcel of those institutions, of which we are so justly proud! As Benjamin eyed with *hauteur*, contempt and distrust, him whom in his own mind he called "*The Frenchman*," but audibly "*Musseer*," Lord Glensborough who, notwithstanding the deadly palor of his cheeks, was, if

possible, more costly and *point-de-vice* than usual in his dress, rose, and wiping the cold dew drops that rolled from his forehead, with a pocket-handkerchief, the delicacy of whose texture, and the magnificence of whose lace, might have satisfied even the fastidious, (but not *too* fastidious Anne of Austria), said, making a profound bow to the Comte de Saint Maur,

“I perceive, my dear Comte, that you were right, when you told me that, as soon as I was *aware* of all the particulars of your claims to an English peerage, I should be of opinion that the quieter the matter was kept the better; beyond *to-day this* will be impossible. But will you as a first and last favour,” (and here a momentary huskiness rendered his words almost inarticulate, as he added bitterly, “will you allow the *estates* to follow the example of the title, and to the world at *least* let them *appear* to pass from me to you *naturally*?”

“What do you mean?” said St. Maur, much affected; “I have told you before, that as I considered you the sinned against, and not the sinning, in all this unhappy business, I deemed all your personal property sacred; and from your horses down to your horse-whips, nothing shall be alienated.”

“Thank you, my dear Comte, Lord Glensborough, I mean; tush! what a fool I am,” said he, dashing a tear from his eye. “But, though I never cared to honour it while I had it, yet now I come to part from

the poor old name, it seems like parting with *the only friend I ever had, for all the world courted it !* however little they cared for *me*. Well, no matter now ! I am forgetting what I had to say ; oh ! I remember ; you are very good ; but I will take neither horse nor chattel, out of any of your houses. On five hundred a-year, they would have to do as I do,—starve !”

“Nay,” interrupted Saint Germain, “Monsieur de Saint Maur,” (for so he still, out of delicacy, called him,) “you know has secured to you three thousand a-year.”

“He is very good ;” said the quondam master of the house, pointing, with a blush and a sigh, to Madame de Parabère’s picture. “But I will take nothing but what *my mother has left me*, and that is five hundred a-year. Still,” added he, seizing the portrait of Philippe D’Orleans in a sort of bravado, and with a forced laugh, “if I cannot boast of forefathers like *you*, my Lord, still *I had* one, and history and that face belie him, if *he* would have whimpered, or his heart flinched, even in an hour like this. No ! nor by heaven will his son either, so again I ask your lordship to let the world *fancy*, that the estates have passed *naturally from me to you*, only till *to-morrow*, let them fancy this, for *then* they *must* know the truth ; but poor Lady —— , I mean my poor wife ! it would be cruel to spoil her last *fête*.”

"I do not understand how *I* can influence the public belief, in any way on the matter; nor do I indeed, in the least comprehend, what you mean by the estates seeming to pass *naturally* from you to me," said Saint Maur.

"I am sorry to say, my dear Lord," replied the poor disinherited, drawing a dice-box from his pocket, "that this little prime minister of the blind goddess, has alienated from you many an acre; only let us, then, throw a main under the first green tree on yonder lawn, by which I may publicly lose *Glensborough, Wilton-Towers, Teviot-dale, and the Pleiades* to you, and I'll not even curse the dice, but swear

"My stars are more in fault than they!"

"As you please," said St. Maur; "but why let these people know anything of the matter to-day?"

"Nay, nay, it is the last *pleasure* I promise myself in England, to see their disappointed faces, not at *my being a beggar*, but at *their* having no more *fêtes*! Money can purchase *almost* every pleasure, poverty but ONE, that of unmasking one's *soi-disant friends*."

"It is but a sorry pleasure," sighed Saint Germain, "to look upon the oldest wrinkle in human nature's ugliness; for, ever since the world began, men have esteemed each other more for the worth they may happen to be to *them*, than for their *intrinsic* worth. And it is on this account, perhaps

that our *fancied* importance is always so preposterously beyond our *real*, and that look round the world, and sift what class one will, we ever see a giant pride springing from a pigmy power."

"Very true, my dear Comte," assented the *çi-de-vant* Lord Glensborough; "but there is one visible improvement in the world now-a-days, which is, that people confer *so few favours*; there will soon be no such thing as ingratitude! Still, my *dear Lord Glensborough*," and he emphasised the name, as he advanced towards the door, with the intention of quitting the room. "I am going to request the favour of your allowing me to take a glass of your champagne, before I have the honour of making you

'Stand the *certainty* of the die.'"

And he rattled the dice as he would have waved a drinking-glass. St. Maur was so pained, that he could only bow, as he prepared to follow him to the dining-room; but here Mr Benjamin Spinout, turning to him with a most obsequious bow, asked, after sonorously clearing his voice,

"If his lordship would not *like again* to go over the title-deeds, mortgages, &c. &c. &c., of the different estates, tenements, and messuages, appertaining to his lordship?"

But his lordship shook his head, in negation of this obliging offer; for, parchment delighted him

not, nor pen and ink either ! While the *çi-devant* Lord Glensborough turned round at the door, and, making his most courtier-like bow to the man of law, desired his best compliments to Messieurs Fleeceum and Donothing, and hoped they would continue to find, the agency for the Glensborough estates, as profitable and *less* precarious than it had hitherto been."

Whereat Benjamin, retaining his most rigid and pauper client perpendicular, waved his hand in profound silence, and, with overwhelming dignity, as though he should say,

"*Pass on, my good man, and make way for your betters !*"

But Monsieur Dévers de Galimatias, rubbing his hands, bowing most blandly, and pitching his voice in his best *Cour de Cassation* Demosthenes' key, asked the ex-peer:

"If Monsieur had no further commands to honour him with?"

"Only, my good Monsieur Galimatias," replied the son of Madame de Parabére, "to take care of that casket, and to have the goodness to order a chaise and *pair*, to be in readiness at the Sir Robert Walpole,* for twelve o'clock to-night, and if you have no more agreeable *compagnon de voyage*, I hope you'll do me the honour of taking a seat in my chaise to Paris."

* Now the Star and Garter at Richmond.

“*Mille grâces ! Monsieur avec beaucoup de plaisir,*” and with his hands upon his heart, (or at least his left side,) Monsieur Galimatias branched into as many *bows* (boughs) as a horse chestnut tree in May, while the portly Benjamin Spinout, of the firm of “Fleeceum, Spinout, and Donothing,” despised “*the Frenchman*” more than ever in the indentures of his secret soul, for wasting so much politeness upon a man who had *sued* his company *in formâ pauperis* !

When the trio entered the dining-room, it was thronged with male guests, who preferred champagne to sillabub, (a taste, by the bye, not exclusively confined to their sex). Saint Germain drew the ex-Lord Glensborough aside, as he was about to commence his libations, and putting a letter into his hand, directed to the *Vidame de Poitiers*—said, “if you will present this to my friend, the Vidame, at your earliest convenience, after your arrival in Paris, I think you will find that you have not lost so much as you imagine, by quitting England.”

“Thank you, my dear *Comte*,” said the other, shaking St. Germain’s hand cordially, “as long as I do not lose *your* friendship, I will compound for the hollow hearts I leave behind me.”

And then plunging into the thick of the crowd, he reached the table, and swallowed glass after glass of champagne, till his spirits rose to that scale of

heaven pitch that makes it easy for us to fancy we are kicking the world from under us as we rise!

"Ah! he was a confounded puppy, when young, and in turning pedant in his old age; I don't think he has changed for the better," said Lord Oxford to the Bishop of Salisbury.

"Who are you speaking of?" asked the quondam Lord Glensborough, pausing half way, as he was conveying another sparkling illusion to his lips.

"Of Chesterfield," replied Lord Oxford.

"Ah, I did not know him during his puppyhood," rejoined Madame de Parabère's son; "but he is so *assomant* now, that I always regret he did not *die of the distemper then*."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed all the men round the table; and during this burst of merriment, the last speaker passed his arm through the Comte de St. Maur's, and rattling the dice-box in the same hand with which he flourished his pocket-handkerchief, said loudly, on purpose to be heard—

"Now, my dear *Comte*, I'm ready to give you your revenge; but, perhaps I had better take leave of all my good friends here first,—as Glensborough, *Wilton-Towers*, *Teviot-dale*, and the *Pleiades*, are on the cast! however, *if I win—au revoir!*" and waving his hand, he stepped through one of the open windows out upon the lawn.

A sudden and profound silence had reigned

throughout the room, at the commencement of this address, and a remonstrative, "Oh! no!—for God's sake!" burst from many, as they all rushed out after him (whom they still called Lord Glensborough), but, before they could reach the giant oak, under the shade of which, the pair were seated, and its *ci devant* owner had pretended to throw, he rose up, waving his hat slowly, in a circular direction, so as to include in his salutation, the whole of the crowd that had followed him, while St. Maur walked away gloomily, his hands behind his back,—

"Ladies and gentlemen—for I dare no longer call you *friends!*" said the ex-peer, gracefully bowing his *adieux*, "accept my final farewell—Fortune has been more hostile to me than ever, and, I now no longer possess a house, in which to have the honour of receiving you."

"Oh! no—no, not so bad as *that*, I hope, my dear lord," said several voices at once, as their owners pressed forward, with at least the affected sympathy of good breeding.

"It is even as I have told you; and I leave England for the continent to-night; but," added he lowering his voice, "may I beg the favour of your not mentioning this *contretems* to poor Lady Glensborough? I will write to her father, Lord Castledurrow, to come and break it to her to-morrow, when I am gone."

Here Horace Walpole, having heard the ruined

man's intention of leaving England that night, pressed forward, to place Strawberry Hill at his disposal, and *entreat* him not to refuse this slight favour to one who had so sincere a regard for him ; but Lord Glensborough, steadily but gratefully declined the proffered hospitality, upon which some dust getting into Horace's eyes, he applied his handkerchief to them, and murmuring something about getting back to town early, on account of his father's precarious state, (but in reality to reach Arlington Street, in time to write to Sir Horace Mann a full account of the Glensborough *smash*, by that night's Florence courier), he once more cordially pressed his host's hand, and took his departure. The rest of the guests soon followed his example, with the exception of Lord Oxford and Taaff.

"My dear fellow," said the latter, "if you are going to Paris, don't go to an hotel, but put up your horses with me ; for I have a *Pied à terre* in the *Rue de Grenelle*, and I shall be there myself, in another week—and as I stand pretty well with the Pompadour, to say nothing of the inferior power his majesty Louis Quinze, we'll see, between us, if we cannot make Paris agreeable to you."

Lord Glensborough turned away his head as he pressed Taaff's hand, and said in a tremulous voice—

"Thank you, Taaff—thank you, I know the only way to repay *your* kindness, is to *accept it*."

“To be sure it is! that’s right! So *au revoir*, my boy, 32, Rue de Grenelle, about this day fortnight,” said Taaff, with a parting slap upon Lord Glensborough’s shoulder.

“My dear Glensborough,” said Lord Oxford,* lowering his voice and approaching close to him, as soon as Taaff was gone; “since my father’s death, I do not pretend to have much political influence; but still, I think, between us all, we may manage to get you a commissionership of excise, or made *chargé de affaires* to some of the Italian states; so don’t be in too great a hurry to leave England.”

“Thank you all the same; but the *die is cast*! and if I have no great regret in leaving London,” added he, with a melancholy attempt at a jest, as he wrung Lord Oxford’s hand, and broke away from him, “I cannot say the same at quitting *Oxford*!”

The news of Lord Glensborough’s losses soon spread, and among the first of the general company to take their departure, was Lady Jelly, who kept muttering, as Lord Fitz-Foozle conducted her to her carriage,

“Never had such a disagreeable day in my life!—think nothing of that impertinent Madame de Saint Germain’s singing; but I *do* think, that it is a shame of people, if they intend to ruin themselves,

* *Edward* the founder of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, and son of, and successor to, Robert Earl of Mortimer and Oxford, and lord high treasurer in the reign of Anne.

to bring one all the way to Richmond, only to witness it !'

The *Pleiades* were soon deserted—but its smooth lawns bore the impress of the trampling world's contaminating contact ; for not only did they look less fresh and green, than they had done a few hours before, but here and there, bits of torn paper, and the scattered leaves of faded flowers, strewed their velvet sward ; these, and a forgotten glove, fan, or cane upon some chair, or seat beneath the trees, were the only evidences that remained of *human life*. The innocent, and philosophic cows were quietly champing their suppers, equally unaffected by the finery that encumbered them, and the fashion that had so recently surrounded them, while the calm river at their feet was

“ Gliding like happiness away.”

And where was Lady Glensborough ?—Reader, let you and I ask this question, if no one else did. It was fortunate the day was drawing to a close—for so was her strength. She had with difficulty gained her dressing-room, where her maid had hastily taken, or rather torn, off the costly, and graceful attire, which had, during the morning, constituted the admiration of all the men, and the envy of all the women, who under the name of *friends* ! its mistress had assembled at the *Pleiades*, and in a *peignoir* scarcely more white than her cheeks and lips, reclined upon a couch, now *writhing*

at her ease ! (for she no longer attempted to conceal her agony,) was Lady Glensborough. On a small table before her, were several packets of letters, tied together with blue ribbon, a miniature, and some writing materials, which, between each frightful paroxysm, she made use of, to indite with great difficulty a few lines.

"Indeed, my lady," said Mrs. Bridget, offering her another glass of camphor julep; "you had better let me send for Doctors Arbuthnot and Churchill; for nothing I can give you seems to do you any good, and it is a terrible *sponsibility* to me, to have your ladyship in such a state upon my hands."

"No use, Bridget—no use; a light, *quick !* to seal this," said her mistress, raising herself with difficulty upon her elbow, and folding the letter she had just concluded, and then directing it; "send a man on horseback—quick ! quick !" continued she, as soon as she had sealed it, "to Lord Athenreagh's house in St. James's Park, for Lady Evelyn Howard, and he shall have five guineas, if he does not draw bridle till he arrives—Oh ! and be sure and tell him *to wait for an answer.*"

"Very well, my lady;" and Mrs. Bridget left the room.

"Is he not come yet?" asked Lady Glensborough, as soon as the maid returned.

"Who, my lady?"

“ Mr. Howard.”

“ Haven't seen or heard *nothink* of him, my lady.”

“ Did you send, as I told you, to ‘*Jenny's Whim*,’ as well as to White's and Wills's?”

“ Yes, my lady; I sent George a *hosback*, and Barnet by water to Chelsea, more nor three hours ago.”

“ Well, well, bring the wine here all ready; he will be thirsty when he arrives, and he *shall* drink!” This last sentence was inaudible to the maid, who brought over a *salver*, containing a bottle of Burgundy in a gold trellis-work decanter, and another of Moselle, and placed them on the table beside her mistress. She had scarcely done so before a knock came to the dressing-room door.

Lady Glensborough strained her eyes towards the door, but it was only a letter, which Bridget, having taken in, brought to her mistress; it was from Lord Glensborough, and ran as follows:

“ Dear Lucy,

“ The Comte de Saint Germain tells me that he has been good enough to make you acquainted with my total loss of fortune, and the distressing little error (of thirty-two years' standing) in my identity, which has been rectified this day, by erasing me from the House of Lords. Had I wilfully, that is, knowingly deceived you on this point, I never could forgive myself; but as I did not, I hope you will forgive me, as I do you, a ten years' arrear of

love and obedience, which you swore at the altar you would bestow upon me, but have not since then, in either instance, found it convenient to do; but you never found me a hard creditor, nor will I be so now, as I know by experience how difficult it is to meet one's engagements. Your own fortune of twenty thousand pounds I, as in honour bound, return to you; for it was intended as the marriage portion of *Lord Glensborough's wife, and I am not Lord Glensborough!* Returning to your father's house, it is to be hoped you will not feel the change so much as you otherwise might have done. The present Lord Glensborough kindly begged that all you most valued, in each of the houses, might still be yours. In compliance with this wish, (which is also mine) I leave the selection to your own choice, and only remove that which you don't value, and consequently won't regret—I mean myself. I don't know how to preach—still less, I fear, to pray; but it strikes me that, at this our final parting, it may be salutary to us both, to remember that verse in the Lord's Prayer, which asks God 'TO FORGIVE US; AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US.' I can with truth say, I do so on my side; do you, Lucy, '*go and do likewise*;' which is the last request of him who has now no other name, or title, than that of,

Your husband.

“The Pleiades, Richmond,

“July 15th, 1745.”

One large tear fell from Lady Glensborough's eyes upon this letter, but the next moment, crumpling it convulsively in her clenched hand, she again murmured "*too late! too late!*" and fell back in another paroxysm of agony upon the pillow, while the maid kept wringing her hands, and protesting to herself that she really *would* send for Doctor Arbuthnot; but, like many other well-meaning persons, with that wise moderation which has been happily termed "the silken string that holds together every virtue," she restricted herself to her *intentions!* as most persons do, who, like Mrs. Bridget, are the unwilling spectators, or auditors, of any case of distress, whether mental, physical, or pecuniary; but more especially the latter, which, no doubt, on account of its alphabetical order, they most categorically leave to Providence!

As Lady Glensborough lay writhing, and adding to her torture by biting her now livid blue lips through, till the blood came, another knock was heard at the door. Like a deer at bay, her eyes once more dilated; she raised her head to listen—as those only *can* listen whose fate is ebbing with the passing hour. This time it *was* Mr. Howard; and no sooner had she heard his voice, than, quick as thought, she took from her bosom a very small Venice glass phial, and poured about three drops of its contents into one of the tumblers on the salver beside her, and then again hastily concealed it within

her bosom. In another moment Vernon Howard stood beside her.

"You may go, Bridget; I'll ring when I want you."

"My dearest Lucy," cried he, taking her burning hand, which he as suddenly let drop, as if it had been a bar of red hot iron. "Good heavens! this is terrible to find you so ill; I'll go back to town for Arbuthnot; he should have been here before this—how dreadful! I never saw any one look so ill before. I must—"

"No, no," interrupted Lady Glensborough, making a superhuman effort to sit up; "I am better now you are here—sit down, Vernon, and don't leave me, since you *are* come at last!"

"I should have been here this morning, dearest; but that confounded trial of yesterday, going all wrong, has put me completely out."

"Take some wine, love," said she, seizing with a trembling hand the Burgundy, and half filling the tumbler, while she kept her wild eyes glaring fearfully upon him, as if, like an iron cable, *they* could chain him to the spot, and she thought he would escape if she withdrew them.

"No, love, I am not thirsty," said he, putting aside the proffered glass.

"Ah! that is a bad omen," murmured she.

"What is a bad omen, love?"

"Why your not drinking my health."

"Your health! *that* is another affair; you never asked me;" and Mr. Howard took the glass, and gallantly drained it.

Lady Glensborough, as he laid it down empty, twisted her interlaced fingers, and drew a long, hollow breath, as if it had been she who had taken that deep draught; and then said, with a ghastly smile, that gave her bloodless face the appearance of an illuminated death's head,—

"What do you think of that wine, Vernon?"

"Very good," said he.

"You did not perceive any peculiar flavour in it?"

"N—o, why? is it any of that which the Duchess of Queensberry sent Glensborough? the famous batch of the Lord Keeper Somers?"

"No."

"Then what's its peculiarity?"

"Its peculiarity is," said Lady Glensborough, with a laugh that was perfectly sardonic, as she clapped her hands, "that adept as Mr. Vernon Howard is in the arts of falsehood, treachery, and seduction, after *that draught* he will lie, betray, and seduce no more!"

"Lucy! Lucy! what do you mean?" cried he, bewildered, and more appalled at the awful expression of her face, than even at the dark import of her words; but as he spoke, his articulation became thick, and the muscles of his face began to grow rigid.

"I mean that ONE woman has now avenged MANY! I mean that you have taken AQUA TOFANO! and *that it, like me, never forgives!* I mean that in three minutes more you will be cataleptic! that *considerate disorder* which allows people to see and hear, though they cannot move or speak; so you will have the *pleasure of seeing your WIFE, and hearing my confession to her!* I mean that *your hours* are now numbered *to six,—mine to eight;* for *canteria* is slower than *aqua tofano*, especially in the small quantity I took of it; but oh! the agony of it is ten-fold, but *I* am no coward!"

"*Fiend!*" with difficulty muttered Howard, as he shudderingly covered his face with his hands.

"Nay! if you wince *now*," said she, tauntingly, "what will you do a few hours hence before God? You cannot even set up old Adam's dastard plea of '*the woman tempted me!*' for *I shall be there too!* and say, HE LIES!"

Here a last groan issued from the poisoned man; his head sank back upon the high-backed chair in which he was sitting, but his glassy eyes, wide open but motionless, continued to glare on at once his victim and his murderess! who seemed to take an inhuman pleasure in addressing to him sarcasms, to which he could neither shut his ears nor reply.

"How consoling it must be to you," continued she, "in your last moments, to reflect upon all the misery you have occasioned others, without pity or

remorse ; for you can *now* appreciate those tortures, from being exposed to them. Look, too, at the poetical justice of your end, for it is written, '*By treachery shall the traitor die!*' But I must not waste the few sands yet within my glass in words, I must sleep till they come ;" and rising and tottering to the toilet, she took some opium pastilles, and then returned to the couch. Night was now beginning

" To draw her sable curtain o'er the sky."

All that remained of day upon the horizon was one deep streak of gold, wedged like an atmospheric ingot into the far west ; there was something appalling and mysterious in the shadows and silence of that fatal room !—its inanimate splendour, and its human sacrifice !—one sleeping the drugged sleep that preluded the approach of her eternal one ; the other, a living, sequent petrification ! seeing ! hearing ! *feeling ! !* and yet the hot hell within, incapable of penetrating by a single spark, the rigid stone of external existence. Let us for a short time at least, leave this *concordia discors* of sin, for the pure atmosphere of the happy, and the good.

CHAPTER XV.

“ Soul of the world, divine Necessity,
Servant of God, and master of all things !
Here in the Heaven of light's eternal noon,
First see I all things clear, from end to end
The divine cycle of the soul of man ;
How spirit, soul, mind, life, flesh, feeling, mix,
And how withal they each reciprocate,
As ocean, earth, air, fire, and wind ; how flow
The streams of feeling, and the cataracts
Of passion ; mine and mountain this of pride,
And that of covetousness. Man I know ;
The human universe, and the divine
And central fate ; know all must be fulfilled
Of nature that there is ; of sin and strife
Peace, righteousness, change, self-delusion, self-
Destruction, ere the earth can take new life,
Or man become the minister of God.
The world and man are just reciprocal
Yet contrary.”

FESTUS, *Page* 312.

THERE must be a strong principle of attraction in great events, for *one* never occurs to nations, or to individuals, without a legion of others following instantly in its wake. For five weeks, harassed and absorbed by new persecutions, Evelyn had not been to “ Jenny's Whim ;” but no sooner had Mr. How-

ard's villainy been defeated by Zillah's generous interposition, than the very next morning, leaving Maud clossetted with Madame Odette de Champfleurie, discussing the important question of her *trousseau*, she set out on a visit of thanks to Zillah, leaving her carriage at Lady Bridget Cheney's, and proceeding on foot to the little inn ; but when she arrived, instead of the roses, and jessamine, that had always waved her such a sweet welcome, she was shocked to see them torn from the trellis, their branches rudely broken, and the little garden (of yore so neat) all uprooted, and trampled with the impress of heavy nailed shoes ; while a donkey was grazing on the bowling-green, and three self-invited goats were banquetting on the boughs of the young trees, and flowering shrubs. The windows of the house were also closed, and the door which had hitherto, with that paid-for hospitality that never flags, "*opened wide to woo each passing purse !*" was not only shut, but fastened, so that Evelyn had to take up a stone and knock for some time, before any one answered her summons. At length, only half awake, Mr. Giles Joblin undid the bolts from within, and cautiously protruding his head, while his body served to blockade the entrance, and at the same time hide his disordered attire ; for his blue bird's-eye neckerchief, (who's untied ends, like a fashionable couple, were each going separate ways,) was only setting a bad example that seemed too readily followed by the rest

of his costume, for his corderoys were unbuttoned at the knees, his blue and white speckled worsted stockings had fallen into a premature old age of wrinkles, which, by no means embellished, or harmonized with his tightly laced high-lows ; any more than his thunder and lightning coat, (evidently a conscript hastily pressed into the service,) and the smart three-cornered gold-laced hat surmounting his uncombed vermilion locks, did with the other details of his toilet.

“ *Werry* sorry, marm,” said he, when he had eyed Evelyn from head to foot ; “ but there *ain’t* no business a doing at “ *the Whim* ” to-day, nor I don’t ’*spose vill* for many a day, if so be as there *hever vill* again ; but at this minute it would be a *hun*-possibility to sarve the king *his self*, or jolly Queen Hann if she vas to *fetch a valk* out of her grave as *fur* as Chelsea, with a sack of her own *fardins*, spick and span *noo*, to lay *hout* on the best bounce, which, I’ve *heerd* say, she was *particklar* partial to *ven* living ; I couldn’t *sarve* her with a single drop, no, not if she’d give me half a crown for it, or *heven* her own three crowns ; for the *crowner’s quest* is jist a sitting, I can’t say on the bodies, cause they *ain’t* bodies no longer, but *howsomedever*, *hon the hashes*.’ ”

“ Good Heavens ! then who is dead here ? ” asked Evelyn, dreading to hear it was Zillah.

“ *Vy*, madam herself *for one* ; oh ! *lor ! sich* a night as *ve* have *ad* of it to besure ! about two of the clock

this 'morning, the ouse was broke into by thieves, cleaned clear out of hevery stiver of cash and hevery varsel bit of plate, Dowling, Dick Dowling, marm, a cove as used a most live here, vos at the head on 'em, cause his mask fell off, and I sawr him, only I vas so woundy afear'd that he'd see me, that I made myself no bigger than a pint pot as I squeeged myself behind the great rum puncheon in the bar. Vell, presently, I hears the old Duchess a screaming like blazes hup stairs ! and blazes sure enough it ware, and a banging of doors ! and firing of pistols ! so I got more frightened nor ever, and I thought, if so be, as I could but git up the back stairs, I should be safe under the mad jew's bed, so 'cordingly I bolts, but ven I gets upstairs I finds the jew's bedroom door bolted on the hinside. This was a choker ! but knowing the vays of the ouse, I opens the staircase vinder and steps out on to the trellis in at the bedroom vinder ; but, gemini ! vot a sight ! madam, it seems, had taken refuge there afore me, and the madman, not liking to be voke I 'spose, had seized her by the throat ; in doing so, the dwarf had sprung out of bed to help madam, ven betwixt 'em they upsets and breaks hall over the hold ooman and the dwarf a large jar of spirits o' vine as used to stand vith a pickled serpent in it, hon the drawers betwixt the two beds, the glass of the night lamp being broke too in the scuffle, the flame catches madam's night gear hall of a sop with the spirits o'vine ! and afore I could stir a step, there

be she and the poor little hunchback 'veloped in flames, and the madman a yelling and dancing and clapping his *ands* at the sight as *hif* it had been the fireworks at Ranelagh ! Come *away* ye old fool, says I, or you'll be burnt too ; there *hain't* no help now for the *hold ooman* and the little chap ; but, fried jew, *hain't* no *sich* nice supper for the dog days ; come away, I say ; but he *honly* danced and yelled, and clapped his *ands* the more, and had burnt one of them in the flames, *ven* the pretty young *ooman* his daughter rushes in, and drags him away by main force, a screaming to me to help her, *vhich* I had no *object-ions* to do, thinking she'd at *least* stand a kiss for my trouble ; but lor ! them jewesses *his* as bad as the jews, there *hain't* no getting *nothink* out on 'em, except, indeed lies and jabber ; *vell*, if she don't go like a silly *cretur*, *ater* she had *soused* her father's *ands* in cold *vater*, in spite of all I could say to the *contrairy*, and seizes a blanket and a jug of water, and rushes back to the old *ooman* and the dwarf ; but *lor* ! it was of no more use nor taking a drop of dew to put out a kitchen fire ; the poor little chap kept a calling out her name, (for help *in course*,) till the flames burnt the words in his throat, and *ven* it *vas* all over, if she didn't go and burn her pretty *ands* a raking in the *hashes* to separate the cinders of the little chap from the old *ooman's*, and scrape up *hever* such a lot *on 'em* she did, and *tookt* 'em away in a *chany* bowl, and up to half an hour ago, when the

gemlen came this morning, such '*sterricks* and fainting fits, *I raley* think she took on more, than when her child died three weeks ago of the croup, though that was bad enough in all conscience! so you may well suppose, *marm*," concluded Mr. Joblin, "*I've a ad a precious time on it* since two o'clock this morning."

"Good heavens! you don't mean to say that beautiful little child is dead?" said Evelyn as her eyes filled with tears.

"As mutton, ma'm."

"Pray let me pass," said she, turning away her head with a sickening feeling, at the coarse brutality of the man; "it is to see his poor too-much afflicted mother that I have come."

"Oh! *very* 'good ma'm," said Mr. Joblin, now stepping back to make way for her, and pointing the thumb of his left hand over his left shoulder as he obligingly added "up these *here* stairs, first door *hon* your left, ma'm."

Once more, with surcharged and palpitating heart, Evelyn ascended those well-known creaking stairs, but passing with a shudder *the first door on the left*, which Joblin had indicated to her, and by which she had so often entered on her mission of charity before, she walked on to the other end of the corridor, and knocked at the sitting-room door, which, as the reader may remember, adjoined the bedroom in which the fatal accident that had terminated the

lives of Marie Cadet, and poor Xintro, had taken place ; but she was obliged to repeat the appeal, before any notice was taken of it. At length the door was slowly and gently opened by the Comte de Saint Germain.

“My dear Lady Evelyn !” said he, opening the door wide, and stepping back so as to admit her, previous to taking her hand, and pressing it cordially ; “never did guardian angel arrive more opportunely ; you little know the fearful tragedy enacted here this night.”

“Oh yes, I know it all,” said Evelyn, in a faltering voice, covering her face with one hand, while the other she put deprecatingly out towards Saint Germain, to suppress the harrowing repetition of the horrible details, and then added, “Poor, poor Zillah ! pray take me to her.”

Saint Germain made no other reply than by taking her hand, passing it through his arm, and conducting her to Zillah’s bedroom door. Evelyn looked furtively around as it opened, with a dread of seeing Zamora. Saint Germain, who understood the look, whispered her before they entered,—

“He is not here, I got him away to Bedlam this morning, for the piercing shrieks he uttered from the pain of his burnt hands were too appalling, especially as he kept vociferating that he who had stolen his daughter had stolen his bright gold too, and had left only fire in its stead, till I really feared poor Zillah

would have become a maniac also. I now only want to get *her* out of this, to change the scene; and as my wife and I, are going to Richmond to-day, we will take her with us and leave her at the hotel there, for a few hours, till I can find a cottage for her; and I know *you* will still continue your Samaritan visits, dear Lady Evelyn, to this poor afflicted young creature."

"No I shall not," said Evelyn, wiping her eyes; "God knows, she has suffered enough, without being exposed to the coarse neglect, or coarser care, of vulgar hirelings. She shall go home with me, and I will watch over her; for has not the same curse fallen on us both? and if, through God's mercy, *mine* is the lesser scathing of the two, the least I can do to show my gratitude to HIM, is to prop this poor withered bough."

"You are right, dear lady," said Saint Germain, raising her hand to his lips, with a look of indefinable admiration, and respect, "for it is such props as these, which perfectionize the fruits for God's last Paradise; ETERNAL! and far fairer than man's first!"

As they entered the room, at the further end of it, her apron to her eyes, and her forehead pressed against the wall, stood Marie, the Norman *Bonne*, sobbing convulsively, and crying as if her heart would break, while Zillah was seated at a small table with a quantity of child's toys collected into a napkin at one side of the table, and a parcel of little

frocks, socks, and red shoes, laid smoothly on another napkin at the opposite side, while the young mother, rendered still paler by the contrast of her black dress, was tying round the waist of one of the little frocks a broad blue Persian sash, and drawing out the bows and long ends, as carefully, as if its little owner, now clad with angel's wings! had still been within it. This was too much for Evelyn,—she burst into tears.

“No, no,” said Zillah, rising, and taking Evelyn's hand within both of hers, after she had kissed the little frock and laid it smoothly down, “don't cry,—he had no father here,—he is better off *there*, where he has one,” added she, pointing upwards; “don't cry, don't cry! *I never cry*, for I know *he* would brush my tears away with his little wings, and that would soil them, for there are *no* tears in heaven; and poor Xintro! he is gone too! but it is only to play with Jules, and pluck stars for him *there* as he used to gather flowers *here*. Hush! hush! don't cry,—you see *I do not cry!*” And she opened wide her hot burning and fearfully brilliant eyes, through whose kindling fires no tears *could* flow.

Evelyn, gaining at length a mastery over herself, whispered to Saint Germain to send to Cheney House for the carriage, and made signs to Marie to accelerate the preparations for departure, as she pressed Zillah's burning forehead upon her bosom, and whispered, “you shall come home with me, dear

Zillah, and I will never leave you, and one day *we* shall go to heaven too, and then there will be no more parting, no more sorrow, for in heaven there is no *to-morrow*, that great treachery of earth ! but all is one glorious everlasting day of happiness and love !”

“ You ought to know, for you come from there,” said Zillah, raising her head, and looking wildly yet inquiringly in Evelyn’s face, as she added, “ Oh ! tell me, tell me, do the big angels mix with the little ones ?”

“ Yes, yes,” said Evelyn, drawing her to the bed, upon which she seated her by gentle force, and herself beside her, with the poor sufferer’s head still pressed to her bosom, as she rocked to and fro with her, and patted her shoulder, as she would have hushed a wayward child to sleep.

“ Yes, yes, we will talk of all that at *home*.”

“ Home !” murmured Zillah ; he made me leave my home ! I have no home now !”

“ Yes you have, my home,—*our home*, Zillah.”

“ With *you* ? to be always with *you* ? then you are indeed taking me to heaven.”

“ Hush ! hush ! don’t talk any more now,” said Evelyn, soothingly increasing her lulling motion, and in a few minutes after, like the disciples, poor Zillah “*slept for sorrow* !” on her gentle pillow. While Evelyn pantomimically directed, and encouraged, the preparations for departure that Marie was making, who, busy as she was, nevertheless stopped every

now, and then, to clasp her hands, and murmur as she looked at Evelyn,—

“*Que le bon Dieu vous bénisse! que la sainte vierge vous protège! madame!*”

At the expiration of about ten minutes, Saint Germain, (who had himself been for the carriage,) returned, and Evelyn made him a sign to walk lightly as she pointed to her sleeping burden.

“What a blessing it would be,” whispered she, when Saint Germain came sufficiently near to hear her, “if we could keep her in this sleep, and have her carried down stairs to the coach.”

“Mesmer did not make a convert of you, then, when you were in Paris? and you have no faith in animal magnetism,” said Saint Germain, with a smile.

“I never either believe, or disbelieve, any thing that has not been proved, or disproved, to me; and as I never went to Mesmer’s while in Paris, I cannot say that I *disbelieve* in his extraordinary science.”

“You are right,” replied Saint Germain, pushing back his ruffles, and making a few mesmeric passes over Zillah as he spoke, “surrounded as we are by familiar miracles, *ourselves, incarnate* miracles! we should not be too sceptical touching those more mysterious ones, which nature reveals only to a few of her most chosen votaries, and zealous worshippers; but if you wish for a proof of this science, I will now ask Zillah any question you please, and she shall

answer you to the most minute details of the information you wish to obtain."

Here Marie was despatched by Saint Germain with packages to the carriage. Evelyn hesitated for a moment; at length, with a little knot of entangled feminine feelings, which notwithstanding her high noble, nature and pure, deep, generous heart, still littered the almost perfect order of her well-regulated mind, she said, "I should like to know where Lady Glensborough is? and how she is employed?"

"Where is Lady Glensborough?" inquired Saint Germain of Zillah.

"In a large room in the country, hung with pink satin, with Valenciennes lace draperies over it, looped up with pink and white silk tassels. The toilet is the same, with silver candelabras and ornaments upon it, surrounded by pink and green enamel flowers and leaves; there is a large bay window leading out into a balcony over a lawn, and facing a broad river; this balcony is covered in by a screen of gilded trellis work, and is filled with birds, and flowers, both, of the rarest description," said Zillah.

"And what is she doing?" reinterrogated Saint Germain.

"Dressing."

"How is she dressed?"

"She has a straw-coloured brocade, with Pompadour bouquets strewed upon it, and *volents* and *en-*

short and deep
gageants of *point d'alençon*, a *fanchon* handkerchief of the same, tied behind, and a white chip *Montpensier* hat, with a profusion of lilac feathers hanging over it."

"Is any one else in the room with her?"

"Only her maid."

"Is there no bed in the room?"

"No, not *in* the room; but there is a large archway at one end of it, with curtains of pink satin and lace, like the walls, looped up with thick wreathes of chenille roses; and in the room beyond is a cupola bed, with the same hangings. The carpets in both rooms are *Tournois*, with white grounds, and bunches of moss roses and buds, scattered, all over them."

"And what is she doing now?"

"She takes a letter out of her bosom and reads it."

"Is it a long letter?"

"Rather."

"Can you see what it contains?"

"Yes."

"No! no!" interrupted Evelyn, covering her face with her hands, "I don't want to know; besides, that is dishonourable."

"Well, I don't want to know the contents, only tell me what is the signature."

"The Comte de Saint Germain," replied Zillah.

Evelyn breathed more freely, Saint Germain continued his questions.

“And after she has read the letter, what does she do?”

“She crumples it in her hand, and tells the maid to leave the room, and order the gardener to have additional seats placed all about the lawn.”

“And after that?”

“She walks over to a table, upon which is a salver, with chocolate, and is now taking a lump of sugar out of the sugar basin, and from her bosom a very small phial containing a red liquid, of which she drops one drop upon the lump of sugar, and swallows it; and now her under jaw slightly trembles, and she looks very pale.”

“Wretched woman!” murmured Saint Germain, in a manner inaudible to Evelyn; “*one* drop is not enough; she will suffer martyrdom!” and then he hastily added aloud, again addressing Zillah, “what more do you see?”

“She walks to a writing table and writes a note—only two lines; the maid returns; she gives her the note, and tells her a groom is to saddle a horse, and go to White’s, to Wills’s, to his lodgings in St. James’s Street, and to ‘Jenny’s Whim,’ till he finds Mr. Vernon Howard.”

“Enough,” said Evelyn; “pray let us get out of this as quickly as possible.”

“Silence! no more!” cried Saint Germain, in a

commanding voice to Zillah, and then lifting her up in his arms like an infant, he begged of Evelyn to follow him, going down the front stairs to avoid again passing the bed-room in which the inquest was sitting.

"So, then," said Evelyn, as soon as Saint Germain had placed Zillah in the corner of the carriage and Marie opposite to her, "even *you* are in correspondence with Lady Glensborough, Count?"

"Only on the part of the Comte de St. Maur, to tell her she is no longer Lady Glensborough."

"What do you mean? surely there is no truth in those reports that have been so long afloat, about Lord Glensborough having no right to the title."

"Those reports, unlike most others," replied Saint Germain, "happen to be perfectly true, but it is too long a story to tell you now, as I must return to this now tenantless house, and settle all here, and then I have to return to town, in order to conduct Madame de Saint Germain to her *first fête champêtre*, and Lady Glensborough's *last*! but if you have any curiosity about the real owner of the Glensborough title and estates, Valasquez can give you all the information you wish; so now, dear Lady Evelyn, farewell, and God bless you!" concluded he, as he handed her into the carriage. "*Car bien des sorts déménagent aujourd'hui! fasse le ciel; que le votre se trouvera mieux! casé dorénavant!*" and he kissed her hand, as he turned to enter the now silent and deserted inn.

CHAPTER XVI.

"A power is on the earth and in the air,
From which the vital spirit shrinks afraid,
And shelters him in works of deepest shade
From the hot stream, and from the fiery glare."

BRYANT.

"Chaque passion a ses mystères, qu'elle ne révèle qu'à ses victimes!"—MADAME DE STAËL.

It was about ten o'clock at night, and Evelyn, (who had quitted Zillah an hour before, leaving her calm, collected, and overflowing with gratitude to her gentle hostess,) was sitting listening with her father, and sister, to the curious details Raphaël was giving them, of the *çi-devant* Lord Glensborough being the son of Madame de Parabère, and the ex-Jules Quatremaine, alias Comte de St. Maur, the real Lord Glensborough. The night, which had been sultry in the extreme, was now stirred by one of those sudden summer storms, which appear the more violent, from besieging as they do a dead calm; crashing peals of thunder shook the whole house; while the lurid, and arrowy, fork lightnings, preceded them swift as phantom torch bearers. The rain fell in large fitful drops, like tears of passion from the outraged clouds, and the wind howled, with those

long, desolate wailings, that seem like the last blasphemings of a lost soul, past hope, or prayer !

“ Dear papa, how dreadful ! ” cried Evelyn, throwing herself into her father’s arms, as a hurricane of wind now burst open one of the French windows, and extinguished the lights, while Maud, (only of course because he happened to be next to her,) clung to Valasquez, who, to do him justice, bore the total darkness they were in, with the most exemplary patience ; and even the light, which, as a true lover he *ought* to have derived from the bright eyes of his lady-love, was equally extinguished by his invading lips, pressing down her eye-lids. However, as it would be quite too much to expect equal philosophy in a party of four, of which two were father and daughter, Lord Athenreagh dragging Evelyn after him, groped towards the bell, but before he could find it, a tremendous peal, which echoed above the storm, was rung at the park gate.

“ Good heavens ! ” cried he, suddenly stopping ; “ who can be on the Mall such a night as this ? ”

“ Hush ! dear father ! I thought I heard the sound of horses’ hoofs.”

“ I’ll tell you what you hear,” said Lord Athenreagh, “ a horse neighing furiously ; ” and, as he spoke, another peal louder than the first, was rang at the gate. “ Whoever they are,” continued Lord Athenreagh, still groping for the bell, “ why don’t they go round ? for, who do they expect could go all

down the garden in such a storm? man and lantern would be both blown away." At length, by the aid of a vivid flash of lightning, he found the bell, and it was no sooner answered, lights brought, and the shutters shut, than he asked the servant "if it were not possible for any one, to go and see who it was that was ringing so violently?"

"The porter *is* gone, my lord," said the man; and, while he was barricading the last shutter, another footman entered, with a letter, which he presented to Evelyn, saying,

"The messenger waits, my lady, as he was not to return without your ladyship's answer."

"Who does he come from?" asked Evelyn, trembling so violently, that she let the letter twice fall upon the salver, in attempting to take it.

"I did'n't ask him, my lady; but I *think* 'tis Lord Glensborough's livery."

"Leave it on the table," said Evelyn, "and I'll ring when the answer is ready," and then added, turning to Maud, as soon as the servant had left the room, and, sinking back in her chair, sick, and faint, with one of those vague, *but strong* presentiments of evil, which are the shadows that *it* always '*casts before,*' "Maud, love, see what that letter is about, will you?"

Maud hastily took the letter, and, breaking the seal, ran her eye over the contents, but she had no sooner done so, than turning deadly pale, the letter fell from her hands, which, clasping, she exclaimed,

“ Good God ! how very shocking ! ”

Valasquez picked up the letter.

“ *Do* read it out,” said Evelyn, turning to him.

“ Nothing wrong, darling, I hope ? ” asked Lord Athenreagh of Maud, going over to the sofa, upon which she was sitting, and putting his arm round her waist.

Maud only shook her head, and pointed to the letter.

“ Read, read, boy ! since Evelyn tells you,” said the old man.

And Raphaël read as follows :

“ Evelyn ! I have wronged you long and much, your father too, Maud, and her future husband ; but I wish to make you *all* now the only atonement in my power ; do not, then, *any* of you, refuse to come to me, on the receipt of this, and come *quickly*, for I am dying ! dying, Evelyn, by my own hand, so that I can count each grain of sand as it runs out ; and I have from *this*, just six hours to live. Refuse not the dying, lest you offend the dead, and are still tortured from the next world, as you have been tortured in this, by

“ LUCY GLENSBOROUGH.”

The Pleiades, Richmond, July 15th, 1745,
half-past eight at night.

“ God bless my soul ! how horrible ! died by her own hand ! ” cried Lord Athenreagh ; “ and because

her husband turns out not to be a peer! fie! fie! *this* is worse than anything the world ever said of her. Egad! I'm afraid all that you girls, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague, thought of her is true. Kill herself, because poor Glensborough loses his title! shocking! shocking!"

"Oh! papa, we don't know that it is on that account," interposed Maud.

"No," said Evelyn, with a shudder; "and we have no right to prejudge even her; but we had better order the coach directly, or we shall be too late."

"What! then you mean to go?" cried her father.

"Certainly; we ought not to disobey the commands of the dying; and you will come too, dear papa?"

"Well, well, my love! but the thunder, I really don't think any horse in my stable will stand it."

"Nor shall they, we will have post-horses," said Evelyn, ringing the bell; "they will be quicker and safer; send to Culverton's, for four post-horses, to be here *immediately*," added she, as soon as the bell was answered. "Let the coach come round as *soon as possible*, and send Augustine to my room, and Pomfret too."

"Tut! tut! tut! tut! tut! 'Pon my soul, it's too horrible!" said Lord Athenreagh, laying down Lady Glensborough's letter, which he had taken up to

read for himself. "Well, I suppose *I must go*," continued he, violently pulling his right ear. "How can she have injured me, I wonder? oh! ah! that paralytic stroke she gave me I suppose, by abusing you. Well, never mind, Raphaël, my boy," said the old man, holding out one hand to Valasquez, and passing the other across his eyes, "forgive me all the evil I once thought of you, in consideration of all the good I now *know* of you; for, I promise you, the former is a pigmy, one of poor Swift's Lilliputians, compared to the latter, which becomes a greater brobdignag every day."

"I have nothing to forgive, my lord," said he, pressing the old man's hand, cordially, "since *you* have given me so much to be grateful for;" and he looked tenderly at Maud, who, with Evelyn, was now leaving the room to get ready to set off to Richmond.

As Evelyn was passing through the corridor that led to her bed-room, Mrs. Pomfret was coming up the back stairs from her own dominions, while sounds of voices loud and shrill echoed from the housekeeper's room below, which she in vain tried to silence, by sundry hushes over the banisters with a final,

"*Be quiet, will you? their ladyships is in the passage.*"

"What's the matter, Pomfret?" asked Evelyn.

"Why, my lady, Mr. Taaff have sent one of them *rumbustious* young bloods, with a note to Don Raffle,

and he is quite tipsy, and *won't come up stairs*, and we couldn't turn him out in the storm; and there he is, *a teasing on Phœbe Ford*, to give him a kiss; and, though she very properly *give him a slap in the face instead*, still he *wont take his self off*."

"Who is it?" said Evelyn.

"Lord Fitz-Foozle, my lady, he've *a-been* to one of my Lady Glensborough's syllabubs at Richmond, and is as tipsy as ever he can stare."

"Phœbe should come up-stairs and leave him," said Evelyn. "Ah! there is Maud's bell, and that will release her; but what I sent for you for, Pomfret, was to beg that you would sit in Madame Zamora's room, the young widow whom I brought home with me this morning, and *not leave it on any pretext till I come home*."

"Surely your ladyship is never *a going for to go out*, such a night as this?"

"Yes, Pomfret, we are all going instantly to Richmond, for poor Lady Glensborough is dying."

"Dear heart! dear heart! well, your ladyship is very good, to say *poor Lady Glensborough!*" said Mrs. Pomfret, as she threw open Evelyn's bed-room door; "but the Lord have mercy upon her! for she has a *deal* to answer for."

"So have we all, Pomfret."

"Ah! poor dear lamb!" murmured the house-keeper, as she walked away. "*You will have a deal to answer for*, when you come to give *an account of*

all the good you have done, and all the wrong that's been done you, and so that bad *un's* a dying! well, as I said afore, the Lord have mercy on her! for *she's a deal* to answer for; *howsever*, she has had the decency to die betimes, for most of them sort generally lives to bury all them as they persecutes. I wonder what's become of the *he-devil*, sure-*ly*, sure-*ly*, it's to be hoped my dear young lady won't be so silly, as ever again to have *anythink* to say to *him*?" and with this most sincere wish, Mrs. Pomfret descended to *her* throne room, that is the still room; and first, despatching Miss Ford up-stairs to her mistress, next, with the assistance of the butler, Latimer, and the porter, had the sedan-chair brought from the hall, and Lord Fitz-Foozle stuffed by main force into it, and conveyed to his mamma, the Marchioness of Kickandcringe's house in Whitehall. One of the chair-men facetiously observing, with a wink, as he pushed the pole of the chair through the leather loop,

"*Hain't* you got no label for *this here pickle*, Mrs. Pomfret?"

Upon which, Mr. Latimer, who was a most devoted admirer of Miss Ford's, wittily remarked, "Yes, *Pick a lily*, (*Picalilli*) to be sure, since he tried to kiss Miss Phœbe's snow-white neck."

"*Drat ye!* with your jokes," cried Mrs. Pomfret, turning back on her way up stairs to Zillah's room; "you'll please to recollect that though he *is* tipsy,

it's a young *nobleman* as you're carrying, and behave *yerselves according*."

"He's as drunk as a lord, at all events," said one of the chairmen enviously; and with this the procession moved off, Lord Fitz-Foozle kicking furiously within his narrow prison, and promising each of the chairmen, alternately, between the entangled parenthesis of many hiccups, that he would make them Lady Fitz-Foozle, if they would but give him one *ki, ki, ki* ——— iss!

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

The storm had somewhat abated; that is, the thunder and lightning had ceased, but drifts of rain fell at intervals; and the wind still howled most dismally, as Lord Athenreagh, his two daughters, and Valasquez, got into the carriage, and one of the servants having roared out "*The Pleiades, Richmond!*" crack went the whips, and on flew the horses, almost as swiftly as the wind, which seemed rushing after them in a strange wizard race. None of the party spoke, for each seemed absorbed in their own reflections, but had they been ever so garrulous, they could not have been heard above the storm, and the splashing echoes of the horses' feet. In an hour, all but ten minutes, they reached the *Pleiades*. There was no light in the lodge, which appeared deserted, and while the servants were making a vain appeal to

the bell at the large iron gates, and the outriders were endeavouring to re-light their flambeaux at the gate lamps, which blew out as fast as they re-kindled them, the poor horses had time to dash the foam from their steaming flanks, and the post-boys to take a stone out of one of the leader's shoes.

"Ring again," cried Evelyn, "and try if the little side gate is not open?"

The side gate was not locked; so by means of a knife and a stone, one of the men contrived to shoot back the bolt, and push it open.

"There, there, let down the steps," cried Evelyn, "and we will walk to the house."

"Your ladyship will find the ground as wet as a sponge," objected both the servants in a breath.

"No, no, we'll manage it," said Lord Athenreagh; "I dare say, Raphaël, you can contrive to carry Maud, and James and I will cross our wrists into what the children call a sedan chair, and chair Evelyn, like a popular member, as far as the house.

This plan being instantly carried into execution, they proceeded through the shrubbery up to the house, where they had also to wait a considerable time before they could gain admission. At length the door was opened by the woman who should have been at the lodge, but who, on the sudden flight to town of all the other servants, had charitably come up to "*keep Mrs. Bridget company*;" the more willingly, that her *own* lord and master was gone down

to the "*Pipe and Pigtail*," in the village, to discuss the politics of his quondam master's "Decline and Fall!" Nothing could be more desolate than the appearance of the house; its almost total darkness formed an appalling contrast to its usual brightness, for the *Pleiades*, from the brilliant manner in which every room was wont to be illuminated, used to shine out as brightly, when seen from the river, as its celestial namesakes; but *now one* faint light, and *one* only, was seen to glimmer athwart the gilded trellis-work of the balcony of Lady Glensborough's dressing-room, and even *that* pale, and fitfully, like a weak spark of latent conscience stifling within the depths of a long-hardened heart!

When the door was opened, by this female Cerberus, she poked her flaring tallow candle almost in Evelyn's face, and eyeing the whole party with one of those long stares, which are the twin brothers of deep draughts, in drinking, she said,

"Oh dear! all the *quality* be gone *a* many hours, and my lady *was took't bad* immediately *arter*, cause as how they says my lord is quite *ruinated*, and indeed that there is to be a new lord here to-morrow; so I'm sartin sure my lady won't see no more company *to-night*; and none of the *sarvants* is paid, and so they are all gone to *Lunnen*, except me and my *usban*, to *quire* about it, of Mr. Fleeceum, the *torney*, as was, to my lord."

"Well, my good woman, but we *must* see Lady Glensborough, for she sent for us," said Evelyn.

Here a violent ringing of Lady Glensborough's dressing-room bell seemed to vouch for the truth of this assertion.

"Oh, if *so be as she* sent for you, *Marm*, that is an other *fair*;" and here, for the first time espying the two footmen that accompanied these nocturnal *pedestrian* visitors, Mrs. Ambridge (for such was the cognomen of *Notre Dame de la chandelle de suif*!) suddenly conceived a better opinion of them, and slipping on a most respectful "*my lady*" over the familiar *Marm*, dropped an apron-full of curtseys, which rolled all about from one to the other of the new arrivals, as she begged them "*To step this way*;" and threw open the dining-room door, planting, like a standard, her brass candlestick upon the now deserted and disordered banquetting-table, while she went in quest of Mrs. Bridget.

There was something fearful in that one small miserable candle, gleaming like a grave-light upon the gorgeous plate, withering flowers, perishing fruits, mutilated viands, and rainbow remnants of every known vintage, upon that table. *Here*, ice, melting into a "*milky-way*;" *there*, *consommés*, stagnating into icy coldness! But more fearful than all was it to see the counterfeit of dead men's faces looking from the walls, with their insentient eyes, upon those manes of human revelry! As Evelyn turned away

from this painful contemplation, her foot tripped against something ; she stooped to excavate it from the thick pile of the Axminster carpet, and on bringing it to the light, discovered that it was a gold pencil-case of Lord Glensborough's, trampled almost flat ; and even the blood-stone top, upon which his coronet and initials were engraved, was cracked in several places.

" Poor man !" sighed Evelyn, " this is indeed prophetic ! the bauble to-day ! its owner to-morrow ! "

" My lady begs your ladyships, and you my lord, and you sir, will *ave* the goodness to walk *hup* stairs," said Mrs. Bridget, now sailing into the room with a pair of waxlights in gilt sconces, and bobbing a distinct curtsy to each of the party as she addressed them.

" Don't look so pale about it, child," said her father, as he drew Evelyn's arm through his, and ascended the great stair-case. " *She* has poisoned *your* life long enough, God knows," added the old man, bitterly ; for like all persons of strong feelings and weak minds, at last convinced of having laboured under a delusion, Lord Athenreagh had no mercy upon the object of it.

As Mrs. Bridget, who preceded them, threw open the door of her mistress's dressing-room, and announced them, they were perfectly dazzled with the blaze of light, and perceived Lady Glensborough herself, in the act of lighting the last of fifty wax-

lights, that were in a bush about six feet high, of green and silver, and pink enamel roses, which stood in one corner of the room, with three other similar ones in the other corners. Evelyn started at seeing this room so exactly as Zillah had described it in the morning, for she herself had not been at the *Pleiades* for the last two years, since Lady Glensborough had re-furnished it. Hastily tottering back to the sofa, Lady Glensborough, who was now livid, (with the exception of two crimson spots on each of her cheeks just under her eyes,) with a great effort rose to receive them, and pointed, without any salutation or prelude, to them to be seated, but more with the imperious air of a despotic queen ordering off the head of an obnoxious subject, than of a hostess offering an ordinary courtesy to her guests. At the right hand side of the couch was an arm-chair, upon which was thrown the very identical straw-coloured brocade dress, surmounted by the *Montpensier* hat and its forest of lilac feathers, that Zillah had described in her mesmeric trance; but so stiff and rigid did they look, that they almost appeared like a lay figure.

Lord Athenreagh, in looking round for a seat, was about to remove this dress, in order to seat himself in the chair.

"Don't touch those!" cried Lady Glensborough, "there are seats enough about the room; and though Swift used to say that I had nothing womanish

about me but my beauty, still I like looking at my finery, especially when it is for the last time ! Are you all ready now to listen to me ? I shall not detain you long."

A solemn silence was their only reply ;—and after a convulsive paroxysm of supreme agony, during which she had repulsed the proffered services of Maud and Evelyn, Lady Glensborough said, in a hollow and dry voice,

"I am not going to begin at the beginning, and tell you who I was, like the heroine of one of *Mademoiselle de Scudery's* novels, for *that* you know ; neither am I going to tell you *what I am*, for *that* you *also know*, or shall know soon ; nor what I shall be, for that is not *yet* my secret ! but *this* I *will* tell you, though *you* both seem not to have suffered by it, that the greatest loss that can befall a girl, is the *loss of her mother* ; even an indifferent mother is better than none at all, as the most fragile prop is better to a young tree than to let it bend *earthward*, through the wild luxuriance of its own unrestrained boughs and blossoms. Well, *my* poor mother died when I was only six years old, and with her the only *chance* I had in this world ! My father thought himself a paragon, because he did by me as he did by himself ; that is, never attempted to restrain in me a single bad passion, or correct a single bad habit ; fully occupied in the pursuit of his own

pleasures and vices, he left me unrestrained liberty to pursue mine ; at seventeen, having

“ *La done ptate di belazza !* ”

Lord Glensborough saw me one night at Ranelagh, and proposed for me the next day. I did not dislike him and, decidedly liked his fortune and his coronet ; so we were married ; but not having a single taste in common, *he* never took the pains to know me, which was perhaps lucky ; and I never took the trouble of knowing him, which was unlucky ; for now that it is *too late*, I believe that there was something in that man that would have repaid the study. I launched into every dissipation ; like all persons whose affections have never been cultivated, my vanity was of the most rank luxuriance, so my sole craving was for admiration ; my only want *to rule*. My intimates were composed almost exclusively of men, the wits, and *beaux esprits* of the day ; and the influence of men's society on female minds is precisely that of the atmosphere upon delicate plants, under certain regulations, and modifications, it improves and strengthens them ; but once subject to its *indiscriminate* and *uncontrolled* dominion, and it is their destruction, for it destroys the bloom of their purer feelings and uproots their principles. In this manner did I find with every day *more cause*, I had *less power*, to blush ; for people soon make to themselves a moral code subservient to their conduct, as wits make conversations suitable to their *bon mots*.

I need not tell you that all the men I lived amongst, or, nearly all, were free-thinkers; and having, according to their theories, made my Paradise on earth, I should have altogether disbelieved in a Heaven, *but for the hell I sometimes felt in my own heart*. For three years before *you married him, Evelyn*, Vernon Howard was my lover."

"Then more shame for you to own it ! wretched woman !" burst from Lord Athenreagh.

"But there was at least *this* redeeming point in *my sin*," continued Lady Glensborough without taking the slightest notice of this interruption; "*I loved him*, while *he* never loved anything ! or never could love anything ! oh ! yes ! himself ! and his life ! ha ! ha ! ha ! he would love his life *now* I'm sure ! *I must laugh*," continued she, turning towards the chair where the brocade dress lay ; "for as Swift said, it is only *my exterior* that is feminine ! ha ! ha ! ha ! *a man's soul soars beneath my woman's gear* ! ha ! ha ! ha !" And after this truly demoniac laugh, another frightful crisis of bodily agony seizing her, she grappled for a glass of water that stood on the table beside her and after swallowing some mouthfuls of it, she resumed, "*I hated you two girls not for your beauty*, for I was well satisfied with my own ; for while *yours* was lying dormant in the quiet shades of domestic life, *mine* was bringing me in the compound interest of adulation, and celebrity, in the highways and bye-ways of the world. But I hated you for your virtues ! I hated you for your

unaffected, generous goodness ! I hated you for your unwarped singleness of mind ! I hated you for your perfect charity, that hoped all things, and endured all things ; for *Cain's great plague spot* ENVY ! was on my soul ; and in *your* perfections, as in a limpid stream of unsullied waters, my own deformities were ever mirrored, till at times I reversed the fate of Narcissus and *hated myself too* To repair Vernon Howard's shattered fortunes, it was *my plan* that he should marry *you*. I need not, I suppose, tell you, how well he can play the lover ! ha ! ha ! ha ! and thank Heaven, *you* know better than I can tell you ; his *virtues as a husband !*"

Poor Evelyn groaned and covered her face with her hands.

"Next came Maud's turn," resumed Lady Glensborough ; " I did not choose her to marry, thinking that her fortune would ultimately come to your husband, for I calculated that in a very few years *you* would die of a broken heart, and Maud die for love ; but I reckoned without my host, for it seems broken hearts don't kill ; and love from being immortal, I suppose, with young ladies, is *not* mortal ; but, I own my conscience smote me, not so much, sir, for blackening your character," said she, turning to Raphaël "for you were a man, young, rich, and *répendu* at a voluptuous court, and I had no doubt, that if you lived long enough, you would justify the *worst* I could say of you."

“Then never was your *infernal malice* more mistaken,” again interrupted Lord Athenreagh; “for a better, or a nobler fellow never lived.”

“But my conscience smote me,” resumed Lady Glensborough with the same impassibility as before, “for the state my fancy portrait of this young gentleman had thrown you into, old man; since, however, you are so perfectly recovered, it only shows that my conscience from so long having had a sinecure, is a *brouillon* the moment she attempts to act. Well, from one villainy to another I went on, either at the instigation, or to serve the interests of *that man*. And as long as I was fool enough to believe that he adored *me!* and *me only!* so I should have continued to do; but the day before yesterday the means he took to ruin *you*, has proved his own destruction. On that trial, came out his seduction of the rich Jew Zamora’s daughter, and his intention, could he fraudently have obtained a divorce, to *marry her*. My sense of morality was shocked at this! ha! ha! ha! so I forbid the banns after a fashion of my own; the more readily, that I this morning received a letter from the Comte de Saint Germain explaining to me how my husband had neither name nor lands, being the son of Madame de Parabère, consequently, as I was no longer Lady Glensborough the autocrat of fashion! the charming woman! the Aspasia of each would-be Socrates! the inspiration of each modern Pericles! you comprehend it would not have been in

my power to patronise Mrs. Vernon Howard as I had done Lady Evelyn Howard; so I furbished up my Italian history, at least that portion of it consisting of Venetian traditions with which Edward Montague used actually to gorge me; and I recollected two effectual remedies against every sorrow, and every reverse of fortune, that the Borgias used to have in *their Pharmacopia*, one animal, the other vegetable.

Evelyn, shuddered.

"Of the latter," resumed Lady Glensborough, "*I* this morning took *one drop*, which advances one by twelve hours of lingering torture on one's journey to the next world; at *eight* to-night I took two more drops of this friendly mixture and *that* reduces the journey to six hours, *five and a half of which are now expired!* the other *panacea*, which is called *aqua tofano*, when mixed with the juice of a certain Indian weed, and administered in a dose of three drops leaves the patient five hours of cataleptic life, *seeing, hearing, feeling with the keenest intensity!* but unable to move a muscle or utter a sound! the only adequate atonement that I know of for so long depriving a woman of such a husband as Vernon Howard! is eventually *to rid her of him!*" said Lady Glensborough, drawing a small phial from her bosom as she rose tottering from the couch.

"Good God! cried Evelyn, springing forward and

seizing the cold, convulsed hand that clenched the phial ; “ *You would not poison him too !*”

“ No, EVELYN !” cried Lady Glensborough, drawing herself with difficulty up to her full height, so rigid and convulsed was her every muscle *visibly* becoming, while her awfully bright and burning eyes glared like phantom lights above her hollow cheeks, as she said in a gasping and sepulchral voice ; “ No ! Addison sent for young Lord Warwick to shew him how a Christian could die ! ha ! ha ! ha !” and this laugh, which was a perfect yell, was more horrible than all the rest ; “ and *I have sent for you, to shew you how a profligate can die !*” and as she spoke, she flung the brocade dress, and plumed hat, upon the floor, and pointed to the stony but *indescribably agonised features* of the now dying Vernon Howard ! as she was still pointing with her quivering finger, and another laugh ! now struggling with the death-rattle in her throat, Lady Glensborough reeled back to the sofa and expired. At the appalling sight of her husband, Evelyn uttered one piercing shriek ! and would have fallen senseless on the ground ; but that Valasquez caught her.

CHAPTER XIX.

" *Il aspire à descendre.*"

PAUL LOUIS COURIER,

à propos of Napoleon Bonaparte's wanting to be made EMPEROR.

" Quoiqu'en dise le monde, et malgré ton miroir,

Consente d'être belle, et de n'en rien savoir,

Garde toujours ta modestie,

Sur le pouvoir de tes appas,

Demure toujours alarmée ;

Tu n'en seras que mieux aimée ;

Si tu crains de ne l'être pas !"—

MAXIMILIAN ROBESPIERRE.*

" Vehementer iterum ac sæpius beatos illos qui,

Super gemmas et monilia calcant."—

APULEIUS MET. LIB. V.

Two months had elapsed before Evelyn had recovered the brain fever which had seized her on the night of the dreadful catastrophe at the *Pleiades*; but when she did begin to recover, we will not pretend to say that her convalescence was retarded by feeling that she was a widow. No, she breathed more freely, for *she was free*, only she felt that her freedom

* About four years ago, at a sale of rare and curious autographs in Paris, were these verses of Robespierre's, addressed to a lady of Arras, by its republican deputy. The price they were bought at, was five hundred francs, or twenty pounds. From this trifling specimen of his intercourse with the muses, it is to be regretted that he did not follow Boileau's advice of

" Soyez plutôt Maçon, si c'est votre métier,"

and have remained poetaster, rather than have turned patriot ! (???)

had been purchased at a great price, and freedom, like money, *may be bought too dearly*. She was annoyed to find that her illness had retarded Maud's marriage, and entreated that it might be solemnised immediately, but this Maud would not listen to, till her sister was at least able to get as far as the drawing room to be present at it, so that another fortnight elapsed before it took place. Delays are proverbially dangerous, and the consequence was, that Maud and Raphaël (no doubt in order to fancy themselves really married) had contrived to have two very serious quarrels, touching the "*ophidion*," which she had twice discovered glittering on his breast; and heartily did he wish, nay, entreat, Saint Germain to allow him to tell her its history, but in vain; and he was almost frantic when he remembered that for six whole years, the first and best of their married life, he might be subjected to similar scenes and misunderstandings. At length, however, by taking the most solemn oath that it was *no love gift*, and that at the expiration of six years he should be released from an oath that now bound him to secrecy about it, she consented to sign, and seal, with a kiss, a *truce* for that term of years.

Lovers are like editors, and always fancy *their* edition of the standard passion the *most perfect*. Valasquez was of course of this opinion, but still he could not manage to secure the copyright of it, for Sir Horace Belarmin, thanks to Taaff, had disco-

vered Zillah's retreat, and perfectly haunted THE HOUSE ON THE MALL, without, however, once succeeding in obtaining a glimpse of

“The fixed star of his soul's hemisphere.”

But as owing to the treachery of Maud and Evelyn, every passing wish of hers was betrayed to him, he, like one of Belinda's attendant sprites, forestalled it; logically arguing from analogy, that if *even water* constantly dropping upon *stone* can cleave itself away; so, unremitting attentions, falling upon the less hard substance of a woman's heart, must in time make an impression upon it. Leaving this poor love-lorn Lapicide to persevere in his labours, we will descend a few steps lower in the scale, and record the more prosperous loves of Monsieur Louis, and Mademoiselle Augustine, who had not even waited for her mistress's recovery, to bestow her hand upon him, to the *eternal despair* (of ten days' duration) of Monsieur Isabé, who, if four years ago he had expressed his fears of dying without being able to bestow his illustrious name upon “*la plus petite pomade*,” worse still, he *now* bewailed his *certainty* of quitting the world without being able to bestow it “*même sur la plus petite femme de chambre !*”

“But *lor !*” as Mrs. Pomfret truly observed, with the charitable intention of consoling him, “though *Mumzell Ogstun* (the servants' hall translation of

Augustine,) was no bigger nor a guinea pig, she was such a stuck up madam, that she looked down upon the *valleys* for all the world as if she was a mountain!"

To which Monsieur Isabé replied, vehemently slapping his forehead, and nearly blinding poor Mrs. Pomfret, by unaccountably mistaking her left eye for his own nose, and depositing a most philosophically large pinch of snuff into it.

"*Yase, yase*, I read *Montaigne*, but he know *noting of Loaf!*"

"Dear heart! I dare say not, for I suppose they always eat *them* French rolls in France," said that worthy woman, as she turned to Phœbe Ford, and said with an air at once maternal and dignified, that she had a *rare piece of good news for her!* and wished to see her in the privacy of her own room to communicate it, but before we follow them thither, we think it only honourable to all parties to state, that Lord Fitz-Foozle, in *sobber* sadness, had renewed his overtures to Miss Ford, even paying beforehand a subscription of *one guinea* for a kiss, which he never obtained, as that arch jade, Phœbe, decamped the moment she had received the money, ultimately investing a portion of it, in a second-hand edition of "*Pamela*," with highly coloured plates, and the rest of it, in coquelicot cap ribbons, which had the same effect upon his lordship, that they would have had upon a bull in a clover field, for they drove him quite

mad, and he actually proposed in form to convert Miss Ford into Lady Fitz-Foozle! at which his mamma, the Marchioness of Kickandcringe, (without even having seen the coquelicot ribbons,) went mad also, and vowed that if he dared to marry the baggage, his father, Lord Kickandcringe, should take out a statute of lunacy against him. Altogether, it was truly grievous, to see such a load of good folly, and madness wasted, enough to have supplied half the peerage to the third and fourth generation; for after all, Miss Ford *refused* the honour of his lordship's alliance as formally as he had condescended to ask hers, declaring that she not only liked Mr. Latimer a *deal* better, (though he *was* old enough to be her father,) but that *lor!* his lordship was bandy-legged, and she *might be wrong*, but she could not *abide* bandy legs. Phœbe's magnanimity in refusing to become a reversionary marchioness, reaching Mr. Richardson's ears,

"The Terence of England! the mender of hearts!"

or, as Phœbe herself quoted it,

"The *tinker* of England! the mender of *arts!*"

was so charmed at this virtuous young woman having out-Pamelaed Pamela, that he actually (having first got introduced to, and taken a glass of peach water in the housekeeper's room with Mrs. Pomfret,) called one evening in his *coach* with his niece, Mrs. Margery Mapletop, to *carry* Phœbe to Ranelagh, and that young lady, in the

course of the evening, being exasperated into it, by his having danced two minuets with her, could not help exclaiming to Mrs. Mapletop in a whisper never intended for publication, "Lor! what a beautiful leg Mr. Richardson has, to be sure! *that's* what *I call a leg!*" but nothing could escape "*the great Novelist,*" not even this artless compliment to his leg. Now, though Richardson has come down to posterity as a vain man, we venture *positively* to affirm, that if he had *only* overheard Miss Ford's admiration of *his*, Samuel Richardson's, particular and individual leg, he could have stood his neutral ground as well as any man; but he had also heard that the critical and fastidious Phœbe had pronounced Lord Fitz-Foozle's legs to be bandy! bandy! a lord's legs bandy! To have *one's own leg appreciated* by a pretty girl is gratifying even to a "*great novelist!*" but to have it lauded at the expense of a lord's, and *that* lord an embryo marquis! *no, it was too much*; Richardson *could not* bear up against *that*—I doubt if *Grandison himself* could, had Lady Clementina had the nouse to resort to it; his *second* or *third* bow over *Miss Byron's hand*, would have been a farewell bow; he *never would* have left his *leg* in abeyance through eighteen volumes to have had so much upon his *hands*. But the effect this electric panegyric had upon Mr. Richardson will be seen up stairs in Mrs. Pomfret's room.

"Phœbe, child, take a chair and be seated, pray," said Mrs. Pomfret, as soon as she had reached her

own dormitory, carefully closed the door, spread out her hoop to its most voluminous extent over her own chair, and, to avoid looking at a print of Nell Gwynne, (leaning out of a window in a most Paradisiacal costume, flinging orange peel upon the passers,) she kept them most loyally fixed upon an old oil painting above it, of his most reprobate Majesty King Charles the Second, which, from some unknown accident, was minus one eye. "Phœbe," recommenced the good lady, "all things considered, you are a good wench as ever was, but there *are* pints upon which a young ooman can't be too *partikclar*, vanity, as the old saying goes, is next to varletry."

"Mercy on me!" thought poor Phœbe, "my coquelicot ribbons! I'm *in for it*! I wish I'd thought of popping on a round-eared cap before I came up stairs."

"But," continued Mrs. Pomfret, thinking no more of the coquelicot ribbons than of the alarm her preamble had excited, "I am happy to say, my dear, that take you which way one will, whether with the *quality* or with the men servants, your conduct is *percisely* what it ought to be."

"I'm sorry I did not pin a bow in the front of my tucker, the red would have looked so well against the white lawn kerchief," thought the now hardened Phœbe.

"And, my dear, depend upon it, as Pamela *must*

have convinced you ; virtue always is rewarded ! and here," concluded Mrs. Pomfret, drawing a large letter from her pocket, in an envelope of pale flesh colored glaized paper, with little bunches of roses all over it, and a large red oval seal, between a tea-tray and an inn parlour looking-glass, upon which, were a huge S. R. closely locked in each other's embraces, and encircled by two branches of palm, which crossing one another at the top, had every appearance of two birch rods shaking hands, or rather twigs.

"My dear Phœbe, here is *yours !* a reward, I warrant that you'd never o' had if you'd been one of *that sort !*" and here she darted an indignant glance at the opposite print, and turned her chair as suddenly and sonorously round as if poor Nell had stood there in flesh and blood shivering before her. "Yes, Phœbe Ford, and a great and a wonderful reward I call it for a poor girl like you ; for I'm thinking we are likely soon to have more weddings in the house than *Mumzell* Stuckup's, or even Lady Maud's, God bless her!"

"La ! Ma'am," whimpered Phœbe, carefully investigating the state of the lace round her apron, and pouting out two lips, that quite threw the coquelicot ribbons into the shade ; "I'm tired of telling Lord Fitz-Foozle that I don't *want* to be a lady, and that I hate pale faces and bandy legs, for he *has* bandy legs, if he was twenty times a lord "

and Miss Ford stamped her little high-heeled shoe, in a manner very unbecoming to her age, sex, and station.

"Heyday! heyday! what next? who on earth was talking about Lord Fitz-Foozle?"

"Why, I thought Ma'am, that you said—that is—I said—that you thought—that you said that there were likely to be more weddings in the house soon than my lady's, and—and—" stammered Phœbe, growing very red, at having appropriated this extra wedding to herself; "and in short ma'am, that's what I thought."

"Well, and you thought right, child; but, 'tis *not* my Lord Fitz-Foozle that has made you an offer of marriage *this time*, Phœbe, it's another."

"Another lord!" cried Phœbe in an ecstasy, bounding up from her chair and clashing her hands together like two cymbals, as a glow of patriotism pushed her towards the theoretical self-immolation of thinking she'd *have to marry one of them at last*, to prevent the murrain getting among the peers.

"No," said Mrs. Pomfret, "not exactly *another lord*, you can't expect to find *them* as plenty as blackberries, Phœbe; but *howsoever*, it's the next best thing to it, indeed *some* people might prefer it, it's a *scholard* and a gentleman."

"Is he even a *barrow-knight*?" probed the ambitious Ford, once more calmly subsiding into her

chair, and, like majesty itself, in her embarrassment, turning to the commons for supplies.

"No, I told you he was a *gentleman*. Guess."

"Dear me, one sees so few of them; I can't possibly guess," said Phœbe.

"Well, hold up your head child, and don't let it make you vain, though you have every reason to be proud of it, for half the fine ladies in *Lunnon* would have jumped out of their skin at it, if he had fixed his chaste affections upon *them*, I can tell you."

"But who is it? do tell me."

"What would you think of Mr. Richardson himself?"

"What! he who writes such long letters and such thick books, and describes such naughty scenes to make one good; Mr. Pamela Richardson?"

"The same."

"Oh! how nice! it's like a book, but I wonder he said nothing to me about it last night at Ranelagh."

"Ah! my dear," replied Mrs. Pomfret, "he'd write to very little purpose, if he did not know how to behave himself better than to go Lovelacing the ladies, and squire B.—ing young women of *your class* in public gardens, by making love to them; no, no, *his print* and *practise* correspond, a rare thing I've *heer'd* say, among authors, who for the most part, keep their sentiments for their readers, and their sins for their relations. But Mr. Richardson,

he comes this morning, and brings Madam Mapletop along with him, all silks and satins, and a gold *etui*; to show his intentions *was* honourable, and above board; and he asks to see *me* as *purlite* and civil-spoken, as if I had been one of their ladyship's, and *introduces* me to Madam Mapletop, as if I had been a duchess; and after these *perlimenaries*, he says, 'Mrs. Pomfret,' says he, 'I have called respecting a young *ooman*, who, though in humble circumstances, is worthy to be a queen, and without wishing King George the Second off the British throne, (which heaven forbid!) I only wish it was in *my* power to raise that young *ooman* to it. I *illude* to Phœbe Ford, ma'am,' says he, 'for that young *cretur*, though only a lady's maid, has sentiments, (and speaks 'em too!) as does her honor, and,' continued he, (for, *lor!* he had it all at his fingers' ends, as if he had learnt it by heart, and a *deal finer* than *I* can repeat it,) knowing as she has no parents, and that she has been brought up under *your dishus* eye, ma'am,' (I'm sure, *dishus* was the word, what ever it means,) 'that she is all that a young *ooman* ought to be, and that *you are*, ma'am.'

" 'Sir,' says I, 'after *that*, it's not for *me* to say what Phœbe *is*; but I know what she ought to be—the proudest *ooman* in England, to have found favor in the sight of Mr. *Samel* Richardson.'

" 'Madam!' says he, (just as if I'd been a lady,) 'you do me too much honour.'

" 'By no means sir,' says I.

“‘Then as such is your flattering opinion, madam, too flattering I fear—will you do me the honor of *persenting* this letter to Miss Phœbe, unless indeed, I should be so unfortunate as to find her affections engaged, then am I the most wretched of men!’

“‘Nonsense, sir,’ says I, ‘*fections*’ indeed! I should like to know what business a young *ooman* has with *fections*, till the wedding ring, the parson, and her husband *pints* ’em out to her.’

“‘A sentiment that does you honor, madam!’ said he, rising, and making me a bow fit for a bishop; and then, I thought of what you had said, Phœbe; for I never *see* such a beautiful leg in my life, no, not even Frederick Prince of Wales,’ as hangs in the dining-room at Athenreagh, with the garter on. Well, so I took the letter, and here it is, and Mr. Richardson is to come this evening to tea, and you are to accept him in *my presence*.”

“But, I can’t accept him, ma’am,” and Phœbe looked very like a little *gourmande*, who regretted having seized upon a plain bun before the plum cake had made its appearance.

“Can’t accept him! why? is the girl mad?”

“Yes ma’am, for I’m as good as married; I’ve been asked in church this long time; last Sunday was the third time of asking.”

“And who has asked you, pray?”

“Mr. Latimer, ma’am.”

“Well! all I can say is, you’re a pretty deceitful

pair to have kept the matter so close, and I don't believe it now, for *I* never *heerd* the banns, and I'm sure I goes *reglar* enough to church."

"No, ma'am, we were asked in St. Martin's church, that you might not hear them."

"And pray, why was all this to be kept such a mighty secret from *me*, by a brace of *menal* servants, when a *scholard* and a gentleman, like Mr. *Samel* Richardson, would not think of taking such a *serus* step without, as he said himself, consulting on a person of my *experence*."

"Mr. Latimer said he was afraid you would call him an old fool, ma'am."

"Ah! like enough, and *you* are a young one, but you need not suppose *you've* had the *first* of his folly, Miss Ford, for he talked the same to me five-and-twenty *year* ago! only *I* knew better nor to listen to him."

"He might have been a fool *then*, ma'am, but he's wiser *now*," said Phœbe pertly, as she cast a passing but triumphant glance at the coquelicot ribbons, in the swing-glass, on the dressing-table, which Mrs. Pomfret instantly tilted up, so as to leave the wooden back only within reach of that young lady's eyes.

"I'm sure, ma'am," said the latter, upon whom this manœuvre was not lost; "it's impossible for any one to have a greater respect for another, than Mr. Latimer has for you."

Mrs. Pomfret was beginning to look mollified, when the little hussy spitefully added—

“As he always says, he considers you just like a mother to him.”

Oh! women! women! ye alone comprehend how much of the grossest rudeness may be infused into the most polished courtesy, and how to make the kindest words, the vehicles of the most cutting sarcasms; when men have learnt your subtile and deadly art, they may then unload their pistols, and abolish duelling, without a dissentient voice.

“Well!” exclaimed Mrs. Pomfret, who was not happy at repartee, but made up in physical energy and alacrity, for the tortoise pace of her intellectual faculties. “Well, I suppose all *them* old sayings is true—better be an old man’s darling than a young man’s slave;” and as she spoke, she seized the large red morocco heart-shaped pincushion, that always graced her right side, and began, with the most extraordinary vehemence, transferring the pins from one side to the other; and when, after this sudden revolution, one of the verdant sides of the pincushion was utterly depopulated, and its late inhabitants, the pins, now all joined together higgledy piggledy, tried in vain to find desirable places under a *bran* new administration, Mrs. Promfret added—

“A pretty tale for me to tell Mr. Richardson! a *scholar* and a gentleman! that an old Philander of a *valley*, who knows *nothink* of female virtue, but

what he found *too much for him* in ME ; (and here the fellow of the look that was darted half an hour before, at the print of Nell Gwynne, was now hurled at Phœbe,) “and has no calf to speak of, has been *perferred* to him ; but *one* thing you'll please to observe, young ooman, *no bragging and boasting* about this here affair. Had you married Mr. Richardson, all the world must have known the honour he had done you ; but as you have gone, and taken one more suitable to your station, out of common gratitude for such a compliment as Mr. Richardson *have* paid you, you should never let any one suspect how he condescended to demean *his self*.”

“I don't want to tell it to any one,” said Phœbe, abstractedly breaking the seal of Mr. Richardson's letter, and glancing her eye over the four large sheets of closely-written paper, while much the same logical queries past over *her* mind, that did over the Miss Primroses', when their mamma, (“*for the honour of the family*”) presented each of them with a guinea, but with strict injunctions *never to change it* ! Miss Ford did not know Latin ; (and it is to be hoped the reader has seen nothing in her conduct to make him suspect that she did !) but nevertheless, CUI BONO ? was legibly written on every blush and dimple of her face, as with a sigh she crammed the unread voluminous epistle into her pocket.

“Well, if ever *I see the like* ! so you're not *a* going even to read the letter ?” said Mrs. Pomfret, lifting

up her hands and eyes, as if one of the best *sévres* china broth basins, or cut glass trifle dishes, had been broken in her very presence.

“Yes,” replied Phœbe, calmly, “I’m going to ask my lady for a long holiday on Tuesday, and I’ll get up early and read it then.”

Here a tremendous knock at the bedroom door, made Mrs. Pomfret jump.

“See who’s there, Phœbe.”

It was the Philander Latimer himself, come to tell *her*, who, in public, he ceremoniously called *Mrs. Phœbe*, that her lady’s bell was ringing.

“I think, *sir*, you might knock quietly, and not set peoples’ hearts *a* beating like the roll of a drum.”

“And is it the *first* time I have set that precious little hard heart beating?” whispered Mr. Latimer with a fatuity worthy of his betters, and accompanied by a look that would have been irresistible, had it not terminated upon Phœbe, with whom he now left the room. And while Mrs. Pomfret is walking to the washing stand, pouring out a glass of cold water to allay the fever of her spirits, and enunciating a soliloquy of “dear hearts!” (probably a fond, though covert allusion to the gay deceiver Latimer’s and her own), we will impress upon the reader the same injunction, that she laid on Phœbe, and trust to *his honour never to betray* this little anecdote of Mr. Richardson’s private history; for, of course, had

that great man been happy in his loves, the interesting fact would have come down to posterity, in a small edition of six-and-thirty volumes, and he would not have been compelled towards the sunset of his glorious day—(and never had lucky dog a finer one)—he would not have been necessitated, we say, towards his evening of life, to surround himself with the *petits soins*, and tender blandishments of “*Ladies of Quality*,” had not this Helen of his early years, still lingered on the easel of his heart ; and so, like the Greek painter, compelled him to seek the best feature of *each*, in order to complete the portrait of *ONE* !

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

Notwithstanding the revelations of Galileo, Newton, and Des Cartes, it is difficult for us more fortunate moderns, to comprehend *how* the sun shone, and the world went round, in the year 1745, considering that there was neither “Morning Post !” “Court Journal !” or “World of Fashion !” Indeed, the only way that it *can* be accounted for is, to remember that, though deprived of *these* luminaries, the world *then* as *now*, assiduously followed *the rising Sun* ! Altogether, we have greatly the advantage of these poor people in every way, (except, perhaps, talent, and social agreeability, which are mere trifles not worth mentioning,) for have *we* not lived to hear of YOUNG TURKEY ? I don’t mean Turkey poults ! but

the wise, or, perhaps, as it may turn out, *unwise* men of the east. And who knows, but if we survive the earthquake bespoken for July, and the speeches on Irish affairs in the House of Commons, we may live to see, or at least, (which for my own part *I* should infinitely *prefer*,) to hear of YOUNG CHINA !!! for it is quite *old* enough to arrive at second childhood? and it would be truly delightful to imagine the emperor, incarcerated in one of his own tea chests! and floating upon the wide world of waters, till he could fall in with a "*devil-ship*," wherein to make his escape to the fog-draped Isle "*of the Barbarians*," and *Shei-tanka-bhaee*, the *devil's brother*, (as the Indians politely call Sir Charles Napier.) How exhilarating, too! to see (but only in one's "*mind's eye*,") all the Manderins rushing about Canton, and sacrificing to *liberty*! by cutting off their own tails; and, no longer contented with bird's nests, mounting their chimeras in true European style in quest of mare's nests! and, ultimately, the whole of the *celestial empire*, *fraternising* with the *infernal regions*. It is to be hoped, at least, that the Empress of China is of a placid, and philosophical disposition, and will

"Keep her temper, e'en though *China fall*."

But time presses; and as "*Opinionum commenta delet dies naturæ judicia confirmat!*" we will return to the lovers, who don't like being kept waiting on such occasions. And, having before

said that there was no "Morning Post" in those days, we will briefly inform the kind reader, who has followed us till now, in this our "strange, eventful history," that, on the 16th of September, 1745, the marriage of Raphaël Valasquez with Maud de Vere, was solemnized by the Bishop of Salisbury, at nine o'clock at night, in the large drawing-room of "THE HOUSE ON THE MALL," there being no one present (on account of the loss Evelyn had lately *gained*), but the Comte and Comtesse de Saint Germain, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Taaff, and George Selwyn. Magnificent were the presents the beautiful bride received on the occasion. The bridal wreath of orange blossoms was of the finest oriental pearls; each leaf being one pearl, and the leaves of magnificent emeralds all of *one* piece, sprinkled with diamond dew drops, with branches for the sleeves, and bosom to correspond; these were the gift of Saint Germain. While Roséide had fastened on Maud's beautiful arms, a pair of curious old Moorish bracelets, of large uncut brilliants and sapphires, engraved with strange cabalistic characters, which she assured her were all talismans, Lady Mary had, with real generosity, (for she valued them exceedingly,) presented her with two magnificent cashmeres of the regal and sacred *green*, and two very beautiful, large gold filigree Persian essence bottles, about a foot high, bowl-shaped below, with their long, narrow, graceful necks · a trellis-work of white roses of fine pearls, with emer-

ald leaves and ruby buds twining round them, and the stoppers formed by a rose of pink topaz, and emerald leaves and stem, each leaf made so as to vibrate. Taaff's Cadeau was costly and characteristic, being a magnificent *point D'Alençon* veil, which he had got Madame de Pompadour to choose for him, with an injunction to purchase the *dearest* that was to be had ; but, unfortunately, it was much tumbled, for, bent upon defrauding the revenue, or, as he more tersely expressed it, "*doing those d—d custom-house sharks,*" he had taken it out of the *galant* little white satin *carton* tied with silver cord, in which Madame de Pompadour had had it packed, and under the very slight protection of a couple of rose-coloured sheets of silver paper, had crammed it into a turkey, which he had ordered to be divorced from its truffles for that purpose. George Selwyn's offering was a compliment *en action*, for it consisted of a very beautiful gold toilet glass, in the shape of a heart, with a wreath of roses, in pink topaz and green enamel leaves, and buds round it, held by two golden Cupids, whose wings were of silver, fringed with sapphires ; and behind the arrows in their quivers, were sockets for candles, on a spring like carriage-lamps, so that when they were lighted, the *flame alone* was visible.

"My dear Lady Maud," said he, holding his gift before her face as he presented it ; "you see I was determined that you never should look at *my souvenir*,

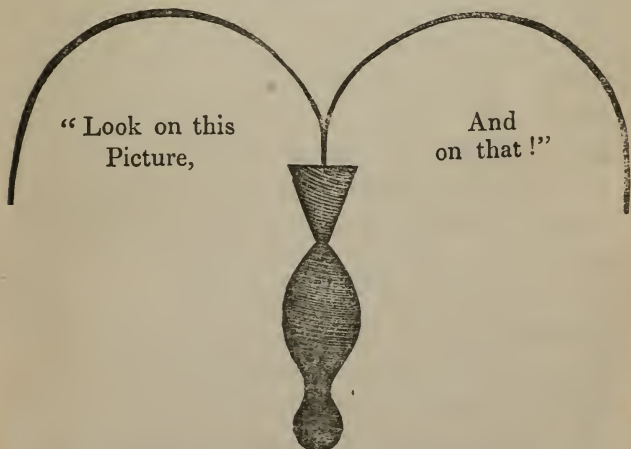
without being compelled to confess, *that it was the most beautiful of any.*"

The ceremony was concluded ; the carriage was at the door to convey "the happy pair"* to Athenreagh. The parting kiss was given ; the tears were flowing, the last farewell spoken !

"Take her !" said Lord Athenreagh, in a broken voice ; "and if she is to you half as good a wife, as she has been to me a daughter, you are the luckiest fellow in Europe, and I shall have repaid you all I owe you."

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

L'Envoy.



It was a lovely evening in the month of June, 1750, when a group were collected upon the fringed mar-

* See Newspaper Connubial Fallacies.

gins of a lake, where deer were also feeding, installed, close to this joyous group, and cattle lowing in the distance, and on the clear, silvery waters were two pleasure boats with their trim awnings and gay penants. Beneath the shade of a patriarchal walnut tree sat a fine hale old man, *literally*

“ Begirt with growing infancy—”

for, while a lovely little girl of about three years old stood upon his knee, with one little dimpled arm round his neck, and her little rosy face leaning upon his shoulder and ensconced within a perfect forest of golden ringlets, two fine princely looking boys of four and five years old were clambering up his arms, and importuning him to hasten his arrangements of the rigging of a toy man of war that he held between his knees, and about which he was busily employed making it *ship-shape*. The old man was Lord Athenreagh; the belligerents his grandchildren, little Evelyn, Ernest, and Horace, Valasquez, (the latter so called after himself), who, in their innocent gambols and childish glee, were rolling him down one of memory's greenest and sunniest hills some seventy-two years back, and realizing the fancy scene Lady Glensborough had sketched *ten years before*. Near him, on another rustic seat, sat two ladies, both young and both beautiful, but one was like to the stately lily of Jessore, over which the wind of the dessert had sighed its deadly blight, while the other resembled the rich red rose of Shiraz guarded within some delicate vase of its compatriot crystal, and sung to

immortality by Hafiz. The first was Evelyn, the other Zillah, or as we should now call her Lady Belarmin ; for patience and perseverance on the part of Sir Horace had at length gained the victory they are almost invariably sure to achieve ; while, for a long time, gratitude on her side had induced her to reject his overtures ; for the recollection of her early history, she said, made her feel that she was not worthy of being his wife, for how could he ever present her among the immaculate ladies of the great world ? At this, Sir Horace was so indignant, that had anyone else broached such a doubt, male or *female*, we really do not think that his sword *could* have remained in its scabbard ; however, though no Demosthenes, truth is in itself so eloquent that Sir Horace, after a very short time, succeeded not only in convincing her, that if there *was* any contamination to be feared, it certainly was not on *their* side—but also in converting her into Lady Belarmin. He was now sitting opposite to his beautiful wife, and wreathing into her dark hair (which he never allowed her to disfigure with powder,) branches of barbery. Opposite to Evelyn there was also seated another gentleman in a sad coloured suit, (put on, no doubt, to match his face, which was of the saddest,) and a small volume in his hand of John Secundus's "BASIA," though he was certainly not reading it, as his eyes were intently fixed upon Evelyn, and his looks accompanied by the most tempestuous sighs, perfectly equinoctial ones, for day and night they were equal ! This deputy Boreas was the

present Lord Glensborough, who had not been so successful in *his* devotions as Sir Horace; for Evelyn had declared that his name alone was terrible to her, for that never could she endure being called Lady Glensborough! he instantly offered to obtain the royal assent to change it, but even this could not induce the obdurate Evelyn to risk the certain blessings of widowhood for the very dubious, and at best precarious, ones of marriage.

“Enough,” says the proverb, “is as good as a feast;” and she had the sense to know when she had had enough! and short-sighted mortals that we are, it was all for the best, could Lord Glensborough but have thought so—for, had Evelyn married him, he would have been like poor Monsieur Rocca, some seventy years later, sadly at a loss where to pass his evenings. The sun was now in all his pomp, with his bright court of golden clouds marching upon the night, and drawing his purple curtains round the Malvern Hills, which were seen in the distance, as were Maud and her husband, emerging from a shrubbery that came out upon the border of the lake lower down; but she was not leaning upon him, neither was his arm round her waist; (could such a thing have been possible,) a casual spectator might have imagined that they had had a quarrel! and, indeed, we are sorry to be compelled to confess that they had had something very like it; for, alas! love was beginning to fall asleep

“In his sameness of splendour,”

and so, as a sort of hock and soda water draught to correct this indigestion of happiness, Maud had, in order to drive him once more to her feet with passionate protestations of everlasting adoration, again attacked him about the *ophidion* ! but they had now been married six years, and instead of suing he sulked, but not for long, for, he recollected that on that *very night* his ten years' probation would expire, and that at midnight he was to meet St. Germain in the forest of that name, and return to him this object of contention, which had rendered him wretched by forestalling every event ; thus rendering, as Saint Germain had told him it would, evil double, and depriving every good of the zest of novelty, till he lived in hourly fear that Maud and his children would form the next subjects of its prophetic warnings. This thought instantly dispelled the passing cloud of temper that her taunts about the unlucky talisman had occasioned.

“ Come, my own love ;” said he, drawing her back into the shrubbery, “ don't let us part in anger, for I have business which takes me to Worcester to-night, and I may not return till very late, or perhaps not before to-morrow morning ; and *then*, I give you my solemn word of honour to tell you all about that cursed bauble that has been the cause of the only difference we have ever had.”

“ Oh ! *you* don't know what *I* feel Raphaël when I think you *ever* loved any one but me, and still wear that token of love about you.”

“I swear by Heaven and earth *I never did*, and wear no love token but yours!” and he took from his bosom, inclosed in a little silken bag, the bunch of withered lily of the valley which he had stolen from her at Paris *ten years* before, when he thought he should never call her his.

“Ah! Maud! Maud!” said he, clasping her in his arms; “let us remember how utterly hopeless and wretched we were, when these little flowers were fresh; and now, that all but their memory is dead, do not let *our* gratitude to God be so faded as to throw away, by such unworthy suspicions and petty squabbles, the vast hoard of happiness he has given us.”

“Forgive me, Raphaël, I am——”

“An angel, and, better still, my own little wife!” interrupted he, again pressing her to his heart.

Maud now dried her eyes, and the sun, when he first peeps out of his window in the east, does not wear a brighter face than she did when she again emerged from the shrubbery, and walked on to join the party by the river side, as Valasquez turned towards the house to order his horse to be saddled.

“Send Latimer and Mary here for the children, will you, love? for it is getting too late for them to be out,” said Maud, calling after him.

The Lilliputian seventy-four had just been launched, amid the uproarious applause of the three

little voices and six little hands, especially as Horace, the eldest boy, had run in for his grandfather's speaking trumpet (the identical one he had had on board "*The Prince of Denmark*,") and insisted upon his hailing the *mighty vessel* "through its iron lungs;" but no sooner did they perceive their mother, than they all ran to her, and all speaking together, told her how "*Gan* papa had said *dat de* ittle island in *de* middle of *de* lake was to be *talled* Portsmouth, and *de* one beyond, by *de* ferry, *de* Nore, and *'deir* *sip* was to be called *de Pince of Denmark too!*" But even childhood's joys must have an end, and Master Ernest, having spied Mary and Latimer, (our old friend Phœbe promoted to the important post of head nurse since her marriage,) just issuing from the house, whispered his brother that "Eve might go to bed if she *peased*, but they had better run as fast as they could tear down to the lodge, before the maids arrived;" and in another moment the revolution had broken out, and the young insurgents were off.

"What on earth have you got there, Latimer?" asked Maud, as Phœbe, assisted by Mary, carried a large clothes-basket filled with a brown paper parcel, of about three quarters of a yard long.

"A parcel sent over from the 'Hop-pole' at Worcester, for your ladyship, carriage paid," responded Mrs. Latimer.

"Who has got a knife to cut the string?" inquired Maud.

"I have," said Sir Horace Belarmin, and handed her his pen-knife; the cord was instantly cut, the seals broken, and eighteen octavo volumes, bound in green morocco—

"SIR CHARLES GRANDISON"

in gilt letters on their backs, "with the author's *respectful* compliments," written in a copper-plate hand on the fly leaf, presented themselves to the admiring gaze of the assembled group. Mary was despatched to the lodge for the young truants, while Mrs. Pomfret, who was seen in a distant avenue returning from her evening visit to the dairy, having been hailed by the speaking-trumpet, was requested to help Phœbe to convey the precious volumes back to the house. The whole party, still loud in their admiration of Mr. Richardson's "*polite attention*," all, except Mrs. Latimer, she, of course, was silent, but it was to think the more.

"Dear heart! what a sight of beautiful books, to be sure!" said the privileged Pomfret, as she beheld them.

"Yes, Mr. Richardson's new work, only just out, which he has had the goodness to send us, Pomfret."

"*There*, don't be so *awkard*, mind how you carries 'em, *do*," cried Mrs. Pomfret, testily, to Phœbe,

who in her abstraction let the basket all lean to one side, thereby considerably endangering the equilibrium of Sir Charles Grandison. Sir Horace Belarmin, who never could bear to see any one made unhappy even for half a minute, now came to the rescue, and steadying the basket, poised the handle within Phœbe's grasp, saying, "*In this way, Mrs. Latimer.*"

The name tasted like wormwood to Mrs. Pomfret, so she spat it out by muttering, as she marched off with the basket, and flung a spiteful look at poor Phœbe—

"*As might have been Mrs. Richardson.*"

The blow struck home, for Phœbe could not have been more utterly exhausted by the time she reached the house, had she carried the whole of Sir Charles Grandison in her head instead of her hand.

When the young rebels were at length taken alive, they were so terribly affectionate that they had, in order to spin out the time previous to transportation to that nursery Botany Bay, BED, to kiss every one round three or four times over, including poor Damsen and Phillis, who were now very old dogs indeed, but not the less loved and petted on that account; for, however time may slacken their pace and dim their eyes in common with our own, *their* hearts at least are free from the indifference with which he corrodes, and the selfishness with which he petrifies, those of the human race. "*Dood night, gan papa,*"

said the little trio, for the *fifth* time; "*Dod bless oo!*" added they, by way of supplement.

"God bless you, my darlings!" echoed the old man, fervently, as he kissed their cherub lips.

AND GOD DID BLESS THEM, AND SO WE WILL LEAVE GOD'S WORK, AND RETURN TO MAN'S.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

The great Bell of Notre Dame was tolling; for the soul of the Vidame de Poitiers was passing on to another sphere! and the stars were shining as coldly bright as if all they looked down upon was *as* bright and as eternal as themselves.

"It's all over, the king's dominions could not have saved her," said Quesnay, as he left the Hôtel de Rhôan Soubise at eleven at night, where Madame de Saint Germain had just breathed her last. "*C'est que cette maudite fièvre tient tête à tous les medecins!*" added he, taking an exculpatory pinch of snuff.

"*Hélas! elle était bien belle, et ce qui est plus rare de nos jours bien bonne pauvre jeune femme!*" exclaimed Dagé, who had been for two hours standing under the Porte Cochère, in order to waylay Quesnay, that he might have the last *bulletin*; and now that it *was the last*, he folded his arms, and passed out into the street, no more heeding a cabriolet that splashed him from head to foot with a deluge of the blackest mud in Paris, than if it had merely

been a few grains of *maréchal* powder. Again he sighed deeply, and ejaculated "*Hélas!*" but it was not for his ruined clothes, he was thinking of the dead, not the living. Foolish Dagé! no wonder that he went out of fashion the following year, and that Léonard was born that very night.

Poor Roséide had suffered much; for her malady had been a malignant sort of ague, of twenty-one days' duration, at that time very rife in Paris and its environs; but she had died perfectly happy, for Saint Germain had never left her, and even *now*, after he had received her last sigh, and all the rest had left what they could no longer serve or save, he seems to dwell upon, and cling to that cold pause of fate!

" Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress;
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there,
The fix'd, yet tender traits that streak
The languor of that placid cheek;
And, but for that sad, shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not—now;
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality,
And curdles to the gazer's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon!
Yes! but for these, and these alone,
Some moments—aye—one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first—last look by death revealed!"

Saint Germain turned from the inanimate clay at last, and sighed, "Farewell! gentle spirit! had I loved thee, my selfishness would weep that *thou* hadst fled to thy starry home! but though *my* soul be exiled for countless ages from its native sphere, still every century its mortal bonds uncoil, and leave it more unfettered to soar upwards. Times are there even, when in this furnace of hot tests my refined spirit feels as if its dross were gone, and it could don the argent wings of immortality, and cleave its swift rescue through the realms of space! Dream of a dream! faint shadow of a shade! sin's fetters are too strong, and earth binds fast her own! Father of mercies, when will this overwhelming debt be paid?"

"WHEN THE RECORDING ANGEL SHALL HAVE DESTROYED *this* RECORD!" said a voice bitter and hollow as the north wind, and a skinny hand, like an iron vice, was laid on Saint Germain's shoulder, and dragged him from his seat once more over to the bed. As he uncovered his face, he looked up; it was no longer Narguilé,—but the hated Jeejee! holding the very lamp that Djalhama had held above his head *that fatal night*! when the Moor had pierced him through and through with poisoned words, whose venom rankled still, and chained him with an adamantine curse that bound him fast as ever!

"Will you not bestow *one* last look upon your love! your all! *yours* TO ALL ETERNITY?" yelled

the demoniac Jeejee, as he raised the linen from the features of the corse; and Saint Germain no longer beheld the pale, calm, marble beauty of Roséide,—
BUT THAT OF NEROLI! fresh, young, and radiant, as if in a happy sleep.

“Ha! ha! the lambs of every fold are marked,—behold your *own*!” hissed Jeejee, as, seizing the silver veil that concealed the symmetrical outline of the figure, he displayed the dagger plunged to its hilt into her heart, and the crimson flood of her young life, gushing as if still warm from its source!

“Incarnate fiend!” shouted the now frantic Saint Germain; “*let Hell take back its own*!” and, drawing a dagger, he rushed upon the Arab, to sheathe it in his heart; but though Jeejee’s husky, maddening, taunting laugh still scathed his ear, the dagger only encountered the unresisting air! and he who aimed it staggered, and fell senseless on the floor!

*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*

It is, perhaps, superfluous to say, that as soon as Valasquez arrived at the Hop-pole, at Worcester, he asked for a bedroom, and flinging himself all dressed as he was upon the bed, awaited the hour of twelve, when, pressing his talisman for the last time, he willed himself in the forest of Saint Germaine, in the *Carrefour*, upon the very identical spot where, on

that night ten years ago, he had so eagerly besought Saint Germain to bestow upon him the boon he was now as eager to relinquish. The moon now, as then, was shedding a shower of diamond light through the interlaced branches of the trees, whose leaves all seemed sleeping, so still did the hushed air leave them.

"Five minutes past the appointed time, and he comes not!" said Raphaël, striking his repeater.

"He comes!" answered Saint Germain's low, sweet voice, but in so melancholy a tone, that all the night-wind that should have stirred the forest leaves, but did not, seemed sighing in it; he was dressed in a suit of black velvet, with a horseman's cloak of the same, lined with purple silk. Whether it was the contrast of his dress, and the black plumes that overshadowed the black, high-crowned Hungarian hat that he wore, but Valasquez thought that he had never before seen him look so deadly pale, and yet so handsome. Raphaël spoke first:—

"I feel," said he, hesitatingly, "that it is almost a species of ingratitude in me, after all your friendship, to return you the '*Ophidion*,' knowing what my doing so entails upon you; but—"

"No apologies," interrupted Saint Germain, snatching it from him. "I have no doubt," added he, bitterly, "*I shall live long enough to forgive you!*" and then gathering the ample folds of his mantle about him with his left hand, he extended his right

with an air of command ; and pointing with his forefinger, said,—

“ÆTHALIDES ! THOU EQUIPOLLENT SPIRIT OF LIFE AND DEATH, I SUMMON THEE TO APPEAR ! FOR THIS MORTAL ALSO REPENTS HIS *Glauci et Diomedis permutatio* !”

And immediately the light and dark spirit, the herald son of Mercury, stood before him, and turned his torch down.

“There !” said Saint Germain, flinging him the *Ophidion*. “This mortal will none of it.”

“THE MORE WORK FOR YOU, MASTER,” responded the spirit.

“Let the bark weigh anchor,” said Saint Germain, addressing Æthalides.

“For what latitude, master ?”

“The Norwegian seas.”

And the spirit, now waving his torch above his head, which had rekindled with the air, disappeared.

“Farewell, Raphaël !” said Saint Germain, extending his hand to him. “You have seen enough of man’s presumption and God’s providence, to know which to trust to for the future ; and, though man’s shallow mind and feeble vision, are for ever tripping against that great, mysterious stumbling-block, which the Eternal has set on earth, of *judgment in prosperity, and mercy in affliction* ; yet it is this mystery and *this alone*, from being *unfathomable*, that convinces us by experience, that *all* is vanity

here below, *but submission to God's will.* Let us, then, not press too hardly upon *our fellow sinners*, but be tolerant even to the wicked, since *they* are heaven's sign-posts, and like all others

“Point the way they never go.”

For who would not rather toil *onward to the end*, with their heavy burden of sorrow, than remain stationary, in the gay high ways, or crooked byways of life, *rooted unconscious in the mire of earth!* Even knowledge, Raphaël, though *its source be above*, has its qualms of intemperance, and science its surfeits! and, it is just possible, that Newton himself, intoxicated with the one, and satiated with the other, after wresting their secrets from light and gravitation, may have cast a long look back, and a still longer one forward, and exclaimed, “*vanity of vanities!*”^{*} But the *smallest good action of the humblest intellect*, is an acorn planted by Time, to flourish in Eternity! and let he who has done it, look back to it from whatever point of view he may, his mind's eye will still find it, fresh and green, to rest upon. *Be wise then in time, Raphaël*, and take to your bosom the dove—goodness,

* This is confirmed by what Spence tells us, namely, “that Sir Isaac Newton a little before he died said, ‘I don't know what I may seem to the world, but as to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.’”

Truly Origen is right, “That the knowledge that arises from goodness, is something that is *more certain* and *more divine*, than all demonstration, than *all other learning in the world.*”

rather than the insatiate eagle—genius ! for genius is, aye, its own Cassandra, and foresees the doom it cannot avert ; it is that fearful thing,—a mortal filled with the mysteries of immortality. But GOODNESS is the realised ladder of the patriarch's dream, on every step of which an angel waits ! first descending from heaven with the inspiration, and then soaring to the throne of the Eternal with its fruition. *Farewell, Raphaël ! may these holy sentinels watch over you and yours ! and oh ! NEVER LET THEM RETURN ON HIGH WITHOUT THEIR ERRAND.*

And the next moment, Valasquez heard the mighty rushing of winds, and the deep booming of an angry surge ; and then, tossed upon waves, mountains high, whose blasphemous fury seemed to lash the skies, he beheld a vessel of a strange, quaint, antique-build, manned, or rather *phantomed*, (for they appeared all shadows,) with figures in equally strange, but varied costumes. Every head was instantly uncovered, when Saint Germain sprang on board the shadowy bark ; another moment, and *he* was at the mast head, waving his dark plumed hat to Raphaël ! and, as the vivid lightnings broke above him, *it* was the only dark thing visible, for *he* appeared a sort of transparently luminous incarnation.

Valasquez saw no more, for a lurid lance of fork lightning laid him senseless on the earth.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

When Raphael came to himself, he was lying by a bright morning sun, on his bed at the "Hop-pole." The waiter knocked at the door, and announced that it was nine o'clock, and his horse was quite ready. In another hour, he had reached Athenreagh; and, after breakfast, Maud was put into full possession, (under promise of secrecy) of the whole history of the "*Ophidion*," from Raphaël's first meeting with Saint Germain, at Madame de Pompadour's supper at "*La Muette*," down to their last extraordinary parting on the preceding night. But, perhaps, the *most* extraordinary fact, in this extraordinary history is, that though after this, they lived for sixty-two years together, Maud and her husband *never had any thing even approaching to a quarrel*. The longer he lived, the more Raphaël felt the truth of Saint Germain's assertion, that *all* earthly knowledge is *vanity*! for the soul being immortal, is like that Indian bird,* whose thirst may never be slaked from any lower source, but must look to heaven alone to have *its* wants supplied. He also learnt toleration from the conviction, that *the world is in a state of transition*, a great moral crisis in its constitution being at hand;†

* The Chatooke, which is said never to drink at any stream, or out of any vessel, but only to quench its thirst by opening its mouth when it rains, and letting the drops fall into it.

† Should the reader not have seen it already, he cannot do better than read an admirable article—admirable for its truth and profundity, its genuine Christianity, and the philosophical axe it lays to the rotten *roots* of our social system,—which appeared in the "Family Herald," vol. vii. no. 345, for the week ending December 15, 1849,

and that its social system is naturally suffering from, and torn by the struggle, till such time as it shall have not only thrown out the virus of ignorance, and awakened from the benighted fallacies and phan-

entitled "CRIME, REPENTANCE, AND CONFESSION." The great evil is, and always has been, that men only legislate for *their own times*; or, perhaps, it would be even more correct to say, for their *own individual time*! of likelihood to retain office. Hence it is, that their policy is not only so *narrow*, but so *crooked*; and that the corruption of *one* administration becomes—almost invariably—the heir-loom of its successor. While such is the case, each individual, in the great and, alas! too long standing "army of martyrs," cannot more gloriously stick to their post, than by practically illustrating, as far as in them lies, that sublime resignation to the will of God, evinced by the poor slopworker, so touchingly recorded by the metropolitan correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, and repeat with her, on all occasions of their unequal struggle,—"*It may be hard to say WHY we are so troubled as we are? but we are satisfied it is all for the best.*" This is the part of the *mass*—or the *ruled*; but the *rulers* will never purify these troubled waters, by merely *skimming* their surface, or even occasionally *dragging* them. No, in order to do so, they must *thoroughly cleanse their source*; and *widen* the channels through which they flow; and till they do, these turbid, not to say pestilential reservoirs of our social system, may libel, and misrepresent, but cannot *reflect* the heavenly laws they affect to act under. Till there is *ONE FAITH*; that is the *precepts* of CHRIST made *manifest* by *WORKS*, *ONE only* law, for the mighty, and the mean,—and *ONE only* standard of morality; without any sliding scale in favour of sex, or station, it is in vain,—in this old rotten seared Social Tree, that has for so many thousand years borne such hollow, bitter, and deadly fruits, to now and then, *lop* a branch *here*; and *prop* a branch *there*; it wants the *AXE*, and not the pruning hook, or the grafting clay, nevertheless, until this "consummation so devoutly to be wished" *does* arrive; (and it is coming by slow marches) God bless! and prosper!—good, kind, Lord Ashley, and Mr. Sidney Herbert, in their most humane and laudable exertions.

tasms of ages, but also till it shall have recovered from the violent remedies of suffering, injustice, oppression, and *their reaction, revolt, anarchy, and confusion*, which will ultimately give it that calm, and healthy tone of established strength, that shall enable it to digest any quantity of SOLID TRUTH, and quaff happiness from so pure and unadulterated a source, that neither the besotted insensibility of selfishness, nor the mad excitement of individual ambition, shall, as heretofore, be the result; for the race of Timons and of Nebuchadnezzars shall both be extinct, and man have bid an eternal farewell to those out-of-joint times, when, *Mens ejus aut languescit aut tumescit*.

THE END.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 049757047